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MEDITATIONS,

REPRESENTING

A Glimpſe of Glory;

OR,

A Goſpel-diſcovery of EMMANUEL's Land.

Whereunto is ſubjoined,

A ſpiritual Hymn, intitled, *The dying Saint's Song:* and ſome of his laſt Letters.

By Mr ANDREW WELWOOD, Brother to Mr JOHN WELWOOD, late Miniſter of the Goſpel in Scotland.

Col. iii. 4. *When Chriſt who is our life, ſhall appear, then ſhall ye alſo appear with him in glory.*

Iſ. lx. 19.—21. *The Lord ſhall be unto thee an everlaſting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy ſun ſhall no more go down, neither ſhall thy moon withdraw itſelf.—Thy people alſo ſhall be all righteous; they ſhall inherit the land for ever.*

Rev. xxi. 22. 23.—*The Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple of it.——For the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.*

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The PUBLISHERS TO THE READER.

Chriſtian Reader,

THOU haſt here preſented to thy view, *A glimpſe of glory* from the heavenly Zion, ſo bright and lively, as nothing of human compoſure, yet extant, can equal. A ray of ſuch heavenly fire, as being received into an heart affected with eternal objects, may prove a bleſſed mean to inflame it into a divine rapture of holy longing, to ſee and enjoy theſe unſeen things, which are here in ſo bright colours repreſented. Whoſoever will in ſincerity, and with attention, peruſe this ſmall treatiſe, will be led into ſuch a delightful contemplation of divine and heavenly things, as may, in a manner, tranſport his very ſoul into that heavenly paradiſe; carry him along the beautiful banks of that pure river of the water of life; and repreſent to the eyes of his mind, that noble and glorious company, that ſtands about the Lamb, on mount Zion, in white robes, with palms in their hands, ſinging a new ſong of praiſe to JEHOVAH and the Lamb. Here ſhall he find the incomparable beauties of that upper paradiſe, and royal palace of the King of kings, deſcribed ſo brightly, in ſuch high and lofty expreſſions, as well ſuit theſe ſublime and ſupernatural objects; and yet withal ſo eaſy to be underſtood, that the meaneſt capacity, exerciſed in ſpiritual things, may apprehend the true ſenſe and meaning of them. The holy heart of the author

has been ſo much in heaven, that from the end o
the Prelude, to the concluſion, he talks altogethe
like one in heaven already, and as a poſſeſſor o
the glory he deſcribes: which is to be attentivel
noticed, for the better underſtanding of the ſcop
and intent of the diſcourſe.

Beſides the deſcription of heaven, and the glory
which the ſaints ſhall enjoy there; (which is th
profeſſed ſubject of the book); there are not a fe
other excellent ſubjects interſperſed, and prett
largely handled. How ſweetly doth he expatiate up
on the praiſes of Chriſt, the everbleſſed Redeemer
How lively doth he deſcribe him, in his humble
ſtate; his humble, laborious, ſorrowful. yet hol
life; his painful, ſhameful, and accurſed death
his infinite love to his choſen, that put him upo
all that voluntary humiliation and ſuffering? Wit
what raviſhment doth he admire the differenc
of theſe two, ſo diſtant eſtates? In what ſwee
lively and bright expreſſions doth he declare th
mutual intercourſe betwixt this glorious Redeem
er, and his choſen, eſpecially in the upper houſe
It is alſo another great aim of the author, to di
play the attributes of God, to his glory: his gra
and mercy towards the elect; his ſovereignty, i
his works of creation, providence, and eſpecial
election; his truth and faithfulneſs, in makin
good all his promiſes; his unchangeableneſs, in h
purpoſes of love and grace to his own; his ſpo
leſs holineſs and juſtice, in puniſhing the wicke
How lofty is he in deſcribing the ſovereignty
God over his creatures; either to create, or n
create, elect, or paſs by, as he pleaſed? How ſwee
large and raviſhing is he, in holding forth the fre
dom and riches of redeeming grace! and h
doth he exult and glory in the unchangeable

of God, which ſecures the ſame to all *eternity*? His wonderful wiſdom, in contriving the ſaints way to the kingdom, through a life of ſufferings, afflictions, poverty, labours, watchings, ſorrows, *&c.* is pleaſantly cleared up; and many myſterious providences, relating thereunto, judiciouſly unfolded; which may ſerve much for confirmation and conſolation to many poor drooping believers. In deſcribing the holineſs and juſtice of God, in the eternal puniſhment of the damned, he takes occaſion, largely to delineate the miſerable eſtate of the ungodly: nor is this improper for his ſubject; for contraries ſet beſide other, ſerve to enlighten one another. He ſets forth their extreme miſery from the greatneſs of their torments; the great and inconceivable loſs, they undergo, in their eternal baniſhment from the preſence of God and the Lamb; the eternity, yet juſtice of their puniſhment: which juſtice he founds not on an arbitrary conſtitution, but on the infinite holineſs, juſtice, and ſovereignty of God, againſt whom ſin is an infinite offence, as ſtriking againſt his very being and glory; and therefore deſerving an infinity of puniſhment. The blaſphemies they continually belch forth againſt their Creator, for his puniſhing them, tho' at the ſame time their conſciences approve him juſt; and their horrid inclination to fulfil their luſts, though they cannot: all which he reckons their puniſhment, as well as their ſin; for he was at no loſs to believe, *That there is ſinning in hell.* And finally, here is ſet forth the holy triumph of the righteous over the wicked, devils and men, once their mortal enemies; now laid low under the ſoles of their feet, and for ever baniſhed their holy and happy ſociety. All which the author deſcribes in ſuch a moving and pathetic manner, as

might cauſe an adamantine heart, to relent an tremble, and to inquire, *What muſt I do to be ſa ved? How ſhall I eſcape the wrath to come?*

And indeed, to bring ſouls to ſuch a ſerious in quiry, and draw hearts from this baſe, empty earth to an inqueſt after heaven and ſalvation, is th great aim of the author through all this book And hence, how pathetic and vigorous is he, ir his inviting, perſuading, and reaſoning with the unconverted, (whom he commonly ſtiles world lings, becauſe yet entangled in the luſts of the world), to awaken them, to a due concern abou heavenly things, and wean their hearts from earth ly vanities; and, by leſſening their eſteem of them, to draw their affections from them?

And that ſuch as are perſuaded, ſeriouſly tc mind, and apply themſelves to this noble and ne ceſſary ſtudy, may not want an help at hand, tc diſcover to them the goodneſs, or badneſs of thei eſtate; he hath added in the concluſion of the work a conſiderable number of excellent marks or notes, whereby a Chriſtian may diſcern his be ing in Chriſt, and whether he be in an heavenly frame, or not; alſo by them a formal hypocrite may be detected.

If there be any flights of lofty and ſublime thought, here and there, that may offend the cen ſorious, it is deſired, that before they cenſure, they would firſt compare them with the ſimilitudes and expreſſions of holy ſcripture, and next with the ſentiments of ſound divines, giving ſome grain of allowance, on conſideration of the ſublime *and rapturous* way of writing, here uſed; and *it is confidently* preſumed, they will find nothing *but what is moſt* agreeable to truth, in this whole *tractate. There is* a ſentence, page 140, where

ſe

ſeems to make ſincerity the condition of the new covenant, as perfection of obedience was the condition of the *covenant of works*; which may perhaps offend ſome, who diſlike the very term *condition in a covenant of grace*. But whoſoever conſiders how large and pathetic he is, in deſcribing the free grace of God, and aſcribing all the glory of redemption and ſalvation to Chriſt, and only to Chriſt, muſt be perſuaded, he cannot mean, that the believer's ſincerity, or any grace of his whatſoever, is the condition of the new covenant, in a legal ſenſe; for ſo Chriſt's righteouſneſs alone is the condition of that covenant. Nor can we charitably judge, that this term *condition*, is in any worſe or ſtricter ſenſe affirmed of ſincerity, which preſuppoſeth and includes faith, than it is of faith itſelf, in the 32d anſwer of our Larger Catechiſm. It is clear then, that the author takes condition in a large ſenſe, for any thing required or accepted in the new covenant: and ſo it is true, that as Adam's works were to be perfect, in order to acceptation; ſo the believer's good works cannot be accepted without ſincerity; and will, thro' Chriſt, be accepted when ſincere: which muſt certainly be all the author intends by condition in that place.

He is alſo pretty poſitive in his opinion of the renovation of the earth and viſible heavens, at the day of judgment; which he deſcribes in bright and beautiful emblems. The opinion is indeed controverted among the learned: but moſt of the orthodox are of the author's ſide. Hence, when he is ſpeaking of things in that renewed ſtate, after the day of judgment, none needs marvel, that he calls *ſun, moon* and *ſtars* everlaſting, and the earth *an eternal monument*, as in page 94; or, ſun

ble at any ſuch uncommon expreſſions: for he ſpeaks as one beyond time in eternity.

Moreover, the intelligent and obſerving reader will here find ſuch a ſurpriſing variety of the moſt profound goſpel-myſteries, interwoven in ſuch a beautiful and artful contexture, as will every where entertain his underſtanding, with an uncommon delight.

It is hoped, none will deſiderate method, or quarrel the want thereof as a defect; if it be but reminded, that devotional books, amongſt which this may juſtly claim a chief room, are not uſually aſtricted to the rules of art and logical method: it being the deſign of ſuch writers, not ſo much to pleaſe the fancy, or entertain the underſtanding with an orderly ranging and methodizing of things, as to quicken and inflame the affections with divine and ſublime meditations: where, not a gingle of empty eloquence fills the ear; but heavenly and ſupernatural objects, brought down, as it were, from the eternal world of ſpirits, and made familiar to the underſtanding, move and engage the heart, and elevate the ſoul to follow hard after theſe only worthy and ſubſtantial delights. And beſides, the intelligent reader will find upon due peruſal, that it is not a mere rude heap of indigeſted matter; but that there is really a comely order obſerved in the diſpoſing of the thoughts herein contained; which will ſufficiently gratify the underſtanding, while the incomparable matter melts and inflames the affections.

As for the titles of the ſections, the publiſhers *were not aſſured*, whether they were added by the *author himſelf*, or by ſome other hand: nay, they *did not* want ground of ſuſpicion, both from the *difference of expreſſion*, and ſometimes from the unſuitable-

unſuitableneſs to the matter, that ſome leſs ſkilful perſon had added them. Yet, having no copies ſave one, (except the letters, and ſaint's ſong, whereof we found ſeveral copies), to compare, it was thought ſafeſt to retain them, leſt any thing might be deſiderate that was in the manuſcript: and the judicious reader is left to his choice, whether to read on the matter, without regard to theſe titles, or otherwiſe; for it muſt be owned, that, conſidering the variety of heavenly purpoſes, ſometimes comprized in one of theſe paragraphs, it is no eaſy matter for any man to deviſe an appoſite title, to expreſs the ſubſtance of the matter therein contained.

There is no doubt, but the reader, by this time, will be longing for ſome account of the author: and it were to be wiſhed, that a true and genuine relation of the life of that pious youth could have been recovered, in order further to oblige the public, which had it been practicable, no pains would have been ſpared to tranſmit it: and without all doubt, ſuch a life would have been a rare and excellent draught, worthy of Chriſtian imitation. He was the ſon of a godly father, miniſter of the goſpel at Tondergirth in Annandale, concerning whom there is related this remarkable paſſage. When the Lord had taken away from him his beloved wife, the deſire of his eyes, he ſpent the whole enſuing night in prayer and meditation in his garden. One of the elders of the pariſh coming next morning to viſit him, and condoling his want of reſt by reaſon of the diſpenſation ſo lately befallen him, he replied thus, or to this effect: 'I declare I have not 'all *this night* had one thought concerning th 'death of my ſpouſe; I have been ſo wholly 'ken up with the meditation of heavenly thi

' I have been this night upon the banks of Ulai
' plucking an apple here and there.' This paſſag
plainly ſhews what a heavenly ſoul this holy ma
hath been; and how plentifully this gracious youth
his ſon, hath been bleſſed with the ſame ſpirit, i
abundantly evident from the enſuing treatiſe. Hi
brother Mr John Welwood was a perſon wel
known to many, and his memory ſtill ſavoury t
all that knew him, for his holineſs, diligence in th
labours of the miniſtry, amidſt many perils fro
bloody perſecutors, and falſe brethren, his un
daunted zeal and courage in the cauſe of Chriſt
though under a very weak and ſickly conſtitutio
of body. What a life of faith he lived in thes
perilous times, is evident from ſeveral letters o
his written to his godly acquaintances, and friend
yet extant in manuſcript. And as he excelled i
the grace of faith, ſo this holy youth, the autho
ſeems to have peculiarly abounded in that of lov
as will be abundantly manifeſt from the whole c
this heavenly tractate. And how zealous he wa
for the royal prerogatives of his lovely Redeeme
uſurped by wicked rulers, and the public cor
cerns of his houſe and glory; may be gathere
from ſeveral paſſages in this treatiſe, though th
nature of the ſubject did not permit him to en
large much this way. It appears plainly, fro
his letters annexed to this treatiſe, that he deſig
ed to have ſerved the Lord Chriſt in the work
the miniſtry, if it had pleaſed the Lord to have co
tinued his abode here below: but the good Lor
was pleaſed early to tranſport him from the wi
derneſs of earth to the paradiſe of glory; and
accept the will, in that matter, for the deed,
himſelf ſpeaketh. He died at London, in th
of our late perſecution, as would ſeem, of a
ſump

ſumption; under which affliction, how much he profited and grew in grace, appears alſo evidently from the ſame letters. He concluded his holy and happy, tho' ſhort life, with the ſweeteſt aſſurance of obtaining that celeſtial bleſſedneſs he here deſcribes, and quietly ſlept in the Lord. And tho' the reſt of the hiſtory of his life cannot here be committed to writing, (as was deſigned, if certain information could have been obtained), yet there is here a genuine tranſcript of it to be read; for no doubt he endeavoured to live what he wrote, and ſuch a laſting monument erected to the glory of his Redeemer, as will alſo ſerve to tranſmit his memory embalmed to poſterity, without needing an eulogium from any other hand.

To conclude; the treatiſe itſelf will, upon due peruſal, ſo approve itſelf to every gracious heart, by its heavenly and divine ſtrain; the noble deſign it drives, namely, to exalt Chriſt, and allure ſouls to him; by its moſt ſweet and taking compoſure, its ſtile, being both lofty, as to the ſubject, and condeſcending to the moſt illiterate; and finally, by the ſweet diſcoveries it makes of that holy city, the heavenly Jeruſalem, the hope, reſt, and joy of all the ſaints: the treatiſe, I ſay, will ſo recommend itſelf, as that it ſhall need no ivy to be hung out to invite the paſſenger; and will only need to be known, to recommend it ſufficiently to every devout ſoul.

That the Almighty Lord, with whom is the reſidue of the Spirit, and who only can command the bleſſing, may make this treatiſe, a bleſſed mean, in the hand of his holy Spirit, to build up and comfort believers, *to quicken* them to heavenly-mindedneſs *and draw them* from the too eager love of the earth; *and awaken*, allure and draw ſinners to

C

Chriſt, charmed and raviſhed with the unſpeak
glory of the great reward, here deſcribed, w
he hath promiſed to all them that turn from
quity, and ſincerely love him; is the earneſt
ſire of the publiſhers.

A

POEM,

Written by

A friend of the author, upon the ſi
of this rare piece, in commendat
of both.

YOU exc'llent ſouls, whoſe lofty minds af
To higher objects only, whoſe deſire
Diſdains o'ervalu'd dung, vile worldlings choi
Is not allur'd with Siren's empty voice,
And ſcorns to aim below the Zenith high,
Whither refin'd perfections all do fly;
Here is an object higheſt thoughts tranſcendin
Yet unto mean conceptions condeſcending:
Here's heav'n, and glory, higher Eden come
T' unhappy earth, a ſweet Elyſium:
Here's glory brought to us, or happy we
To glory made, by nimble wings, to flee.

is of briniſh tears, poor we are toſs'd,
boiſt'rous winds, and lofty waves are croſs'd;
ſee our deareſt native ſoil, or lover:
ere's a curious proſpect, to diſcover
land afar off, thoſe ſweet hills, and vales,
: blow theſe fragrant, ſoul refreſhing gales,
1 rouſe theſe fainting ſouls, whoſe feet do
1 the borders of Emmanuel's land; (ſtand
: ſhines th' Eternal, with celeſtial ſhow'rs,
ending bleſſings on the ranſom'd pours.
paring author hath flown up above,
1 by the cords of his Redeemer's love;
walk'd alongſt the green and flow'ry banks
's ſweet river, view'd the curious ranks
:y's ſtately fruitful trees, hath taſted
fruits moſt pleaſant, and delicious; feaſted
es, on glory's land, moſt lovely, fair;
le, with Nectar, and Ambroſia rare;
elling, with heav'n's ſpring's embroidery;
aring, with harmonious raptures high;
ich, upon the ſilken carpet's lap,
1 glory's fields and alleys doth inwrap;
nd, upon the elevated things,
eep contrivance of the King of kings:
'e, on joys, which eye hath never ſeen,
man's capacious heart did ne'er contain.
d, that mortals in foul mire ſhould wallow,
eedily vile lumps of earth ſhould ſwallow:
iendly bids you ſhare ſome drops with him
ſure's ſtreams, in which the ſaints do ſwim:
'el's ſpy) ripe grapes from promis'd land
rought (t' inflame them) with a lib'ral hand.
en mounts higher than the eagle's far,
arpeſt eye, more than the eagle's dare.
aught Apelles tables far outvies,
*urious thy pic*ture is than his.

Thy raptures future ages ſhall admire,
And theſe ſhall light their tapers at thy fire.
Thou'ſt trode a lofty path, ne'er trode before,
And which ſhall be, it ſeems, by none trode more
Thou haſt outſtript, and ſham'd the ages gone,
And by thy rareſt writings grac'd thine own:
The times to come may trace thy ſtately pace,
But ſtill thou'lt get the honour of the place.
Who would ſee glory off the neareſt ſhores,
Draw near it with theſe curious mighty oars;
Caſt out on glory's beauteous ſkirts your eye,
And there, O ſaints, your raviſh'd ſouls ſhall ſp
A paradiſe, whoſe loweſt parts excel
This vileſt dunghill, in which mortals dwell:
A paradiſe, each glimpſe of which ſhall fill
Your minds with wonder, and with joy your will
In ſhort, a paradiſe, whoſe ev'ry part
Shall ſo inflame your ever raviſh'd heart,
That longing you ſhall never reſt, till ye
Have heav'n in you, or you in glory be.

A

GLIMPSE of GLORY;

OR,

A Goſpel-diſcovery of EMMANUEL's Land.

The PRELUDE.

ROUSE thee, O my ſoul, from this baſe and contagious earth: why ſhould lower thoughts, and baſe aims poſſeſs thee thus? What haſt thou here, that may draw thee aſide from the centre of thy felicity but for one moment? If this world, in her roſy and youthful conſtitution, be very vanity and vexation of ſpirit; what muſt there be now in her ſad and withered ſtate? If, in her ſmiles, ſhe be not worth the regarding; what folly is it, to court a frowning nothing?

2. Is it time, O my ſoul, to place one beam of thy affection upon ſuch a ſilly, baſe dunghill, ſo as to give it an affectionate look? Trample it under thy feet: carry thyſelf after the manner of theſe, who expect the kingdom. God hath formed thee of ſuch a capacious conſtitution, as nothing can ſatisfy thee below his infinite Self; and ſhouldſt thou be confined, in thy outgoings, within the limits of this lower, ſmoky region? Mount up *ſwiftly, far above the* ſun, moon and ſtars, beyond the *borders of this narrow* vault, where thou may *ſweetly bathe thyſelf* in theſe oceans of joys a felic

felicity, that know neither brim nor bottom:
art not to waſte away thy conceptions on
to-day in their vigour, and to-morrow th
not; ſhadows, empty nothings, night dream
vanities, inſufficient objects for the faculti
ſuch a noble being to fix upon. Art tho
beginning to conſider of a more enduring
ſtance? the kingdom that cannot be ſhaken,
manuel's glorious, ſtately and ever-flouriſhing
the ſmiling, roſy place, where his ſervants
ceſſantly ſerve him, and ſee his face eter
without a cloud; where our all-lovely W
loved doth corporally dwell, and ſhall for
take up his eternal abode; a fruitful, fra
beautiful, delightſome ſoil, overflowing witl
true and real *nectar* and *ambroſia;* a g
of delights, a paradiſe of pleaſures, planted
beginning by the Almighty's own right
whereon he hath manifeſted, in an high
tranſcendent manner, the incomprehenſible
of his power, love and goodneſs, wonderfull
bove what eye hath ſeen, ear hath heard, c
mind of man, within the tents of mortality,
ſidered: what a wonderful frame is this!
illuring objects up above! the firſt thought w
of ſet all on a flame: O what deſires! O
ongings! when ſhall mortality be ſwallow
of life, death of victory, time of eternity, mi
of bleſſedneſs, ſorrows of joys, pains of plea
painted enjoyments and delights of his lov
eternal ſweetneſs?

3. All creatures are ever in action, eſpe
heſe of the higheſt, and moſt noble rank, w
uſt neceſſarily have ſome object or other,
ir outgoings upon: the moſt excellent a

blime are then to be chosen; and what more excellent, than what will fill all the powers and faculties of blessed men and angels throughout all eternity?

4. To take a view of the higher Canaan, is neither curiosity nor audacity, but a necessary duty, lying upon all, who are travelling thither: the advantages of such a noble study cannot be told, nay, nor conceived, but by the exercised therein.

5. According to the knowledge, so are the affections, both as to kind and degree: what we know not, that we cannot love; and what we behold lovely, we cannot but love it. Seraphic spirits, no wonder you are ofttimes ravished from yourselves! Ah silly worldlings, you cannot but have a drooping life of it, since you know nothing but earth: had you an half glimpse of the more enduring substance, of the ever-flourishing, never-fading glory, how should you be in an unexperienced frame of joy and admiration! how should you disdain all the lesser beauties on this side of time? but, ah! you never saw the enduring glory; and what wonder you are as you are?

6. Mortality hath no greater joy, than the solid hope of glory; the sweetness, arising from the solid hope of so great things, fills the soul with wonderful ravishments, and perfumes the lowest of earthly enjoyments: surpassing joys to my soul! these temporal things, my Lord bestows upon me, are as pledges of the fair inheritance. And, are not all visible things as so many emblems of the invisible? Worldlings, you are fools, to imagine we have a sad and melancholious life: none live but we; though we may be said to be, as to this life, *Of all men the most miserable*; it is only as to the bu

of externals; you know not our joys, nor the manner of our enjoyments; neither can ye know them.

7. *Of neceſſity we muſt ſearch after another life, than this evaniſhing vapour.*

May not the vanity and vexation of ſpirit, in the purſuit of every ſublunary enjoyment, force us to the ſearching after another life? If we ſearch not for the glory to come, then let us ſearch after nothing at all. Sirs, what madneſs, to notice this earth, unleſs in order to eternity? Do you not clearly ſee all your temporary enjoyments die in the birth? Are not the gliſtering ſhews of men on this ſtage of the world, like the appearance of aerial things in the clouds? Here are armies engaging one another, there are ſhips under ſail, yonder are men riding in the equipage of kings, queens, *&c.* otherwheres are towns, caſtles, rivers, *&c.* All appear real to the ſpectators, but anon all evaniſhing to nothing, and where are they? Fools! are they conſidering, that thus it is with all the glories of time! Verily, to all eternity, they ſhall be as if they had not been.

8. *The ſmall ſtudy of glory proves us, in a great part, carnal.*

Is it not evident, we have our eyes too much upon ſhadows? and that we divide our looks betwixt heaven and earth; ſince our joys are more carnal than ſpiritual, and our longings and deſires run ſo little heaven-ward? Ah! our love to the only Wellbeloved, is not unlike that that every nation carries to their God; elſe we would be often crying out, Is not my Wellbeloved gone *unto another country*? and ſhall not my heart and *love for ever dwell* there, and only there? Sit *down here*, when he hath removed himſelf to an

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other place? Can there be any thing desirable where he is not? O! all ye beauties of this lower world, what are you to me, if my Lord be absent? Let me pass through all possible difficulties, even through ten thousand oceans of burning fire and brimstone; providing I land at last, on that ten thousand times happy place, where he for ever dwells; that these arms may be blessed in embracing, these eyes in eternal beholding, and all my faculties may be filled with his eternally ravishing sweetness. O, when shall I behold thy countenance! when shall I hear thy voice! when shall I stand amongst these happy, happy, happy ones, who stand in the immediate presence of thy all-glorious Majesty, and have the naked, immediate and clear vision of thine eternally ravishing Godhead! Ah, how is it I think of any thing but heaven! why are we not ever in an impatient longing to be in his everlasting embraces? Know we what it is to take him for our only Wellbeloved? Is not every sounding of his very name melodious harmony in our ears? doth not every hearing or reading of him affect us with a wonderful sweetness? Do not the thoughts of our being in his naked embraces ere long, fill us with an ecstasy of joy? Are we not often challenging years, months and days, that they succeed so leisurely one another; and contending with sun, moon and stars, that they run their course so slowly; looking upon every hour as an age, in his absence; and death as of a sweet and lovely countenance, since it opens us a passage to the full enjoyment of him; and the marrow of all creature excellency, as a mass of deformity, if it should eclipse, for a moment, the sweet enjoyment of his all-sufficient Self?

9. *Students of glory overlook the difficulties and vexations of time.*

Sweet, ſweet is the way to my bleſſed home! can the way be thought tedious, that leadeth to ſuch boundleſs joy? O the goodly country I behold lying at the end of my race! hell in my way ſhould be as a pleaſant paradiſe: what though ſadneſs aſſault me? yonder are oceans of joys at the end of my journey; though wearineſs? yonder are green paſtures, with an eternal May; though death? yonder are floods, the rivets of life, of which I ſhall drink, and drink again, for evermore. Doth poverty and contempt intervene? Lo, the rich inheritance, the golden and pearly city, the ſplendid houſhold-ſtuff! O the rich inhabitants! How do mine eyes affect mine heart! O bleſſed Chriſt, I have ſeen thee in thy beauty; and O how is my ſoul in an uninterrupted motion to be at thee! The affairs of time move not as ſuch. O what allurements! who can ſee, and not run? O thy violent, ſweet, attractive virtue! how ſtrongly and quickly doſt thou draw thy members up to heaven after thee! See I not thee, O Wellbeloved, ſtanding with the maſſy crown of glory in thy hand, crying, Run, and have it? And ſhall I not run, even run with patience and chearfully unto the death? How chearfully did my Lord go up to Jeruſalem, to purchaſe the crown for me! a crown to be purchaſed through a world of ſorrows and difficulties! What am I doing? why ſtand I thus? all is purchaſed already, and the word is to me, Enter and poſſeſs.

10. *The ſtudy of glory is ſo alluring, that the more we ſtudy, the more we love to ſtudy it.*

Had we a diſcovery of the only excellent things *how difficult* would it prove, to get our thoughts pluc

pluckéd off them? Moſt lovely things, ſeen in their lovelineſs, captivate the affections moſt, and conſequently determine the thoughts: do we not think moſt upon what we love moſt? Worldlings, I appeal to your conſciences, if your thoughts run not out moſt upon earthly things: why? you know them only, and eſteem them moſt: but, had you a view of the real world, the outgoings of your ſoul would run in an higher orb. Had we the impreſſions of glory on our ſpirits, lower objects ſhould not eaſily draw down our thoughts, or turn them aſide; yea, our higher powers ſhould be ſo ſtrongly affected, as that the lower powers ſhould be regulated even in ſleep; our imaginations would be compoſing and dividing the ideas of the life to come, they received, according to their natures, from the higher faculties. How oft would we be, in our dreams, walking up and down the ſtreets of the golden city, the beds of lilies and roſes, in the higher paradiſe of glory, the banks of that *river of water of life?* Days thoughts have influence upon night-dreams; the diſpoſition of the fancy follows that of the mind. Ah! ye ſons of men, what wonder your fancy run out after ſo fooliſh a manner! the ſtrength of your ſublime powers is wafted on dunghill-concernments, your thoughts are full of earth, and all your lower powers are full of it alſo.

11. *Creatures are only to be eſteemed more or leſs excellent, according to their knowledge, it being the* primum mobile *of all other endowments.*

Creatures are excellent according to their knowledge: let beaſts imagine, that the ſcenical garbs of riches, and titular honours, add any thing real to men, it is only knowledge that differenceth; without it a man is but a beaſt; and with it, in its elevat

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pitch, he is a glorified and immortal creature: *This is life eternal, that they might know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.* And, is not the knowledge more noble, according to the excellency of the objects, they being taken up congruously? O then! are they not seraphic creatures, whose minds are set upon the only excellent things? Had we a sight of that surpassing glory, how would our minds be elevated wonderfully above this base dunghill? how should we look down upon the greatest things of earth, as inconsiderable trifles, far below our sublime spirits? how should we trample on crowns and sceptres, yea, many worlds, tho' existent, when elevated *on our high places, clothed with the sun, and having the moon under our feet?* How should we laugh at silly earth-worms, crawling over one another with great trouble and vexation? Ah childish spirits! are you contending and wasting your men of time on trifles and shining nothings? what is the gain, when all your projects are accomplished? Heirs of glory, no wonder you are termed by truth itself, *the excellent ones of the earth;* none of excellent and generous spirits, but you. The opinion of blind worldlings concerning you is of no value; the excellency, and baseness of mankind is not yet laid open; mortality, and its black retinue, obscure all; a little patience, and the Almighty shall unmask the whole race of mankind.

12. *A clear view of so great rewards heartens to all duties.*

The clear sight of the great recompense of reward, makes the creature chearful in duty. Am I *so slow in my race,* and the matchless inheritance *at the stake?* Cries not my Lord unto me, Be thou *faithful unto the death,* and I will give thee

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crown of life? Is there ſuch a neceſſary connexion betwixt a momentary fight, and an everlaſting triumph? O the diſproportion! who would not fight? who would not wreſtle? O let me run to the death!

13. *The better we are verſed in the ſtudy of heaven, the more we are fitted for it.*

Is not grace young glory: and the forethoughts of heaven, a preparation for heaven? even as black nature is a preparation for hell, the height and perfection of wickedneſs: a ſuitableneſs is congruous betwixt the creature and its condition. High ſpirits are not for baſe, low things; as creeping ſpirits are not for high. What things in heaven can delight a carnal ſoul? Earth, earth, and only earth, is its known object: give him earth, and he deſires no more. There is congruity, and diſcongruity betwixt the capacity and object: beaſts have no uptaking of intellectual things; neither carnal men (termed beaſts in ſcripture) of the things of God. O ſweet! how do the ſaints ſmell of glory, before they enter in? May they not ſay, *Whither I go, I know, and the way I know?* were I ignorant of the world I remove for ever into, could I be thus in ſo joyful a frame? my ſoul is going to the place where my heart is already: *I know in whom I have believed*, and what is his reward. *O joy unſpeakable, and full of glory!*

14. *Noble uptakings of glory, make us in part poſſeſſors of heaven and glory.*

Serious meditating on heaven, renders us, in ſome manner, poſſeſſors thereof: *Our converſation is in heaven*, ſaith the apoſtle; and again, *You are come* (not to the mount viſible) *unto* mount Zion, *and to the city of the living God.* Converſe and preſence is only by benefit of the mind; were dwell

dwelling in heaven by faith, we might be said
in heaven before we were there; or rather he
would come down unto our ſouls; Chriſt and
his glorious train would be intimate unto us.
then! we might ſay, My company is ſweet, my
lowſhip glorious: he, whoſe preſence enligh
enlivens and beautifies heaven, is ever preſent
me: *I have ſet the Lord always before me, be*
he is at my right hand, I ſhall not be moved. A
dle of myrrhe is my Wellbeloved unto me, he ſha
all night betwixt my breaſts. O paſſing joys
ſweetneſs! the ſource of all joys and ſwee
doth poſſeſs my heart. Blinded worldlings, yo
but the outward garb of ſenſe; ſaw you what
within, you could not but admire their happi
the King's daughter is all glorious within. Saw
your own ſelves in your own genuine colours
would run from yourſelves, if it were poſſi
hell lodgeth within you, and you know it
but anon, when the conſcience is awakened
ſhall know it, to your dreadful experience.

15. *Heaven is the proper place where all e.*
lency dwells, ſhould we not then dwell men
there?

As the fields are moſt pleaſant, fertile and b
tiful, which lie neareſt the perpendicular ra
the ſun; ſo the more nearly we approach the *S*
righteouſneſs, the more vigorous and lively ſhall
condition be: how ſhall we bloom and flou
like a tree planted by the rivers of waters? O
beautiful ſhall we become, in the eyes of God,
gels, and ſaints! Worldlings, you live in a cold
mate; can any thing befal you, except withe
and decay? Come hither, this is the ſunny ſid
the world: were ye here, ye could not but cry
The lines are fallen to me in pleaſant places, y
ave a goodly heritage.

16. *We are allowed to have our mind no where elſe but in heaven, that only being free of the contagion of ſin.*

To have the mind in heaven is ſafe; to let it fall down to earth is moſt dangerous: moſtly from this do Satan, the world, and our vile hearts get ſuch advantage againſt us: this is the place where Satan domineers; to dwell here, implies a ſubmiſſion to the ſceptre of his government. No wonder ſo many miſchiefs befal earth-worms. Heaven is the ſaint's proper ſoil: if ye be wiſe, O citizens of the new Jeruſalem, range not without the borders of your kingdom, leſt ſome evil befal you.

17. *According to the excellency of our knowledge, accordingly is the ſphere of our activity; and conſequently our fitneſs for doing great things for our Lord's glory.*

Who are moſt accompliſhed for the greateſt actions and ſufferings for Chriſt? Who, but theſe who are moſt above? If the ſtudy of human ſciences renders a man in ſome meaſure excellent; what will the ſtudy of this hyperphyſical ſcience do? all other ſciences are ſubordinate to this; it being a practic ſcience, directing and illuminating our minds, in the right and ſolid uptaking of all things. Know much of God; and know much of all things.

18. *What we know and affect, that we are; if earth, we are earthly; if heavenly, we are heavenly.*

The difference betwixt ſaints, and all worldlings, lies much here; as the man is, ſo are his thoughts. Do the faculties of thy ſoul run moſt out on heaven and glory? Doth heaven more affect thee than earth? Is it the ordinary frame of thy ſpirit? O the bleſſedneſs of thy condition *little canſt thou* conceive what thou art coming *But doth thy* mind run moſt upon earth? Is it

moſt delightſome object? and is heaven a frem'd and ſtrange-like ſubject to meditate upon? Is that the ordinary harmony of thy ſpirit? O thy dreadful condition! who can conceive it? But thou ſhalt know it ere long.

And how ſweetly and cordially are we invited to come up from this baſe earth, and partake of that noble fellowſhip with the Father and the Son? the gates of glory are caſt wide open to all; the wells of ſalvation are not ſealed: if you be eternally thruſt out, blame yourſelves. He complains, exhorts, arguments, *Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life. Why will ye die? Whoſoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely.* Ah fools! what are ye doing? doubt ye whether to come up or not? what have ye there but broken ciſterns? Here, O here, are the fountains, the rivers, the oceans of living waters. Beware, Sirs, this become not your eternal complaint, Heaven was wide open, and I would not come in; and now, wo, wo, wo for evermore! the gates are for ever ſhut againſt me.

19. *It is dangerous to take a ſuperficial view of glory, and no more: we are to ſearch, and die ſearching; ſince earth hath ſo ſtrange a power upon creatures compoſed of earth.*

O heirs of this never-fading glory, need we ſpeak of the things you have a view of, far above all our expreſſions? See you not what is inexpreſſible? Are you not raviſhed with the goodneſs of your lot? Have you not been often upon the top of mount Piſgah, viewing the higher and lower world, the vaſt difference betwixt the childrens inheritance, *and that of the* baſtards? Have ye not received a *taſte of the delicious* fruits that grow on the tree *of life? Have ye not received in your ſouls, ſome* ſpark

ſparkles of that heavenly joy and love? Have you not experimentally ſeen the nothingneſs and vanity of all created enjoyments? How is it then, that ſo many of you are ſo baſe and carnal in your deportment, as it is difficult to diſcern betwixt your walk, and that of the ſons of the earth? What! back to the earth again, after you have received ſo high an elevation? You ſomewhat reſemble the fallen angels. Sirs, (if it be ſo, that you are fallen indeed), it is an hundred to one, if ever you approach ſo near heaven, on this ſide of time: apoſtaſy in the ſmalleſt degree is very dreadful. Be it ſo, you cannot totally and finally become earth again: yet, is it not ſad, never to come near to the firſt attainments? as it moſtly falls out in fallen ſaints: even David's laſt ways were below his firſt. But however, can ye endure ſo to diſgrace your Lord's glory, before the eyes of vile worldlings, who eſteem heaven a well-invented *chimera?* Can you feed their Atheiſm? and dare you ſhake the faith of weak ones? and be the ſad occaſion of many's going back at the birth? Either walk in an heavenly manner, or profeſs no religion at all: if your converſe be like that of dunghill wretches, wherein do ye glorify God more than they? Yea, you do diſhonour him more a thouſand ſtages. Chriſtians, can you forget your ſweet country, in this melancholious wilderneſs? Is not death at your hand? Our time is ſhort, for making ready for eternity; ere we get a ſight of the vain world, death will aſſault us. What is time, but a preparation for eternity? Were there not connexion betwixt theſe two, verily time were of no *conſideration*: have we loſt the real uſe of *our ſenſes?* do not all we ſee, or hear, invite *to go up, and leave* this deſpicable world? E-

earthly enjoyment hath vanity written upo
every thing here hath a frowning countena
are we not *looking for a city whoſe builder ana*
ker is God? Let us be perſuaded of the truth
great things; let us *embrace the promiſes, anc*
ſeſs we are ſtrangers and pilgrims on earth,
the natives of this world may perceive *we ſe*
country. Cry out, Sirs, Adieu, you gilded e
ments, abſtracted from the life of all enjoym
ah gliſtering nothings! what are you all to
what to one who hath found the enduring ſubſta
welcome, a thouſand times welcome, eternal
ſubſtantial pleaſures, enduring comforts! wel
enjoyment of God, in any meaſure, tho' thr
a glaſs. Mount up, O my ſoul, on the fer
wings of heavenly meditation: *Tho' thou hay*
among the pots, yet ſhalt thou be as the wings
dove, covered with ſilver, and her feathers
yellow gold. Let not a low ſight content thee
ver reſt, until thou be over the borders of
where thou ſhalt be at reſt, and free of trou
here is nothing but *vanity and vexation of ſpi*

20. *Scripture gives us a diſcovery of thing*
yond time.

By a ſpiritual uptaking of the ſcriptures, in
own genuine ſenſe, we might attain unto th
blime knowledge of excellent things: they ar
ſeſt, who are beſt ſtudied in them; faith is an ir
ment, whereby the ſoul takes up aright the tl
contained therein. And doth not every page
of heaven and glory? The glory of God, an
tellectual creatures, and everlaſting enjoyme
him, is the ſubject and ſcope of all. Nay, this
volume of this viſible All, demonſtrates ſome
inviſible, of a far higher nature: The heave
clare the glory of God: the inviſible things

from the creation of the world are clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things which are made. How many draughts and emblems of glory may we behold, in the glorious fabric of heaven and earth? How doth the Spirit ſet before our eyes, that inconceivable glory to come, in types and borrowed terms, drawn from the glories of this lower region? Verily, they have the advantage of others, who have ſpirit and opportunity, for ſearching into the admirable works of God's creation: for ſuch is the nature of things viſible, that they lead us to theſe that are inviſible.

21. *Glory is not to be conſidered after a philoſophical manner, being altogether ſupernatural.*

To inquire metaphyſically into the nature of this excellent glory, is not our intention: we deſire not to ſpeak other things than what is written. Subtle inquiries are cold, having ſmall influence on the affections, the inflaming of which is our aim. A goſpel-view of glory, in a ſcripture-dialect, is our deſign. That the ſcripture termeth heaven, a *city*, and again, a *bride*, ſhews that all emblems come wonderfully ſhort, in repreſenting ſuch inconceivable things; and therefore diſcourſes thereof are not to be examined, according to vulgar rules. Glory may be underſtood, either formally, or ſubjectively; which is the ſupernatural elevation of the creature; or objectively, which is the manifeſtation of God to the creature: the glory then to be revealed is a ſupernatural perfection, and that in kind. Natural wiſdom, never ſo intenſe, is not glory: the ſplendor of the ſun, though a thouſand ſtages gradually augmented above *what it is, is* ſtill but natural glory, and not *ſupernatural* elevation. Every thing is perfect *beautiful*, excellent, or glorious (which terms

preſs the ſame) in its own kind; but in he all are ſupernaturally excellent, as being ele far above the reach of their natural beings.

22. *All creatures, from the higheſt to the l are paſſively capable of ſupernatural elevation.*

What baſer things than duſt? and yet that mitted within the new Jeruſalem: yet may lectual beings be ſaid (Gr. *kat' exochen*, i. e. b of eminence) to be only capable of glory: and we may ſay, Glory is the higheſt elevatio tual) of a creature, in its being, faculties, vi operations, and relations, by which it is en to enjoy God to the full.

23. *Nothing leads us ſo excellently to the ledge of glory, as grace its forerunner.*

Grace being an endowment above the ſtren nature, what is it elſe but young glory? Fo the knowledge of the one will lead us by the unto the knowledge of the other: as glory is gr the bloom and fulleſt vigour; ſo grace is glory bud and firſt ſpringing: the one is holineſs b the other holineſs perfected; the one is the *b ing of God darkly, as thro' a glaſs*, the other *b ing him face to face.* Chriſtians, are you con ing, that in part you are glorified already? it be ſmall, *like a grain of muſtard ſeed*, an ſcured by corruption and mortality; a litt tience, and you ſhall ſee it grow out wonder in all dimenſions, and flouriſh, and bloom, a fruitful and fragrant through never-ending You have taſted that the Lord is good, you ſwim, ere long, in the oceans of goodneſs: you had his amiable countenance lifted up upon y *little hence ſhall* ye for ever dwell under the *day rays of his* raviſhing face: ſome drops *leſtial joy* have fallen into your hearts, u

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viſhment; you ſhall enter into the ocean itſelf ere long: you are walking with the Lamb, in the days of your pilgrimage; *you ſhall follow him* anon *whitherſoever he goes.* May ye not then attain to ſome conception of glory? the tree may be known by its ſeed; the direct rays, by the reflex As for you, worldlings, who know not what it is to have communion with God, the very natural conſideration of ſuch dazzling glory, may rouſe up your ſenſes, and cauſe you underſtand what you never heretofore conſidered.

24. *Saints get ſome diſcoveries more evident than thro' a glaſs, which may be termed glimpſes of glory.*

The ſaints, on this ſide of time, are not ſeldom more than victors; they have ſights above that of faith: O the ſights! O the ſweetneſs! O the raviſhments, more like thoſe of overcomers, than fighters, which the ſaints experience! why may we not then attain to ſome apprehenſions of the glory above? may not the experience of ourſelves and others lead us into the diſcovery of wonderful things: no doubt, the new creation is a ſupernatural elevation, which we ſhall never be able to attain unto, thro' the ordinary and connatural influencing of the Spirit on our congenite faculties; his marvellous light is of another nature, than that common light which he communicateth *to every one that cometh into the world.* Natural excellency, never ſo gradually perfected is ſtill natural; gradual difference changeth not the kind: join all common graces of reprobates together, could they make up a ſaving or ſupernatural? Many carnals make not a heavenly; many material excellencies make not up a *ſpiritual:* grace is a heavenly, new principle infuſed, not the perfecting of what hath been a re-

eady in the worldling. O Sirs, *beware of a be* guile here: the intenſe natural *knowledge of di*vine myſteries, with the overflowings *of love and* joy ariſing therefrom, may dazzle our own eyes, and the eyes of the ſpectators: look that you have heaven indeed within you, elſe you cannot enter there. O to be partakers of the divine nature! O for the noble mind of Chriſt! O to be transformed in the ſpirit of our minds! *cauſe thy wind to blow on our dry bones, and we ſhall live.* Be not beguiled, Sirs, *as ye ſow, ſo ſhall you reap*: have you the immortal ſeed within you? look well to it, let it not be choked with cares, anxieties, and vanities; though the beginning appears ſmall and inconſiderable, the end will be wonderfully glorious and excellent: the wonders to be manifeſted upon thee, will be the perfection of what thou haſt got already: *If the Spirit of him that raiſed up Jeſus from the dead be in you, he ſhall alſo quicken your mortal bodies, by the Spirit that dwelleth in you.*

25. *All things invite to this excellent ſtudy, and no argument againſt it.*

We heartily beſeech you, to ſtep up to the top of mount Piſgah, and take a view of our raviſhing country: what have you to ſay againſt the buſineſs? *Come and ſee,* will anſwer all your objections: whatever you can ſay againſt the matter, will prove it. Speak ye of melancholy? O what ſweetneſs is here! of inability, and dimneſs of knowledge? O the lightneſs of this city! all things are obſcure and ſmoky below. Speak we of hindrances from our neceſſary worldly affairs? O how doth the ſight of this glory oil the wheels, and cheer up to every duty? Will any term it an unknown ſubject? Nothing more fruitful, and fuller of varieties; nothing more lightſome than

glory.

glory. Art thou worldly-minded? O then ſtudy heaven; the excellency of the one will cauſe the other to diſappear. Thinkeſt thou hell and deſtruction are more to be conſidered by thee? Come, and thou ſhalt behold, that the diſcovery of glory diſcovers all things, ſince there is no danger for a trembling broken-hearted ſinner: the way to glory is the path of life, the new and living way. *We are not come unto the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire; but unto mount Zion, the heavenly Jeruſalem, the innumerable company of angels, and to the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, to Jeſus the Mediator of the new covenant, to God the judge of all, and to the blood of ſprinkling, that ſpeaketh better things than that of Abel.*

26. *This ſkill is only from above, and to be begged of God.*

Thou inexhauſtible original of all light, life, and fulneſs, draw up our minds to thee, from this proper habitation of the devil and his ſlaves; and hold us ever with thee, leſt we fall down to this dunghill again: *Then ſhall we be joyful in glory, we ſhall ſing aloud on our beds, we ſhall ſpeak of the greatneſs of thy kingdom, of the excellency of thy majeſty, and of the glory of thine inheritance in the ſaints in light: then ſhall we go out with joy, and be led forth with gladneſs: the mountains and the hills ſhall break forth before us into ſinging: then ſhall we renew our ſtrength, we ſhall mount up with wings, as eagles: we ſhall run, and not be weary; and walk, and not be faint.*

INVI-

INVITATION.

HEre Tabor's tops, ſurmounting *far the marches*
Of thoſe etherial moſt majeſtic arches,
Reaching beyond the azure canopy,
Which envious maſk hides glory from our eye,
Into the new creation, whoſe bright glory
Would cauſe earth's ſplendor vaniſh, make us ſorry,
We've plac'd a grain of love on things below,
Since only 'bove this world all ſweets do flow.
Aſcend the mount, aſpiring ſouls, and enter
Within the cloud, fear not, draw near love's center:
Go in to th' privy chambers of the King,
If princely minds, and flowing hearts you bring:
But wanting theſe, I ſtraitly you command,
In my Lord's dreadful Name aloof to ſtand.
There ſhall you ſee your lover's lovely face,
His heav'nly geſture, his divineſt grace:
There ſhall his voice melodious charm your ears,
And from your heart ſhall baniſh quite all fears:
There ſhall the ſmell of 's garments, all perfum'd,
Refreſh your fainting ſp'rits, with cares conſum'd:
There ſhall you feaſt upon the cheering wine,
That crimſon liquor of the only vine.
You and your Lord ſhall claſp in one love-tie,
Ne'er to be loos'd through all eternity.
Your thoughts ſhall dive into love's deep abyſs,
And ſcan, what without all demenſions is:
Your heart (ſurpaſſing joy!) in your love's breaſt,
And his in your's, eternally ſhall reſt.
In fine, your ſenſes, ſoul and all ſhall ly,
Bathing in ſweetneſs everlaſtingly.

A

GLIMPSE of GLORY;

OR,

A Goſpel-diſcovery of EMMANUEL's Land.

THOU glory and beauty of the higher paradiſe, fulfil thy promiſe upon me, in letting me ſee thee in thy beauty, *and that land that is very far off*: a diſcovery of thine excellency, a taſte of thy ſweetneſs ſhould cauſe me overlook all ſublunary things, ſhould enable my glory to proclaim thine aloud before the ſons of men. Let thy ſtrength appear in weakneſs; thou canſt perfect glory and praiſe by babes, and nothings; get thyſelf glory, and I have all I can deſire.

2. All joys! am not I exalted on the high places of the earth? Wonderful! what ſtrange things are theſe? *What hath GOD done?* Shall I write, or ſhall I not? What avails earth's idiom here, which falleth ſhort in the full expreſſion of earthly things? Shall I not debaſe my Lord's glory, if I endeavour to repreſent it by the low, baſe, and childiſh expreſſions of earth's idiom? But ſince our condeſcending Lord is pleaſed, in borrowed terms, to expreſs theſe inexpreſſible enjoyments, which

which *neither eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath hear the heart of man conceived,* we will follow his ſteps; being certain, though our expreſſions not the brim of that ocean, yet they may ſu moſt mens eſteem of it. May we not the borrowed ſpeeches and dark emblems, deli *the glory of his kingdom,* the excellency of his ſon, and *the riches of his inheritance in the in light, until we come unto the fulneſs of the ſt of Chriſt,* when we ſhall *ſee* and expreſs *hi he is?*

3. *The ſoul muſt be elevated on the wings of venly meditation, before it get a ſight of the pro land.*

Now my ſoul, thou art got up to the top of ſublime and majeſtic mountain, overlookin celeſtial Canaan. Ah, my ſenſes are not cele yet do the things I ſee and hear fill me witl *unſpeakable, and full of glory:* I cannot tell my faculties are filled with. Words are na for ſuch high and wide things. But, ſhoul not expreſs theſe things according to our meal

4. *Glory is rather to be admired by mortals, underſtood.*

I am quite amazed, confounded and rav at once. O eternal dwelling-place of bleſſed and angels! and of the man infinitely more e lent than all! How am I affected with thy va beauty, excellent glory, and delightſome ſweet What appeareſt thou now, O lower world? T art the dunghill; this the palace-royal: tho the footſtool; this the throne. Were the cur betwixt the higher and lower world drawn a *all lower glories* would diſappear; all glories *here, and only here*: this is the world. Where *we find emblems* any where elſe, ſufficient to

ent in the thouſand thouſandth part or property, one of the infinite beauties, various glories, admirable excellencies, tranſcendent virtues, wherewith this land is ſtored? Verily it is a large land indeed, like a confluence of infinite number of worlds. O my Lord, thy report was true, *In my Father's houſe are many manſions.* The earth is nothing to the viſible heavens, and the viſible to the inviſible. O vaſt land! are they not ſhallow fools, who boaſt themſelves of ſhovelfuls of earth? But worms are much taken up with dunghills. Nothing below this narrow vault of the viſible heavens can bound the outgoings of capacious and ſublime ſpirits.

5. *We may imagine, in this our childhood, childiſhly; and ſo conceive of glory in a metaphoric way.*

And O the beauty and ſweetneſs wherewith this bleſſed land is adorned! Earth in its May-clothing, with its various beauties, appeared ſomewhat delightſome before; but all former apprehenſions are ſwallowed up; all the ſenſes and faculties are loſt in the endleſs maze of infinite varieties of beauties and excellencies. Are not the eyes almoſt raviſhed from their proper orbs, by the ſtrong attractive virtue of raviſhing objects? Are they not dazzled and confounded? What varieties! what glories! what numberleſs numbers! every object is enough to allure unto raviſhment: but the conſpiration of them all cannot be told. How are the ears charmed with numberleſs variety of melodious raptures! ſo that the ears become harmony itſelf. How do inceſſant and full gales of odoriferous exhalations perfume and fill with a paſſing ſweetneſs, not only the brain, but every vein, artery and ſinew: that which enters the mouth, every where, ſurpaſſeth *Ambroſia* and *Nectar*. The circumjacent ſpirits have ſo pleaſant embraces, as

they ſtill refreſh the body, that cannot be
What ſhall I ſay? Am I not nonpluſſed here
all beauties, both material and immaterial,
all things are here in an eminent formal m
O mighty God, this world is a maſterpiece
power, wiſdom, and goodneſs indeed; did I
ſee more of thy raviſhing attributes, than v
imprinted on this golden world, ſhould I
raviſhed with an eternal rapture? This is
befitting the inhabitants, all things are ever i
May-clothing, do bloom and flouriſh with a
nal and glorious verdure, ſeeming, as it we
to outbrave one another, in wonderful
and excellency: what would an earthly p
appear here? Shall we ſpeak of gold and
trampled upon by beaſts? Sure the ſun
ſtrength would bluſh to let forth its rays,
beautiful a place, the leaſt ſtone here woul
him out of countenance: nothing in the
world, which is not here; and nothing here, w
to be ſeen in the lower world. If we ſpeak an
in earthly idiom, it muſt be in perfect con
tions; all is covered over with all varieties
of lilies, and roſes, and dropping ſweet-ſm
myrrh; every where the vines flouriſh, th
drakes ſend forth an odoriferous exhalatio
pomegranates bud, the grapes and all frui
in goodly order; all is overflown with *m*
milk and honey; all is an orchard, all a char
field, every place is the ſunny ſide of the hi
alſo a pleaſant ſhadow, every place is fille
odoriferous gales; and yet there is nothi
one ſweet and endleſs calm: the winds tha
here are like vital and animal ſpirits. Are th
theſe heart-refreſhing, and ſoul-rejoycing
ngs of the Spirit of life? All are planted wi

ie of which doth ſpecifically differ from one
r, and bears every month, every hour, é-
minute, ten thouſand kinds of fruits; and e-
fruit containeth ten thouſand qualities; and
quality ten thouſand virtues, and every vir-
n thouſand delights, and every delight is e-
i to confound myriads of worlds of men and
s. All things ſend forth melodious notes, o-
rous perfumes, and what may charm thou-
of ſenſes, differing ſpecifically from one ano-
all things here do more than contain all the
s and excellencies of ſun, moon, and ſtars.
iat every thing is, how inconceivable, and
d imagination! this world is all things, it is
ce, alſo it is a glorious and ſtately city, deck-
th the glory and comelineſs of her builder;
light is like unto a ſtone moſt precious, whoſe
are high, and beautified with *twelve gates, and*
gates are twelve angels: whoſe figure is four-
, whoſe circuit twelve thouſand furlongs, and
ight of the wall, an hundred forty-four cu-
the building thereof is of jaſper, and the ci-
ure gold, as it were tranſparent glaſs. If
undations thereof be of pearl, the houſes,
s, and walls of gold, what muſt the deckings
houſes be? If the ordinary ſtuff exceed the
of the diamond, who can weigh our moſt
jewel of the *New Jeruſalem?* Sure all the
ency of this lower univerſe would be of no
ning here; yea, many worlds are not to be
l. Muſt not this be a glorious and delight-
city, which is immediately enlightened with
ncreated glory of JEHOVAH, and the Lamb?
kings of the earth bring in their glory and
hither: all other glories and excellencies
allowed up, and concentred here: all joys,

all pleaſures, all contentments, all *deſires* are ever here.

6. *We cannot be ſo high, in our own conceptions of glory, but ſtill we may be higher.*

But, let us draw near, that we may diſcover more of theſe wonderful things: what raviſhing melody is this? Were it not heaven to dwell within the ſound of heaven's melody? I am altogether raviſhed! O *it is good to be here!* O the ſweet, ſweet ſweet frame the inhabitants are in! their hallelujahs have converted me almoſt into joy itſelf. But what can I ſay? the idiom of glory hath a wonderful efficacy and deepneſs, beyond our ſhallow uptakings, as far tranſcending earth's language, as immortality doth tranſcend mortality: and I want an ear celeſtial, muſical, to perceive diſtinctly, and underſtand theſe angelical ſongs, and wonderful expreſſions of joy, love and admiration, in the highe houſe: but the very ſound is enough to raviſh all our ſenſes. Hear I not ſomething like the ſong of Moſes and the Lamb?

"We will ſing unto the Lord; for he hath triumphed glorioufly, his enemies hath he overwhelmed with everlaſting ſhame: he is our ſtrength, and our ſong, and he is become our ſalvation. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; who is like unto thee, glorious in holineſs, fearful in praiſes, doing wonders? Thou in thy mercy haſt led forth thy people, which thou haſt redeemed; thou haſt guided them, in thy ſtrength, unto thy holy habitation: we have a ſtrong city, ſalvation hath our God provided, for walls and bulwarks. We will greatly rejoice in the Lord, our ſouls ſhall inceſſantly and eternally be joyful in our God; for he hath clothed us with the garments of ſalvation, he hath covered us with the

roſes

f righteouſneſs. Thou haſt awaked, and put
ength, O arm of the Lord; art not thou it,
h dried up the Red ſea? that hath made the
ps of the ſea a way for thy ranſomed to paſs
r? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord do re-
n, and come with ſinging unto Sion, and ever-
ing joys upon their heads; and ſorrow and ſigh-
hath fled away. Sing, ye heavens, ſhout, ye
er parts of the earth, break forth into melody,
mountains; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob,
glorified himſelf in Iſrael. Behold, we dwell
high, our place of defence is the munition of
ks: our eyes do ſee the King in his beauty;
eyes do behold Jeruſalem a quiet habita-
ı, a tabernacle that ſhall never be taken down.
l in this mountain hath the Lord of hoſts made,
o all people, a feaſt of fat things; and hath
llowed up death in victory; and hath wiped a-
y all tears from all faces. The Lord is a ſun
ſhield; he hath given grace and glory; no good
ıg hath he with-held from theſe who have walk-
uprightly. How excellent is thy loving kind-
s! we are abundantly ſatisfied with the fatneſs
thy houſe, and thou haſt made us drink of the
rs of thy pleaſures: thou haſt turned our mourn-
into dancing; thou haſt put off our ſackcloth,
girded us with gladneſs: the lines are fallen
ıs in pleaſant places; yea, we have a goodly
itage: thou haſt ſhewed unto us the path of
; in thy preſence is fulneſs of joy, and at thy
ıt hand are pleaſures for evermore. Wor-
is the Lamb, that was ſlain, to receive power,
riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and
our, and glory, and bleſſing; for thou waſt
ı, and haſt redeemed us to God, by thy blood,
of every kindred, and tongue, and people,

and nation; and haſt made us *unto our G*
kings and prieſts; and we ſhall *reign for ever a*
ever. Cry, and ſhout, thou *inhabitant of Zion*
for great is the holy One of Iſrael in the midſt o
thee." What a golden life is this? Am not I com
into mount Zion? Know I not now by experience
that the converſe of mortals may be above? (
what a raviſhing frame am I now in! the melody o
heaven draws me nearer and nearer; I cannot,
will not, I may not reſt, until I look *within th*
vail.

7. *Chriſt, the deſire of all nations, becauſe he*
God, moſt fully manifeſted to finite capacities.

O ſtrange! nothing but wonders! are not th
whole inhabitants of the higher Canaan all in a ſe
of delight, love, and admiration? Are they not a
flocking round about, as contending who ſhall b
moſt ſatiate with the matchleſs beauty and loveli
neſs of the white and ruddy One, the Standard
bearer *among ten thouſand?* O the Day's-man be
twixt God and creatures! the wonder of wonders
the glory and triumph, and ſhame of creatures, th
beauty of heaven, the admiration of earth, th
compend and model of heaven and earth, and a
things, the life of all joys, marrow of all loves
flower of all deſires, fountain of all ſweetneſs, fu
of all glory, the everlaſting delight of the Father
and raviſhment of men and angels, the centr
whereunto all hearts, all loves, all eyes do eter
nally and inceſſantly run, the brightneſs of the Fa
ther's glory, the expreſs character of his perſon
Chriſt Jeſus, God-man, the ever-flouriſhing ſtoc
and the ſtem of Jeſſe, the plant of renown! a
are chanting thus

Speak no more of beauties, men and angels, a
leſſer glories are quite ſwallowed up: this is th
onl

only beauty, the only excellency, by the borrowed rays of whose loveliness, we are all rendered glorious: out of his fulness have we all received; let us down with these massy crowns of glory at his feet; *For of him, and by him, and through him, and to him are all things.*

8. *No manifestation of God so full and sweet to creatures, as through Emmanuel; so infinite is the distance.*

O! my only Wellbeloved, thou art God, thou art God, the infinite JEHOVAH; and therefore thou art become my All, and only One; none but him! I disdain all yesterday-beings for a Wellbeloved: yet, since thou art a creature also, thou art more lovely as to me; wert thou not man, as well as God, I could not enjoy thee so familiarly and nearly: though sin in itself cannot be the object of joy, yet the result thereof is passing joyful: this world of free grace transcends never so many worlds of another kind. The enjoyment of God, as a Redeemer, Husband, Brother, is another manner of enjoyment, than of God Creator. Happy, happy we, that ever we were miserable! we had been undone, if we had not been undone. We ruined ourselves, but thou hast made us up; far, far above all that we had to lose: O sweet debt of thy free redeeming grace! shall not every moment of eternity augment my obligation? I am thy bound dyvour, O my Lord; and therefore my happiness shall grow and bloom throughout all eternity.

9. *One sight of Christ is enough to ravish never so many.*

The first sight of thine eyes hath stricken me with everlasting admiration! Many excellent beauties do my blessed eyes behold, but thou dost infinitely transcend them all. Thy counte-

nance

nance hath a beauty and excellency above all poſſible created glory! Increated glory rays through the vail of his human nature! my bleſſed eyes, a thouſand times bleſſed eyes, which behold the man who is God! Fellow-beholders, this ſight hath caſt us for ever into a wondering frame! the more we behold, the more we are inflamed; the more we love, the more we behold! O wonderful eternal circle! hence joys inutterable, inexpreſſible, hence the ſweet praiſing diſpoſition, hence admiration, hence beholding; and thus throughout eternity.

10. *All our enjoyment nothing, till we ſee him face to face.*

O flower of excellency! O ocean of loveliness! mortality could take up no conſiderable portion of thee; the moſt excellent of their diſcourſes was childiſh nonſenſe: nothing, but *ſeeing thee face to face*, can diſcover thy worth. Verily I never ſaw thee until now; and therefore love and joy were never in their higheſt vigour. I love, I love now indeed! what though I might be ſaid to love thee in thy abſence, and to be filled *with joy unſpeakable and glorious*, with the very ſound of thy name? Theſe drops are nothing to the ocean, the taſting to the banquet. O ſweet, ſweet! nothing but joy! who can ſtand beſide infinite love, and not be inflamed! Am I not almoſt converted into love itſelf? O delightſome raviſhing fire! what greater happineſs than to burn here for evermore.

11. *The ſoul is not perfectly happy, until it reſt without interruption, in the Wellbeloved's love.*

Now we are for ever in one another's arms; the days of heaven ſhall not put a period to theſe love-embraces: *Thou haſt ſet me as a ſeal upon thy heart, as a ſeal upon thine arm*: for love is ſtrong as death, the coals thereof would burn up be-

itſelf. Nothing but full eternity, inceſſant enjoyment, will ſatiate this burning love; and therefore art thou unto me, 'as a bundle of myrrh, which lieth for ever betwixt my breaſts.' This is the place where love doth bloom, with an eternal verdure: no ups and downs, and hidings of his face; no love-ſickneſs, through the want of perſonal poſſeſſion; no need of apples, or flaggons of wine; no contending with time and days, becauſe of their ſeeming lazy pace; nor with interpoſing clouds, lingering death, ſin and mortality: nothing but full enjoyment; I am as I would be; I ſee thy face to the full; and therefore my happineſs overflows the banks.

12. *The mutual intereſt betwixt Chriſt and his choſen is an eternally ſweet conſideration.*

Thou art mine, my deareſt Lord, and I am thine; I was thine from eternity, and thou art become mine to eternity. O my large, wide, broad inheritance! thou art mine in full poſſeſſion: O my happineſs, my happineſs, my loves overflow, my joys are in their ſpring-tide! 'Even thou art mine, and thy deſire is towards me.' No wonder I am raviſhed with thy beauty: but, art thou raviſhed with mine? waſt thou not at reſt, until thou hadſt brought me to theſe higher chambers of glory, that thou mighteſt be delighted for ever in my fellowſhip? What am I to thee? If there be any thing in me can draw one look from thee, it is thine, only thine, and not mine own. If the rays of this borrowed lovelineſs in me redound back upon thee, thou haſt received but what is thine own. Beholdeſt thou raviſhing lovelineſs in me, who am what I am only *of thee?* what boundleſs ocean of ſweetneſs, *what infinite worlds* of beauty are in thy matchleſs *elf! many* an excellent object have I ſeen, b

nou haſt raviſhed my heart from *them all. I ha* found, I have ſeen him, who *is only lovely: th* fair One hath my heart for *evermore. Choice* beauties of yeſterday, were it poſſible for you t draw my affections in the leaſt aſide? I have taſte of creatures ſweetneſs, but they could not ſatisfy ſhall it not be my endleſs exerciſe, inceſſantly t kiſs, and draw raviſhing conſolations from the lip that brought the joyful tidings of this boundleſ happineſs? None but thee! if I love and deligh in other beauties, it is as they are decked with th lovelineſs; as they are emblems, ſhadows and re flexions of thee, who art *altogether lovely:* bu thou art the ſubſtantial beauty, thou art the beau ty! let innumerable millions of worlds of beautie ſtand round about thee, one ray of thy tranſcend ency would eclipſe them all. Beholders, can yo tell what you ſee? O his beauty, his beauty! wha more can be ſaid, than that it infinitely tranſcend the conceptions of men and angels? —

Other loves are but the picture and reſemblance of love, to this ſublime and noble love of Jeſus this is love indeed. Should I ſpeak of flames? an I not entered into the ocean, the floods, the world of love? *for God is love, and he that dwelleth i love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* Is not thi a ſweet raviſhing habitation? what joy to think this is my eternal repoſe? I dwell in the midſt o hot burning flames, without harm, as in a bed o roſes, and an orchard of delights.

13. *The glorified ſoul, reflecting on former things looks upon all as childiſh.*

This is *the fulneſs of the ſtature of Chriſt;* how capacious, to receive inceſſantly floods of love! be fore my ſoul was narrow, now it is larger than the heaven of heavens. O the outrunnings o

my

my ſoul after thee: before they were ſmall ſtreams, now they are huge floods; ſmall things are not now noticed; all our deſires are now ſwallowed up. What is the moon when the ſun doth appear? How maſſy, maſſy art thou, O love of Jeſus! wouldſt thou not downweigh innumerable worlds? Had I known in the ten thouſandth part on earth, what now I know, the world would have imagined me quite beſide myſelf: how wonderfully would I have ſpoken, written, and done? But, ah! how poorly and childiſhly did we ſpeak of thee? What joy, that mortality is done away?

14. *Saints and angels ſhall be ever going forth into the matchleſs excellencies of their Wellbeloved; and running them, as it were, over and over again.*

Though I behold thee, as thou art; yet am I ever ſupplied with new matter of admiration: when moe ages are paſt than atoms in the creation, I ſhall not be jejune, to expreſs thine infinite excellency: men and angels, when ſhall you dive ſo deep, as you may dive no further? But ſhall I not for ever delineate thy beauty now, when I have thee in my arms? Sirs, ſhall we not for ever ſpeak of him, of whom too much cannot be ſpoken? No injury is here done to the Father and bleſſed Spirit; their glory and excellency do viſibly ſhine here: and do theſe arms embrace God, theſe eyes ſee him? O the myſtery of godlineſs! men and angels, you are all aſtoniſhed, God viſibly manifeſted! O wonder of wonders! is not thy name rightly termed, *Wonderful?* O my elevated thoughts! O eternity! eternity! thou ſhalt be filled with wondering: what glory ſhines in this *man's face!* thy countenance, Wellbeloved, *hath a non-ſuch* Majeſty. The ſaints have the *ce of glorified* creatures, and no more; but

Ma

Majeſty of thy countenance is altogether divi
O perfection's flower, and marrow of loveline
none who ſee thee, will inquire, *What art t
more than another beloved?* O thy face, thy ravi
ing face! indeed thou art *the white and ruddy,
Standard-bearer amongſt a myriad:* thy face,
Wellbeloved, is like the face of the Son of Go
every ſmile is full of inexpreſſible joy; *For G
thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladn
above all thy fellows.* Is not this he, men and a
gels, *whoſe viſage was more marred than any man'*
in whom the world ſaw no beauty, or deſirab
neſs? Is not this he, whoſe face was ſpit upon
the filth and offscourings of men? Verily, We
beloved, though thou art *the ſame yeſterday,
day, and for evermore;* yet appeareſt thou
changed from what thou appeareddſt on earth.
but then thou didſt ſtrangely maſk thy divine be
ty with the vail of mortality, which now thou h
done away, that thy glory may ſhine forth in
full ſplendor before thy choſen! O thy ſtately n
jeſtic head, only worthy to be *crowned with g
ry and honour,* to be exalted far above all creatur
ſtrange! this majeſtic head, that was once be
with a crown of thorns, is now ſurrounded wi
the brightneſs, which carries in its boſom boun
leſs joys. This was *the joy that was ſet bef
him.* O bleſſed we, that have ſuch an head! t
head of this golden world is of *fine gold.* O h
beautiful are the adornments of thy head! O th
wouldſt entangle all creatures for ever in the fol
of overcoming love! how am I raviſhed with thi
eyes! heaven and glory dwells in every look; t
firſt glance of them did ſtrike heaven and love
to an eternal rapture: nothing can reſiſt their
vercoming emanations of love. And, did theſe

n tears, through bitter grief and ſorrow? ver the leaſt ſadneſs and darkneſs enter in divine orbs of light and joy? Thou haſt o- ie me with thine eyes, my fair One. One f thee, and no more, would raviſh ten thou- vorlds of men and angels. O the noon-day of thy countenance for ever and ever! and an tell the comelineſs of thy fragrant, beau- heeks? And what can be ſaid of thy roſy how do they perfume this land with their nt myrrh, that inceſſantly drops from them? at boundleſs ocean of grace is poured into ! *Therefore God hath bleſſed thee for evermore.* kiſs of them is an heaven of ſweetneſs. I led and overcome with this mirrour of glo- *The ſmell of thine ointment*, afar off, did ra- ny heart; but now I am more, ten thou- imes more, than raviſhed! one drop of this would ſweeten ten thouſand oceans of all nable bitterneſs. And O thy princely hands, ſway the ſceptre of this ever-flouriſhing king- delightſome habitation! can there be a more d poſture? *His left hand is under my head, his right hand doth embrace me.* Am not I d in the arms of unſearchable love? *The e- l God is my refuge, and underneath are ever- g arms.* Theſe bleſſed arms, that were ſtretch- on the croſs for me, do embrace me ſweetly, ermore. Whether thy love doth more ſhine in the firſt, or latter poſture, cannot be told: ire thy love in all its reſplendency, paſſeth all ed underſtanding. O the glory, ſweetneſs, excellency of thy belly! O thy bowels of com- n! O what rivers of water do from thence out inceſſantly upon us! And what is compa- to thy ſtately legs? How glorious are thine

outgoings among us! O my King and God, when thou trode upon *the high places of the earth, its* foundations were ſhaken. *How didſt thou trample the people in thine anger, and the kingdoms in thy fury? Thou came ſkipping over the mountains, leaping over the hills, for the ſalvation of thy people.* Bleſſed men and angels, what can be conceived, or expreſſed of ſuch a wonderful perſon? O his ſtately deportment! every part of him, ſo to ſpeak, is an infinite maſs of beauty. What a beauty then muſt all theſe numberleſs beauties, compoſed in one, be? Is not *thy countenance as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars?* Thy majeſty is wonderfully various, and every variety the height of excellency. By ſweet experience I may ſay, *Thy mouth is moſt ſweet:* the relicts of the impreſſion of one of thy love-kiſſes may fill the ſoul with paſſing joys, throughout endleſs ages. Suppoſe a creature filled with all poſſible creature-ſweetneſs, one kiſs of thy moſt ſweet mouth would ſwallow up all. O the words of thy mouth, paſſing in ſweetneſs the honey diſtilling from the honeycomb! thy voice, thy raviſhing voice: even to ſtand without the gates of New Jeruſalem, and hear the ſound thereof, might wrap up a creature in eternal raviſhment. And is it poſſible, my matchleſs One, to attain the furthermoſt of thy infinite perfections, though but one ſimple excellency? Let me rather further and further into the ocean of thy lovelineſs, through endleſs ages; yet ſhall I ever be in the entry: nevertheleſs will I pay thee the tribute of praiſes, and cry up thee before men and angels; and ſpeak of thine excellency, while my being remains. I praiſe thee, not becauſe I am able to ſhew forth thy worth fully; but ſtrong love doth conſtrain me, that for ever I muſt be expreſſing,

expreſſing, and for ever the concluſion *muſt be*, *Thou art altogether lovely*; for to *thee alone doth* this epithet appertain. You chiefeſt of created excellencies, can this agree to you? Are you nothing but maſſes of pure, eſſential and unmixed love? Who but he, even he alone, is altogether lovely? He is all loves, all ſweetneſs, all raviſhments: nothing but lovelineſs in him! his weakneſs, infirmity, poverty, contempt, croſſes, loſſes, pains and death, flaſh forth the raviſhing reſplendencies of ſurpaſſing love and ſweetneſs. Heart and love, and all is gone from me. O the ſublime thoughts of my elevated underſtanding! O this frame! this love! this ſweetneſs! all are inutterable; all are inexpreſſible!

15. *Even to ſtand beſide the Chief of ten thouſand, is a dignity unconceivably above the excellency of all creatures.*

That *we might be ever with thee, and behold thy glory*, was one of thy great petitions, in the days of thy fleſh; thouſand, thouſand times bleſſed I, that ever this was aſked! thou aſked nobly, and thy Father granted like a king. Can we have more than to dwell in thy immediate preſence? any enjoyment of thee, ſurpaſſeth that of the flower of created ſweetneſs: a ſight of thee in a viſion of the night, *through a glaſs*, or any way, is raviſhing, as I often have ſweetly experienced, in the days of my pilgrimage: *To touch the hem of thy garment*, or to ſee thee in thy infancy, was a happineſs inexpreſſible. What ſhall we ſay to our lot, who are as near thee as our heart can deſire? O this high, high, high dignity! O beloved eſtate! far above the heaven of heavens; nay, numberleſs heavens ſuperadded to one another! And am I in thy immediate preſence? even in the chambers of

preſence with thee, O lovely One, *who inhabit eternity!* what honour is this? what ſhall I ſay it? But thy ways are incomprehenſible. This the prerogative of the ſaints, this is it! *What ſhall be done unto the man, whom the King delighteth honour?* Spake he not in good earneſt, when told us of dignities, thrones, crowns, prieſthood and poſſeſſions of all things? ſhall I ever enough wonder at the honour of the ſaints? This is dignity of the overcomers, to wear the laurel, badges of honour, the garlands of glory. came thou to all this, O ſilly ſelf? haſt thou born to wear an immortal crown, to be over within and without with ſo great a weight of glo Thou appears indeed in the equipage of a king, ded with majeſty, glory and honour, arrayed wi wonderful excellency and comelineſs. Waſt th not once, O thou ſilly I, a baſe worm, defiled w the very filth of hell? How haſt thou robbed the mighty of his glory, diſhonoured his excellen wronged his holineſs; trampled upon his moſt pr cious things, on his blood; done what thou co to precipitate thyſelf into eternal perdition; lented the gates of that woful priſon, O und ſoul, to cover thyſelf with utter darkneſs fr the charming beams of the Sun of righteouſne yet am here, even here, ſurrounded with inexpr ible glory! many thouſands, leſs deſerving, in the place of utter darkneſs. O thy love! love! *which paſſeth all underſtanding!* O thy fr free grace! *O the height, and depth, and leng and breadth* of thy ways! my enjoyments are m than free; hath he not brought me over my de *vings?* But nothing can ſtand in the way of infi *Love. Thou* loved me, becauſe thou loved me; *becauſe thou loved me, I became lovely in thy*

t unto us, not unto us *be the glory*; but unto JEHOVAH, and the Lamb be praiſe for ever and ever.

16. *The nearneſs of ſaints and angels to their Creator, and Redeemer, aſtoniſheth them eternally.*

What aſtoniſhing condeſcendency, to admit bits of nothing ſo near thee! can this thy way be ever enough admired? It is ſtrange thou ſhouldſt deign creatures with either thy love or thy hatred! *What is man, that thou ſhouldſt viſit him? that thou ſhouldſt notice him, and bring him into judgment?* but more wonderful! haſt thou not *crowned him with glory and honour?* Thou haſt made him ſit down beſide thyſelf! he treadeth the lower world under his feet, he walketh on the high places of the creation: O thy bounty! O thy condeſcendency! ſhould I ſtand ſo near my Lord the King? Since free love will have it thus, and it is not his way to create deſires, and not fulfil them; ſtrong love can take reſt no where but in his naked embraces. On earth I was unſatisfied, oftentimes complaining of diſtance and abſence; and when I found thee, *I would not let thee go*, but held thee faſt, until we entered into thoſe glorious manſions: and how are my thoughts heightened, by beholding thee face to face? The nearer thee, the higher eſteem and reverence; none can have low thoughts of thee, but they that know thee not.

17. *No knowledge, no evidence unto the noon-day evidence of glory.*

The firſt ray of thy infinite glory upon me diſcovers infinite varieties of wonders! Men and angels, are we not all an aſſembly of eternal wonders? and all the product of the noon-day viſion of glory, not of ignorance? All the things of time, from the greateſt to the ſmalleſt, are now ſeen to be wonders; howbeit that little of them was diſcerned,

and that in a brutiſh manner. *Strange! O Beloved* thou art another manner of *Chriſt than we* ſpake of, in the days of our *mortality: thy very* name was ſcarce conceived. How came I hither with ſo little conceptions? Have I not begun to know, in the very firſt entry of eternity, my knowledge on earth was of no evidence, in compariſon of this noon-day viſion of glory? as the man looks back on his infancy, as a mere brutiſh ignorance; and the man awakened, on his bypaſt dream; ſo do I now, on my moſt refined conceptions on earth. O the clear and ſharp uptaking of a glorified capacity! do I not behold every thing, as it is in its own proper and naked being? All ſhadows have fled away, what wonder, to think what we were, and what we are! O the infinite power of omnipotent JEHOVAH! what a perfecting is this! but what cannot my Lord do?

18. *To be witneſſes of the glory of* JEHOVAH *and the Lamb, is an inexpreſſible dignity.*

And doſt thou manifeſt thyſelf, in ſuch a manner to us? what is eſſential eternity to beings of yeſterday? are we fit witneſſes of thy glory? O infinite JEHOVAH, are we not before thee as nothing and vanity? May not the greatneſs of thy glory, if thou ſhouldſt let it forth to the full, confound, even confound us to nothing? Its infiniteneſs nothing can comprehend, but an infinite underſtanding: the furthermoſt of all created glory is *nothing and vanity* in thy preſence, though it might ſeem ſomewhat among its like. Dart forth the full rays of your glory, all you creatures, you ſhall not dazzle theſe eyes which are fixed on a higher object.

19. *What he manifeſts to us, is a wonder; but the way of his manifeſting it, is a wonder of wonders.*

Shall we not wonder again and again, and for ever,

ever, at the way thou haſt taken to manifeſt ſo nearly and familiarly unto us, thy incomprehenſible glory? haſt thou not aſſumed the nature of a creature, that thou mighteſt converſe the more intimately and condeſcendingly with us? To enjoy thee any way requires an infinite condeſcendency; the diſproportion being infinite: but this, this is the moſt wonderful condeſcendency poſſible! O this is the moſt excellent of all poſſible ways! O the wonderful ſoul-alluring glory that doth moſt ſweetly dart upon us from the man, who is God! O eternally bleſſed I, who have ſuch a Wellbeloved, in whom is all fulneſs! thou art a marrowleſs one indeed. We have done for ever with other beloveds; what wonder I am ſo deeply in love with thee? what wonder I ſwim in floods of eternal ſatisfaction, who enjoy thee ſo familiarly? Can a creature be more happy? I am full, I am full, and can deſire no more!

20. *To conſider the change Chriſt hath undergone, is an eternally raviſhing conſideration.*

Is this he, who was born of the virgin Mary, in a ſtable, and laid in a manger? who for the moſt of his days was in a poor, obſcure, contemptible condition; who was *a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief;* of no corporal beauty in the eyes of the beholders: and ſubject to all the infirmities of feeble mortals, except ſin: who was deſerted of the outgoing of the ſweetneſs and love of God; nay, did drink from brim to bottom, the bitter cup of his Father's wrath; who was apprehended in an ignominious manner; betrayed, denied and forſaken of his own diſciples; violently haled away to judgment, reviled, mocked, and *buffetted, and ſpit* upon; accuſed of blaſphemy *treaſon, madneſs,* and whatever helliſh heads cou devi

levile; then ſcourged, and ſet forth to the oppro-
bry and laughing of the raſcally multitude; then
condemned to the vile and ſhameful death of the
croſs, for blaſphemy and treaſon; and that by the
petition of the vaſt multitudes gathered together
to the paſſover, who preferred a baſe robber before
him! The ſentence was not ſooner pronounced
than executed; for he was hanged betwixt two
thieves, in the ſight of the multitude, to the inſult-
ation of devils and their ſlaves, who beheld this
matchleſs one nailed to the curſed tree, and bled
to death in great torment, and anguiſh of ſpirit:
while the ſun, clothed in mourning for his Lord,
contrary to the courſe of nature, ſympathiſed with
the eclipſed Creator, and withdrew its beams from
theſe who had eclipſed the light of the whole cre-
ation. Thus did my Wellbeloved continue for a
long ſpace, and gave up the ghoſt in great torment
of body and ſpirit; yea, was buried, continued un-
der the power of death for a time: and this, even
this is the ſame. Behold, men and angels, behold
and wonder at the man, who is the wonder of
wonders, and whoſe name is termed *Wonderful!*
Wellbeloved, thou appeareſt to be far changed,
though thou be ever the ſame! thou only haſt
done heroically, O mighty Captain of the Lord's
hoſts: this was thy deſign from eternity: ought-
eſt thou not firſt to have ſuffered, and then to en-
ter into this incomprehenſible glory? Thou haſt
graciouſly overcome, and ſatisfied avenging juſtice,
incenſed againſt the children of thy eternal delights:
Having ſpoiled principalities and powers, thou
madeſt a ſhew of them openly, triumphing over
them on the croſs: for though thou, being in the form
of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God;
yet madeſt thou thyſelf of no reputation, and became
obedient

obedient even unto the death: wherefore God alſo hath highly exalted thee, and given thee a name above every name, that at the name of Jeſus every knee ſhould bow, in heaven, earth, and under the earth. Waſt thou not as low as the grave? and yet haſt *aſcended on high, led captivity captive, and received gifts for men!* Art thou not he, *who liveth, and was dead? and behold, thou art alive for evermore!* who is exalted, and waſt low and deſpiſed; and behold, thou art exalted above all created heavens for ever! who rejoiceſt, and did weep, and ſigh, and groan; and behold, thou art ſurrounded with boundleſs joys for evermore! who reigneſt victoriouſly, and waſt *in the form of a ſervant;* and behold, thou reigneſt in glorious majeſty for evermore! Art thou not a wonderful One indeed! ſhall men and angels ever enough admire thee? though every moment of eternity ſhall be filled with admiration of my raviſhed heart.

21. *God manifeſted in the fleſh for ever a myſtery.* And is duſt and aſhes for ever exalted to ſuch an incomprehenſible pitch of glory? O duſt, how cameſt thou hither? ſtrange! that the Almighty hath exalted thee above ſun, moon, and ſtars; and hath brought thee into his immediate preſence, to carry the leaſt tincture of ſupernatural heavenly glory upon thee, to become the temple of the Holy Ghoſt! But, men and angels, what are your conceptions of this duſt, to be the temple, wherein the high and lofty One, the Almighty JEHOVAH, the eternal conſubſtantial Son of God, doth perſonally dwell, and with which he is perſonally united? Is not this a myſtery? Is not this an infinite *abyſs*, men and angels, into whoſe furthermoſt *ken ſhall never* be able to dive?

22. *That God ſhould bring about the* higheſt e alta

altation of *human nature, through man's horrid ingratitude, an ocean of wonders.*

To think, that theſe bodily eyes *behold my Redeemer*, might aſtoniſh ten thouſand worlds: are we not all overwhelmed in aſtoniſhment? is not every one crying, What hath God done? O thy incomprehenſible ways! O thy irreſiſtible power! O thy unſearchable wiſdom! O thy love, thy boundleſs love! *love that paſſeth all underſtanding!* ſtrange! hath the Almighty exalted thee, O man's nature, unto this incomprehenſible dignity? it was much thou receiveſt the characters of divine majeſty and excellency; yet more to be admitted into friendſhip and converſe with the great and dreadful Former of all. O! are not ſuch gradations of wonder, like millions of worlds, placed above millions of worlds, and again, and again, and for evermore? Is not man infinitely obliged to ſuch a Sovereign? If the crawling worms be infinitely obliged for their being, what ſhall be ſaid of man, created with ſo noble a being, in ſo noble a condition? Was it poſſible he could ever have loved, feared, praiſed him enough? Was it poſſible a creature, thus dealt with, could rebel? Yet ſtrange! when this dreadful prodigy did enter the creation; O aſtoniſhing rebellion! monſtrous ingratitude! from thenceforth, what could be expected, but pure vengeance, like an overflowing flood, ſhould deſtroy head and tail, root and branch, with an eternal deſtruction? Could any mercy have been expected from heaven to earth, when earth had denounced open enmity againſt heaven? What ſhouldſt thou have done, dread Sovereign of all things, with baſe, monſtrous and ingrate mankind, but make it wholly the butt of thy unmixed wrath? What are never ſo many worlds of men and angels to thee, that thou ſhouldſt ſpare them, if once they

ire to utter one word againſt thee? *Shouldſt*
educe to nothing what thou *haſt created,*
haſt thou loſt, ſince thou couldſt produce,
is very moment, millions of millions of worlds?
and if produced, what are they, but as ſo
millions of ſhadows and nothings before thee?
e condeſcendency! the ſweetneſs of thy na-
! O the boundleſs riches of thy grace! *O the*
t, the depth, the length, the breadth of thy un-
hable ways! haſt thou become friends with
again? entered into a treaty of peace and re-
iliation with him? held out the golden ſcep-
as a manifeſtation of the thoughts of bound-
ove, that flamed in thy heart from all eterni-
erecting a glorious throne of free, altogether
grace, upon the horrid apoſtaſy and rebellion
ngrate man? Who could have imagined ſuch
penſation as this? Were you expecting this,
glorious angels, when ye beheld man backſlide
onſtrouſly? Were you thinking ſo prodigi-
ingratitude would come to this? Were you
amazed at ſuch a ſecond covenant, after the
king of the firſt? Yea, are we not all in the
admiring frame? O eternity! thou art not
ient to make the impreſſion old, which God
enſtamped on the minds of men and angels.
objects are wonderful! Our faculties are won-
ully elevated! what wonder, my heart is fix-
O this frame of ſpirit! I ſee, I ſee that a world
together free grace was the only deſign of e-
ity! even that heaven ſhould be filled for ever
a ſong, *To him that ſitteth on the throne, and*
e Lamb. for ever and ever. Lord, what haſt
u done? Not only haſt thou become friends
u man again; not only haſt thou made him thine
laſting minion, but thou haſt alſo perſonally
aſſumed

ſſumed his nature, that thou *mighteſt* dra
nearer thyſelf, and manifeſt thy *glory unto*
in a more familiar, intimate, *ſweet and wor*
ful way, than was poſſible in the firſt diſpenſati
Wonderful! did man caſt off the image of his
ker? and did his Maker take upon him man
mage, to reſtore all again? Didſt thou, O
God, aſſume perſonally our nature, even in
loweſt eſtate, that thou mighteſt weep, and
and groan, and ſorrow, and die for undone m
Is not this love indeed! man had *deſtroyed*
ſelf, but did our excellent Wellbeloved ſtep in
twixt eternal wrath, and the miſerable ſinner,
all the billows of divine vengeance did he rec
till divine fury was pacified! No ſorrow, no ſh
no pain could terrify him: infinite love is in
cible. I will not ſpare baſe man, ſaid offended
jeſty, in the day he rebels againſt me, as I have
he muſt die the death; for the word hath
out of my mouth. Be it ſo, ſaith the Son of
here am I, a man ready to ſuffer all ſorrow, g
and pain of ſoul and body, unto the very de
hath man ſinned? man ſhall bear the pun
ment. I, even I will die the death; *ſacrifice*
offerings thou wilt not accept; but a body thou
given me. I will bear their grief; I will carry t
ſorrows. My Father, I am glad thou lay upon
the iniquity of them all; they are thine and
from eternity: this was our tranſaction befor
ages, that in the fulneſs of time, I ſhould lay d
my life for theſe thou haſt given me out of
world; *Therefore thou, O Father, doſt love*
becauſe I lay down my life for my ſheep.

23. *The relations betwixt God and us are e*
laſting amazement.

Who can ſearch into the depths of thy bo

his love? Thou haſt *delivered us from going down into the pit*; thou haſt *found a ranſom: this is a draught* of infinite wiſdom, the eternal *wonder of* men and angels! verily, thy loves are incomprehenſible, matchleſs, boundleſs, and unchangeable; which, though we ſometimes doubted, in the days of our abſence, yet all are now evident, as the noon-day light; paſt, preſent, and to come, preſent themſelves for ever. O then, my happineſs overflows its banks! am not I overjoyed, as at the firſt entry? how familiarly and ſweetly do I converſe with thee, O excellent Wellbeloved? myriads of ages appear not a moment in thy preſence. This diſpenſation is an eternal wonder! would not this have been thought a horrid petition, before the promulgation of the goſpel? *O that thou wert as my brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my mother? when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee: his left hand ſhould be under my head, and his right hand ſhould embrace me. I am my beloved's, and his deſire is towards me.* Indeed our dignity before our fall was high and glorious: but, O this diſpenſation of love! Sirs, is not God our Brother, our Huſband, our Redeemer, our only Wellbeloved? O our happineſs! what ſhall we do throughout eternity but wonder? *God manifeſted in the fleſh*, O ſtrange! Lord God Almighty, what couldſt thou do more to creatures?

24. *Men and angels run themſelves in an eternal circle of beholding and admiring God viſibly manifeſted.*

Shall I not behold and admire, admire and behold, and flame and love, while this immortal Being remains? The vail is drawn aſide, and we behold clearly the man, Chriſt Jeſus, filled with the Godhead! Indeed the earth is full of a divine glo-

ry, the heavens alſo in a more ſpecial manner, fai and angels, wonderfully and eminently; yet all meaſure: but glory dwells in this man above a meaſure! he is God equal with the Father! nc nearneſs to the Fountain of all glory, unto tha nearneſs of the human nature of our Wellbelovec with the Godhead! O then the emanations of thy inexhauſtible fulneſs! even thy glory, beauty anc ſweetneſs, ſhall overflow their banks for ever and ever! we are ever filled and over filled with thy fulneſs; yet there ſtill remains as much behind Infinite worlds of men and angels couldſt thou ſatiate, and make to run over with thine overcoming love and ſweetneſs. *Upon whom* may, and *doth not thy light ſhine?* Thou art the Sun, we are the ſtars: what ſhould we be, didſt thou draw in thy glory? where-ever thy glory is peculiarly manifeſted, there is heaven: let me be any where, ſo be thou ſhine upon me. They have the funny ſide of the world, who behold thy face in righteouſneſs: a world of all creature beauties and delights, is a hell without thee; I ſhould count them a maſs of deformity, ſhould they for one minute ſtand in betwixt me and thy raviſhing countenance. None but JEHOVAH and the Lamb! Had I had this ſight but for one moment on earth, would I in the leaſt have regarded the gliſtering vanities of time? *In thy light I ſee light;* every thing appears as it is: they are enlightened to the full, who dwell under the beams of thy raviſhing countenance. Bleſſed ones, what muſt he be, whoſe glory and beauty, darting in upon us, doth beautify us all! What were we, if this fair One were not amongſt us? By thy darting upon me, I am partaker of the divine nature, even transformed from glory to glory. O thy attractive, lovely emanations! I cannot, will not, but follow

to thee, whitherſoever thou goeſt, tho' *without* the borders of this great all, or through the *lake* that burneth with fire and brimſtone; theſe then ſhould be no more what they are, but worlds of joy and delights. O thy glory, thy glory, thy glory! curſed monſters, who are under eternal vengeance, for your hatred to his excellency, had you a glimpſe of this tranſcendent glory, ſhould not your miſery and torment be quite forgotten? But ye are baniſhed from his preſence and glory; and therefore you are inutterably miſerable. O my happineſs! *Is it not good to be here?* wonderful! was I ever loath to come here? My Lord is here, are not *then all things here?* Was I ever loath to come here, becauſe ſilly harmleſs death did ſtand in the way? But what is it to paſs through ten thouſand black deaths, ten thouſand ages of all imaginable torment? One hour here, will do more than make up all. O maſſy, real, ſubſtantial, enduring glory! am I not happy, eternally happy! happineſs is here in its full bloom and verdure: I have thee in my arms, O Wellbeloved, and is it poſſible I can be more bleſſed?

25. *The glorified only capable of underſtanding glory fully, mortality can conceive little.*

By thy blood, and only by thy blood, have we entered theſe oceans of unſpeakable happineſs; through thee have we ſuch full acceſs to the Father; thou art *our wiſdom, our righteouſneſs*, all things. O perfect ſecurity for ever and ever! what wonder this could not enter the minds of mortals? This is only to be conceived by manly capacities. Before, we reſembled thee in part, becauſe we ſaw thee by faith, as through the glaſs of thy word, but in part: now we are capacious; now thou ſhineſt upon us in full ſplendor; whereby

ation! O thou *brightneſs of the Father's glory*, and expreſs *character of his perſon!* O *Holy Ghoſt*, the eternal conſpiration of love betwixt *the Father* and the Son! O raviſhing ſights! ſhall I not behold, with an eternal overcoming delectation? What is God? will take an eternity to anſwer, though we behold thee as thou art; one view of thy infinitely amiable eſſence, and way of ſubſiſtence, would ſeal up innumerable worlds of men and angels in everlaſting raviſhments. Can I expreſs what I behold? Should I write new volumes through millions of ages, until the creation were filled, they ſhould contain nothing to that my heart is filled with: ſhould I write to all eternity new ſongs of thine immortal praiſes, ſhould I not be ever a beginning, and never fully begun? O ſweet! ſweet fellowſhip with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt! O my Redeemer, do I not behold thee, *the brightneſs of thy Father's glory, the expreſs character of his perſon*, his efficacy and his wiſdom, by which he made all things? *The Lord poſſeſſed thee in the beginning, ere ever the earth was;* even then thou *waſt by him, as one brought up with him, and was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him;* immortal bleſſings and praiſes to thee. O God the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, art thou not lovely, excellent, full of all delights and ſweetneſs, who haſt begotten ſuch a matchleſs, ſuperexcellent one, as Chriſt Jeſus, our excellent Wellbeloved, our Redeemer, our Head, our Days-man, our all in all! thy ſubſtantial image is lovely, O my heavenly Father! O then thy loveline ſs! Men and angels, you are but as ſo many painted accidental draughts of God's excellency; but Chriſt Jeſus is the ſubſtantial image of God, his very power, efficacy, and excellency, by which he doth all things; his very ſelf.

None

ne but Christ! Is he the Father's darling? and he not ours? Is he his wisdom, joy, and delight? and is he not ours also? O eternal ravishments! God hath given to, and for us, the Son of his everlasting love and delights! sent he not his only Son and heir into a base and inhuman world, that he might save and gather together the sons of his eternal choice? O blessed counsel from eternity of the glorious Trinity! O happy we! that ever free, free love bowed and condescended so! what could JEHOVAH do more for us, than he hath done? hadst thou any greater gift, than the only Son of thy love? didst thou give thy bosom delight to be a propitiation for us, the offscourings of all things? Is not this love infinitely transcending all finite capacities? That thou vouchsafed a being on us, was a great bounty; but more, that thou created us after thy lovely divine image; yet more, thou condescended to enter into a covenant with us; and yet higher, to be appointed thy everlasting minions! But what shall we think, men and angels, hath he not given unto us the Son of his everlasting delight? This gift can never be enough admired and esteemed: O Almighty JEHOVAH, thou giveſt like a King! too great a gift indeed for us to receive, but not too great for thee to give. Nothing can be too great for thee; and this was the greatest gift that thou couldst give: hadst thou gifted us ten thousand worlds of beauty, stored with all imaginable paradises of pleasures, with innumerable fair created heavens of sweetness, with infinite legions of men and angels, should they not have been esteemed rich and noble gifts? But all is just nothing to matchless Jesus. It is a shame to lay any thing in the balance with him; one ray of his Godhead would confound all possible created

ated excellencies to nothing. *O thy exce*
y! thy excellency! am I not *overjoyed*, a
not overjoyed, that I ſhall cry thee *up thro*
numberleſs ages? Ye may hide yourſelves, r
and angels; for all your beauties and glory, w
are you to him? It is aſtoniſhing condeſcender
he admits you to ſtand beſide him! I can but e
thee before innumerable aſſemblies of men
angels. My heart is fixt, eternally fixt; ſhall
not, as it were, contend, who ſhall extol thee m
And ſaid thou, Amen, my Wellbeloved, to the bleſ
a thouſand times bleſſed bargain of the new c
nant? Verily that love thou manifeſted in the
neſs of time, did ſhow the love that flamed in
heart, before all ages: though thou waſt in
boſom of the Father, ever delighting him, and
lighting in him; yet didſt thou come down to
earth, and converſed familiarly with filly, ſin
frail man; and was found to be a man, that t
might ſave him, loſt and undone to the utterm
Men and angels, you are all looking in witl
ſtoniſhment: to behold God perſonally, clot
with the human nature, is a ſight, we can n
enough view and admire; the mirrour, wherein
behold the love of God to creatures, in its
ſplendor. Waſt thou never enough near and intim
with us, until thou becameſt *bone of our bone,*
fleſh of our fleſh? until thou becameſt one with
who art one with the Father? *For both he that ſa*
tifieth, and they that are ſanctified, are all one:
which cauſe thou art not aſhamed to call us
thren! O eſſential love! art thou not here m
feſted tranſcendently? that ſentence was com
in thy mouth, *Love your enemies.* Haſt thou
loved thy mortal enemies to the death? W
we not heirs of wrath, born enemies againſt

Highne

ess? but, in despite of our enmity, *didst thou* with an everlasting love. Nothing can *stand in* way of infinite redeeming love. *No matter what* ve been, since I am lovely in thy sight: it is won- ul loveliness, to become the object of thy e- al love! and this only will I glory in. The e vile and loathsome I have been, the more the loveliness, nobleness, and freeness of thy appear, which will neither be budded, nor l. Sovereignty shines forth in all thy actings. *shall give thee? and it shall be recompensed. unto us, not unto us, but unto him that sitteth the throne, and unto the Lamb, be glory for and ever.* O blessed Spirit of grace, the e- al aspiration of love, and outgoing of the Fa- and the Son, thou great JEHOVAH, blessed for more, how sweet a co-operation hast thou in glorious work of redemption! this transcend- manifestation of altogether-free grace! how t hast thou been unto us, in the days of our image? how didst thou convince, convert, hten, and comfort? we should have perished, ir journey to this goodly land, hadst thou not gthened us in our inward man. And wast so sweet in the days of our sinning? Art not now sweet, infinitely more than sweet? e full, incessant, eternal flowings of the Spirit ove! this south wind breathes strongly, cau- the spices of the higher paradise exhale a ra- ng fragrancy every where: how, in every ride, nothing but ravishing perfumes? no ls, but the breathings of the Holy Spirit. O rivers, oceans, worlds of consolation! one of this falling upon the heart, appeared hea- tself; but this is more than heaven! every of this boundless ocean of sweetness, I am

entered

to ruin, and then to reſt! O high *tide of* flowing joys! which hath ſwallowed *up all* mer griefs and ſorrows. The *firſt ſight of* raviſhing countenance, O my God, made me it were, forget that ever I was on earth! this l hath a ſweet-ſmelling countenance: pain and neſs ſhould be converted here into joy and deli Here is an eternal ſpring: *For the winter is p the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on earth, the time of the ſinging of birds is come, the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.* N we have everlaſting joys for ſorrow, the oil gladneſs for the ſpirit of heavineſs. We exce ingly rejoice with Jeruſalem, who have loved h " we ſuck, and ſatiate ourſelves with the breaſt her conſolation: we milk and delight ourſel with the abundance of her glory: for the L extendeth grace to her, like a river. Our eyes ſee this, our hearts do rejoice, and our bones flouriſh like an herb. He hath made us an e laſting excellency, a joy of many generations: ſi O heavens, for the Lord hath done it; ſhout, lower parts of the earth; break forth into ſi ing, ye mountains; for the Lord JEHOVAH is ſtrength and my ſong, he alſo is become my ſal tion: therefore with joy will I draw water out the wells of ſalvation." Cry out. and ſhout, O inhabitants of the higher city; let your joys ſou throughout the whole creation. O Sirs, is not c lot far changed? Nothing on earth was heard mongſt us, but the confuſed noiſe of warrio the ſighs and groans of men in an agony. N the heavens of heavens are filled with the j ful melody of heroic conquerors: we ſowed tears for a moment; and now reap in joy evermore! *Thou haſt made us glad inconceiva*

ab

ove the days thou hadſt *afflicted us: thou haſt* riſen, and thine enemies *are ſcattered, and all thy* haters are fled before *thee; as ſmoke is driven a-way before the wind, ſo are they evaniſhed before thy terrible preſence: but all the righteous are glad, and they rejoice before thee; yea, they exceedingly rejoice.*

28. *This land of joys is filled with undone dyvours.* Glory, glory, glory to the purchaſer of this everlaſting bleſſedneſs! let the crown flouriſh on his head throughout all ages. O my happineſs, who ſhall ever praiſe thee! and was I elected before all ages, to be the everlaſting beholder, and extoller of thy infinite glory? Hadſt thou ſuch wonderful thoughts of love to me, when I was not? Were I in the place of my deſerving, ſhould I not been even now blaſpheming thine all-glorious and exalted name? O thy free, free love! O the unſearchable riches of thy grace! who choſe abominable me, out of the baſe and helliſh maſs of mankind, to be a veſſel of glory and honour, in the high hall of glory. Lord, what haſt thou done? O wonderful bargain of the new covenant! O the infinite depths of all wiſdom, power and excellency, to be ſeen in this great ſalvation! O the contrivance! O the carrying on! O the cope-ſtone thereof! ſtrange! how haſt thou brought me hither? I ſee, thy counſels cannot in the leaſt be fruſtrate by all the power of creatures. When I was a wretched, loſt creature, *lying in my blood, and no eye pitying me; then didſt thou, in thy by-going, caſt a look of love on me;* and ſaid unto me, *Live:* and that time became *a time of love.* Free love was the rule thou walked by; not my deſervings, or willingneſs. Had I been left to my helliſh will, I ſhould for ever have deſtroyed myſelf: but

thou ſweetly and connaturally, *ere ever I was* a ware, didſt raviſh heart and all *from me; ſo tha* my will could not but ſtoop *to thy overcoming* lovelineſs. When I was following after the monſtrous imaginations of my evil heart, debauching my loves and joys on creature-enjoyments, deſpiſing the only excellent things, then didſt thou diſcover thy irreſiſtible lovelineſs unto me; which bowed, transformed, and enamoured all the faculties of my ſoul; ſo that I could not but yield, moſt willingly yield: connaturally did the influences of thy Spirit work on the powers of my ſoul; ſo that I cloſed with thee on thine own terms, as freely as I had been abſolute ſovereign of myſelf; and yet as infallibly as I had been no intellectual agent. Verily thou, thou alone art the abſolute Sovereign of all things. O thy wonderful way of working! who can trace thee in all thy proceedings?

29. *The glorified reflecting on the way to the kingdom, ſee it to be an inconceivable draught of divine wiſdom.*

O piercing joys and ſweetneſs, that ever I heartily and ſincerely received thee, on thy own terms! how well haſt thou kept what I have committed unto thee, and preſented it ſpotleſs and glorious before the Father? Now I behold all thy promiſes completely accompliſhed. Thou haſt ever held me in thine hand, through all the dangerous wilderneſs I have overpaſt; *Thou haſt guided me by thy counſel,* and at laſt *brought me to glory.* How hath thy ſtrength been ſeen in weakneſs? How many temptations have I overcome? How many croſſes have I wreſtled through? How many floods have I overpaſt? How many boiſterous ſtorms have I ſet my face againſt? How have I eſcaped through all the aſſaults of the devil, the world, and the

flesh?

eth? And yet my Lord hath ſet me fairly above all hazards and difficulties! my feet for ever ſtand now within the glorious land of Emmanuel's bleſſed conqueſt. All the united ſtrength of bleſſed ſaints and angels could not have brought me hither. Sirs, ſhall we not be telling to one another, throughout eternity, what God hath done for us in time? that eternity may be filled with a ſong to JEHOVAH, and the Lamb. Who ſhould exalt, and love, and fear, and obey, and ſerve thee, if not we? Didſt thou love us from eternity? and ſhall we not praiſe thee to eternity? And can we but extol thee? not ſo much becauſe thou art good to us, as becauſe thou art good in thyſelf. But, O how is my heart inflamed, to think how thy love from eternity brake forth in time! how didſt thou ſhew forth the acts of thy free ſovereign love, in that thou hadſt written my name for eternal life! How bravely have all exigencies, and croſs diſpenſations conſpired to my welfare? Now I ſee, *All things work together for the good of thoſe that love thee.* The ſaddeſt, and moſt croſs junctures of providence have been the beſt: when thou ſeemedſt to be ſmiting, thou waſt healing! when thou appeareſt to be deſtroying, thou waſt making up! ſhall I not for ever declare thy wonderful ways? happy I, who ſhall ever have eternity before me! thy ways to me in time, are the matter of an eternal ſong! all exigencies of time did ſo jump together, as every one hath proven a ſtep to this inexpreſſible glory. Free redeeming love hath been written on all the paſſages of my pilgrimage; and moſt in the laſt water; when I began to ſink, thou held me up in thy arms, and put my head in thy boſom, and ſaid, "Be of good cheer, my love, thy ſins are forgiven thee; fear not, my dove, but

ejoice exceedingly; for thy God, *thy He*
Lord, thy Husband, thy Saviour *is here, h*
thee in his arms. Have I bought thee so c
suffered so many griefs, and woes, and pains
death itself for thee? carried thee through t
zardous wilderness, so circumspectly, anc
derly; and will I let thee perish now? Neve
my fair one; am I not willing? am I not
have not I overcome death and hell? I have
up this river with the soles of my feet; n
remains for thee to do, but enter in, and pe

30. *The fellowship betwixt Christ and every*
his, as intimate and familiar, as if he had bu

And hath not the sound of thy welcome, c
side of the water, an immortal permanency
heart? The impression is indelible: in n
landing, on the shore of this sweet land, c
thou run, and fall on my neck, and embra
kiss me? saying, "Welcome a thousand
with all my soul, to this purchased possessio
my fair one, it ravisheth my heart to behol
here! with desire have I desired thine intim
lowship, and could not rest, till I had brougl
hither, that strong loves might be satiate wi
and mutual enjoyment. And now shall thes
be exercised in embracing; we shall for c
twisted in the nearest connexion of love, anc
in the boundless ocean of delights. *Hast th*
faithful over a few things? and shall I not
thee ruler over all things? Enter thou into
of thy Lord, thy love. Seest thou not the tr
of all joys and blessedness, I have laid up so
even for thee, my lovely one? I had not
thee, while I was on earth; and no wonder
from eternity I loved thee. What are thy th
such great preparation? is not this a ra

place? how is it ſtored with all manner of delights, ſuitable to thy higheſt capacity? doth not thy ſight ſhew, that thy imaginations of theſe on earth was nothing? Lo, all this is the fruit of my ſufferings and death: and now, how ſhall I entertain thee, ſince thou haſt come hither? Thou longed, in thy pilgrimage, for the naked and immediate enjoyment of me: and now enjoy me, as thy heart can deſire. *Thou art mine, and I am thine: we eternally feed among the lilies.* I will ſatiate thee with my choiceſt love-dainties, and fill thee to the full, with my eternal overcoming ſweetneſs. Theſe victorious brows do I adorn with this maſſy diadem of glory: with theſe fair and reſplendent robes of righteouſneſs do I array thee, that all the ſpectators ſhall admire thy majeſty and glory. Thy excellency on earth was obſcured, by the vail of corruption and mortality: now have I removed all thy infirmities, healed all thy diſeaſes, raiſed up thy faculties unto ſuch a wonderful pitch, as thou art fit for converſing with me face to face. And didſt thou, my delight, deſire nothing more than the immediate and full enjoyment of me? and deſpiſed the world, in its moſt ſmiling condition, in compariſon of my matchleſs excellency; looking on all pains, ſufferings and difficulties, for my name's ſake, as delightſome; making my glory and exaltation thy chief joy and aim? And ſhall I not deck thee with paſſing majeſty and glory? This, this is the man, O my friends, whom I have honoured, and will honour him; for he is worthy; *becauſe he ſet his love upon me; therefore have I delivered him: I have ſet him on high, becauſe he hath known my great name.* This is the man, O Father, *who hath been with me, in my tem*
who hath glorified me on earth, and d

great things for me; even this is the man, hath kept the word of my patience; who known, that all things, whatſoever thou haſ ven me, are of thee; for I gave unto him the w which thou gaveſt me, and he hath received th and did know ſurely, that I came out from t and believed that thou didſt ſend me. How gr friend was he to me on earth? *When I was hun he gave me meat; when thirſty, he gave me dr when a ſtranger, he took me in; when naked clothed me; when ſick and in priſon, he viſited* Verily, in my eyes he is worthy of eternal gl Whatever thou haſt been, in my ſight thou worthy of eternal glory and renown. Heroic done! thy ſufferings and actions for my nar ſake, I heartily acknowledge excellent ſervice: ceive then theſe enriching palms of victory i thy valiant hands, as an everlaſting ſign of thy c queſt over the devil, the world, and the fleſh: thy majeſtic head be graced with theſe laurel triumph, while thine enemies ſhall for ever lie der thy feet. All that thou beholdeſt are thi for they are mine, and I am thine: and now happineſs ſuperabounds, and overflows its ban Now do I reſt in my love to thee, and thou d reſt in thy love to me; I rejoice over thee; ye exceedingly rejoice with ſinging." How ſhall ever dwell in theſe everlaſting love-embraces? h ſhall we be filled with love throughout eterni

31. *Viſible things, a moſt imperfect repreſen tion of inviſible.*

O inexpreſſible raviſhments of love! O moſt l *ly, ſweet* and condeſcending nature of my Welll *loved!* Every hour of eternity is like the firſt ho *thy love is* green and blooming through ne *ading ages.* Is not this a ſweet life, O in

unto? this ſoil overflows with milk and honey. Have we not undergone an advantageous tranſportation? the outfields of this land wonderfully excel the lower world! Indeed the very earth is full of thy glory: what paſſing delectation have I found in meditating on thy works of the lower world? how did every thing I heard, or ſaw, ſhew forth thy eternal power and Godhead? But, O the difference betwixt heaven and earth, could never enter within my conceptions on earth! O glorious world! ſhould we, in the ſtate of mortality, have ſtrained our conceptions to the higheſt, and imagined all the glory our eyes could then behold, augmented and perfected more ſtages higher than there are atoms in the creation; yet, ſhould ſuch a world have been a deformed maſs to thee. Lower excellency, gradually perfected, will never attain unto that excellency which is eſſentially of an higher degree. I thought, in my childhood, that the lower world might ſomewhat reſemble the higher; howbeit, I knew the difference was inconceivable, and that here ſhould be no ebbings or flowings, bloomings or fadings, or what could imply the leaſt privative imperfection: but now I ſee they have no likeneſs to one another, either in whole or in part; even as to the ſmalleſt external reſemblance. No beauties, no comelineſs, no joys, no delights here; if we ſpeak according to earth's dialect; yet, here are all things in an high and eminent manner. O my God, how incomprehenſible art thou in thy works? how raviſhing in that reflex of thy glory, which ſhall endure for ever? Thou ſhalt for ever rejoice in thy works; every work of thine is a deepneſs, a raviſhing wonder to my elevated capacity! might not the mediate enjoyment of thee, through thy creatures, render a

creature

creature eternally happy? *How excellent is thy name in all the earth? who haſt ſet thy glory above the heavens.* What wonders are written in thoſe heavens of heavens? the choice maſter-piece of thee, *who art perfect in knowledge, and excellent in working.* This is a world ſtored with all manner of riches, the inhabitants here inherit all things.

32. *All excellency, ſpiritual or corporal, of earth, is augmented in glory, by myriads of ſtages.* We knew on earth by the word, that when the clay-houſe *of our tabernacle ſhould be diſſolved,* we were to receive a building of God, *an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*; for in that we did groan, not deſiring to be unclothed but clothed upon with our houſe from heaven *that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.* And now, every one of us, in our own kind, appear the perfection of beauty! whoſe very clay-tabernacles are now conformed to his glorious body and whoſe ſouls are made perfect in holineſs! And did our bodies, when terreſtrial, ſo degrade? how doth the celeſtial, united to an elevated ſoul, perfect with paſſing excellency? Did our vile clubbiſh bodies impede the ſublime operation of our heaven-born ſpirits? how do theſe glorious bodies perfect perfected ſouls, in all their outgoings! If, *when ſown in corruption,* they rendered us frail and contemptible, in many things like the beaſts; how excellent, glorious, and majeſtic are we now, when vileneſs and corruption is ſwallowed up of glory? Yea, if it might been ſaid of our ſouls, when darkened with mortality and ſinning they were in their operation quick; what are they now, when exalted to ſuch a ſupernatural high pitch of excellency? Did we behold, by faith

ravishing fulness and beauty in thy face; what do we now behold, when made so capacious and divine? Were our bodies, when animal, such stupendous pieces of thy unsearchable wisdom and power, as every one of us was amazed, and said, *I am fearfully and wonderfully made!* how excellent and curious are these heavenly bodies, *conformed to the glorious body of the Son of God?* Did our wisdom shine, in our mortal faces? what majesty and glory dwells in every cast of our eye now? Were the pottherds of the earth so vigorous, strong, and valiant, that many of us, through faith, excelled in these perfections, which brutish men were only taken with, whereby *we subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of the fire, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens?* O now, our wonderful strength and vigour, when our very corporal parts become spiritual, and of a divine nature! Had some of us hearts, in our dull earthly condition, *enlarged as the sand on the sea-shore?* how capacious are our hearts now, when widened above the dimensions of many worlds? what is earth to heaven? what is darkness to light? what is childhood to manly estate? O high, high capacity of glory! O superexcellent and only glory in its blooming! O the ravishing frame, that we are for ever into! are we not the self same persons we were on earth? and yet we are not the same! every one of us is like our all-lovely and Wellbeloved! whom we eternally behold, with our bodily eyes, according to our proper measure; every one of us is at the highest pitch of created perfection: this is a wonderful transformation indeed! O sun, sun of the lower world, I can look thee out of countenance,

and

and dazzle thee with every caſt of mine eyes f
ſometime poor, frail, deſpicable I! Surely
I! the ſelf-ſame I, who was ſo ſilly in mit
eyes, and the eyes of all the beholders; wond
am not I cruſhed under ſuch an exceeding
of glory? But glory, and only glory, can
itſelf. Thy eternal power and Godhead is
feſted upon us, in a tranſcendent manner
haſt gone beyond, by almoſt infinite degree
limits of nature: the natural world is quit
liſhed, what now is natural and agreeable t
ted beings, before was miraculous and na
impoſſible.

33. *The higheſt manifeſtations of God in*
are but mere emblems of the noon-day mar
tion.

The moſt ſignal foretaſte of this glory on
was thy transfiguration, O Wellbeloved, in th
of thy mortality, on the holy mount, *wh*
face ſhone as the ſun, and thy raiment was
light; ſo that mortal beholders were amaze
confounded: ſuch an unſuitableneſs there is b
mortality and immortality! weak heads wo
be able to bear one draught of this celeſtial
And was thy face ſo majeſtic and glorious,
days of thy mortality and ſorrow? is it no
than majeſtic and beautiful, now in the d
thy joy and exaltation, when *thou haſt ſeen*
travel of thy ſoul, and art ſatisfied? More
neſs is to be ſeen in every view of thy divine
tenance, than on infinite numbers of exc
beautiful worlds. One ſight of thee, and no
may ſet never ſo many myriads of men and
in the burning flames of immortal loves!
was ſpoken, in time, of thy acts, and glor
majeſty; but lo, the thouſand thouſandth

not been told! indeed thou art a Beloved, *more than another beloved.* All joys, that I *ever took* thee for my all, and only one! that *ever I cried* heartily, Amen, to the bleſſed bargain of the new covenant, and renounced my vanities, and came to thee! that ever I ſubjected myſelf to the obedience of all thy commandments! that ever I preferred a holy, heavenly, mortified walking, in time, to the fulfilling my vain fleſhly inclinations! that ever *I eſteemed the reproaches of Chriſt greater riches than the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon!* Now I clearly behold, that *I have choſen the good part, that ſhall never be taken from me.* O happy I! that ever I ſold all, and bought this matchleſs pearl of invaluable price! O my riches, my riches! ſince I have thee, O Wellbeloved, what can I have more? ſtrange! waſt thou deſpiſed by baſe worldlings? But they knew thee not; thy raviſhing lovelineſs was hid from their blinded eyes; which, if they had ſeen, how ſhould the whole race of mankind run after thee? Men and angels, all beauty, all lovelineſs, all excellencies are here to be ſeen. Much is to be ſeen in this viſible fabric of this great creation; but no manifeſtation of glory to this! who can deſire more, than to ſtand beſide thee? O flower and only beauty of heaven, what are all created heavens! thou art only heaven thyſelf. No wonder, Mary Magdalene, you inordinately deſired ſuch an armful, as the dead body of this lovely Lord Jeſus; ſince you knew it was, tho' a dead lump of clay, the body of the man, who is God, infinitely above the value of innumerable, glorious created heavens. What a ſweet armful now, when exalted to ſuch an high pitch of glory?

34. *The ſaints are every way like their Wellbeloved; ſince full love muſt have full ſimilitude.*

Love

Love desires the nearest similitude and co
tion: as thou becamest like us, *assuming ou*
ture, so hast thou made us like *thee, both in*
rit and body. We are in every part transfo
ed into thy lovely image: whatever before
terrestrial, is now heavenly and divine. Thes
bernacles were *sown in corruption, dishonour,*
weakness: now they are raised in incorruption,
ry, and power. They were sown natural bo
they are raised spiritual: for as once we bare
image of the earthly Adam, so now we bear
image of the heavenly. O thy vivifying Sp
that raised thee from the dead! *by whom* thou
made us incapable of any the least change t
ing to corruption! And what though it were
so? here is the Tree of life, whose very leaves
medicines for mortality. Thou art the light
life of the higher house, thy sweet, lively influ
ces can make dead clay live eternally. O thy s
shadow! thy pleasant fruit! thy ravishing
fume, filling all with immortal vivacity! is it
sible any can die beside thee, O Fountain of l
What wonder I am so lively, who have the be
of life ever darting upon me? The inhabitants l
cannot say, *They are sick.* Here is perfect sec
ty: our iniquities are blotted out, and quite a
lished. O excellent life of God, in its perfecti
rendering, not only the spirit, but also *the body,*
ry vein, every artery, every sinew, *active* with
mortal vigour; for all is filled, and overfilled w
joy. O my beloved! thou art excellently term
the Prince of life, the Resurrection and the l
Verily, thou wast in good earnest when thou
edst, *He that believeth on me, out of his belly f*
flow rivers of living waters. O the power
strength of immortality! we are become migh

we have the ſtrength of an unicorn; the *Lord* JEHOVAH is become our ſtrength. We will walk upon the high places of the univerſe. *He hath given power to them that were faint, and to them who had no might, he increaſed ſtrength.* What was the ſtrength of clay to heavenly vigour? The diſproportion betwixt the excellency of the terreſtrial and celeſtial cannot be told: and no wonder we are ſo vivacious and ſtrong, ſince our earthly part is become heavenly and glorious: fleſh and blood is done away, as incompatible with ſuch heavenly majeſty. Theſe bodies, though ſubſtantially the ſame, yet are they quite other, as to the qualities, which are heavenly, ſpiritual, and divine. Naked beings, conſidered as ſuch, are endowed with no excellency: it is only by ſupervenient modifications they are rendered intrinſically more or leſs excellent, or baſe. What wonder we are thus? whoſe eſſences are clothed over, and perfected, without and within, with ſuperexcellent perfections, merely heavenly and divine. O the comelineſs and beauty wherewith ſoul and body is adorned! O what beauty, when two excellent beauties are united in one! O ſweet union! O pleaſant delightſome fellowſhip! In the days of mortality, the conſort betwixt them was, in a great part, jarring, and unpleaſant; the one did obſcure the excellency of the other: but now the ſoul in the body, is like the ſun ſhining in its proper ſphere; or like the light darting through a perſpicuous body, adorned with various modifying beauties, whereby the rays are variouſly perfected, in their modified outgoings: all the properties, perfections, faculties, and actions of ſoul and body, are modified and perfected by their ſubſtantial connection. Indeed, my Lord, we have gained wonderfully by

ſing our firſt excellency, which was exce
itſelf, and glorious and heavenly, in com
of our ſinful condition, we precipitated ou
headlong into; but was earthly, baſe, in co
riſon of this. Who could have imagined th
earthly animal creature, ſhould have been ex
to the ſtate of angels? how ſilly is man,
earthly ſtate? how excellent in an heavenly?
all by the power and virtue of the Man, who
finitely more than a man.

35. *Complete bleſſedneſs is the complete enjo
of God, every way, mediately and immediately.*

We are bleſſed, and more than bleſſed, wh
joy thee every way: we drink abundantly,
out of the fountain and ſtreams, at once beir
tiate with the reflex and direct emanations o
eternal ſweetneſs. Even thou thyſelf art in
comprehenſible way delighted with the reflec
of thy glory, wherewith this beautiful all, b
ſpecially thy ſpouſe, is adorned. Art thou nc
amoured with thy raviſhing image imprinte
her? ſo that thou crieſt out, *Thou haſt rav
my heart, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe, thou haſt rav
my heart with one of thine eyes, with one
of thy neck: thou art all fair, my love, the
no ſpot in thee.* The love of complacency a
from ſimilitude: O then, ſhew thy love to us;
love to thee, and one another! we are becon
together fair, by waſhing ourſelves in thy
precious blood. What can be our exerciſe thr
eternity, but ſweet embracing? O our ravi
ſweet entertainments of love, among theſe ref
ing mountains of roſes and ſpices! O what
pellations! what love-kiſſes! O the overco
perfume of the vaſt mountains of myrrh, and
of frankincenſe! O the ſmell of his Lebanon

ments! O his fragrant ointments! O his soul-overcoming emanations! every hour here is heaven, and more than heaven. What joy to see Christ, and all his members together, in the royal palace of glory? Are we not all gathered up to these heavenly pastures? and none is wanting. We all longed to be here, sought to be here, prayed to be here, ran to be here, groaned and wept to be here; and behold, we are all here for evermore! We helped and comforted one another in our journey hither; and behold, we are here for evermore! Satan and the world, our corruptions, yea, and oftentimes ourselves, strove to hinder our course hither; and yet we are here for evermore! now *we are* personally all *come to mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem; and unto an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant; to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.* O sweet converse! O excellent fellowship! O the frame of my heart! O the high motions of joy and love! O eternity! is it possible thou canst prove wearisome? Ten thousand ages seem not one hour! who can set forth the sweetness of thy land, O Emmanuel? Is it not an house, an orchard, a city, a kingdom, a world, a commonwealth of a most comely order? *How good, and how pleasant is it, for them to dwell together in unity?* It is as the everlasting dwellings of the Spirit, that dwells on these everlasting mountains of Sion; *for here hath the Lord commanded* the blessing, *even life for evermore.*

6. *Christ is the everlasting king, priest, and pr*
of his people.

Friends of the Bridegroom, are you *not over* joyed, because of the Bridegroom's voice! No wonder it was said of him, *Never man spake like this man.* How doth he ravish us with his sweet compellations of love? *Our souls fail us not when he speaks; mortality is swallowed up of life.* Sirs, is not our Wellbeloved and we in these green pastures together? O his ravishing smiles! O his looks of love towards us! O his voice, his voice, I am inflamed! is he not saying, in the boundless joys of his Spirit, *Father, behold me, and the children which thou hast given me,* are for ever in the most intimate fellowship of one another, here in these highest mansions, which I have prepared, wherein we might be satiate with loves, throughout eternity; according to thy promise, *I do see the travel of my soul, and am satisfied;* for *thou hast divided me a spoil with the great,* and *I divide a portion with the strong; because I poured out my soul unto death.* We all reap the fruits of our groans and tears, afflictions and labours: my chosen are comforted, and I am comforted. All the children of our everlasting love are here, *beholding my glory, which thou hast given me;* for thou dost *glorify me with thine own self,* even *with the glory I had with thee before the world was.* Now the copestone is put upon our everlasting contrivance of free redeeming grace: those whom from eternity we chose for our minions, have I effectually called in to me, in time; and caused them willingly and sincerely cry, *Amen,* to the bargain of the new covenant; and I have brought them through a world of tentations, snares, afflictions, and all imaginable impediments, into this haven of everlasting blessedness; as from eternity I loved them, so to eternity will I enjoy them: as I made them sharers of my sufferings and sorrow;

sorrow; so have I made them partakers of my glory and joy: as I have entered into the *oceans of* boundless joys; so have I made them to *enter also*. The desires of my soul are fully accomplished: my fair ones joys are full: as their afflictions were my afflictions; their sorrows my sorrows; so their joys are my joys: for *we are one*, and *they are one in us, even as we are one*: for *I have given them the glory which thou hast given me: I in them, and thou in me*; whence *they are made perfect in one. As thou hast loved me, so do I love them, and they eternally abide in my love* and *Thou hast loved them*; for *they have loved me*, in despite of all opposition, in a vain world. Behold, my Father, how fair, and beautiful, and lovely, and sweet I have made my spouse! she is all desirable and comely; *no spot, no blemish* is to be found in her. Offended majesty hath nothing to say, I have *redeemed* her, I have *washed her in my own blood.* Here I stand an *high priest for ever, after the order of* Melchizedek, as a monument that justice is pacified, and all is in sweet terms: as thou lookest upon me with infinite love and delight, and art well pleased with all my sufferings and actings for thy glory, and on her behalf; so art thou well pleased with her. Since of thine own good pleasure, from eternity, thou accepted of the bargain, vengeance hath nothing to exact: *I was wounded for my chosens transgressions, I was bruised for their iniquities*; and in my eyes they are worthy to walk in glorious robes, up here with me, before the throne. They *kept their garments clean* in the midst of a filthy and polluted world; they accounted all the glory and excellency of time, but dross and dung, unto my glory and exaltation; and looked on all afflictions and

difficulties, as eaſy, for my name's ſake: *they ſu* jected themſelves to the univerſal obedience of a my commandments: *They fought the good fight, they finiſhed their courſe, they kept the faith.* C how heroically have they done, for the *crown of life* which for ever adorns their victorious heads! a thou, O Father, *haſt ſet me down on thy throne ſo have I given unto them to ſit down on my throne* for I have glorified and exalted them, as thou haſ highly glorified and exalted me: and now we ar for ever exalted above all our enemies: thou haſ made them our everlaſting *footſtool, death and he are caſt into the lake that burneth with fire an brimſtone.* Our joys are full, our glory perfected our happineſs boundleſs, our praiſes inceſſant fo ever and ever.

37. *An aſtoniſhment, that the high and lofty On ſhould look on creatures.*

Men and angels, are we not all amazed and con founded, with this infinite love of Jeſus? Wha are we to him, that he ſhould caſt one look, ei ther of love or hatred, upon us? What are ou thoughts? O the wonderful frame of my raviſhe heart! he loves us, he delights in us, his eyes ar fixed upon us, his heart is opened to us, his arm are ſtretched forth to us, his voice is of us, an to us: who but we! O my Lord, *what haſt tho done?* O love of Jeſus! I will cry thee up agai and again, and for ever I will cry thee up. Bleſſe I, who have ſuch a glorious aſſembly to help me with an high, eternal note of praiſe! O this is life O more than joy! more than happineſs! mor than full ſatisfaction!

38. *Earth and heaven quite oppoſite things.*

Yea, ſurely they are lovely, who are arraye with his comelineſs; and what doth the ſpouſ

want,

want; that the Bridegroom hath to give? O then ſhe is endowed with all poſſible excellency! this is an aſſembly of *kings*, and *prieſts*, every one is a noble, magnificent and royal perſon; all are children to the King of kings, all are princes of the blood-royal of heaven; all are poſſeſſors of all things. Here is the flower and perfection of all beauties connected together. This is the company God hath choſen, and with-which for ever he will dwell. *Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praiſed, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holineſs. Beautiful for ſituation, the joy of all nations, is mount Zion:* how *compactly is it built together? It lieth four-ſquare. No temple here; for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, is the temple thereof.* None needs teach another; we are all filled with thy fulneſs! *We behold thee, face to face.* No more mediate enjoyment, *Shadows have fled away.* Now, and never until now, are we lifted up above ordinances: *Propheſies have failed; tongues have ceaſed, knowledge hath vaniſhed away: we knew in part, and propheſied in part;* but *that which is perfect is come, and that which was in part is done away. When I was a child, I ſpake as a child, underſtood as a child, thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childiſh things:* for now *I ſee face to face;* but, in my childhood, *I ſaw through a glaſs darkly:* now *I know, even as alſo I am known.* And what wonder? ſince our minds are illuminated by the rays of thy tranſcendent glory. No need of created light, thou art become all and in all unto us. We wonderfully enlighten one another, men and angels; *but all is* nothing to the infinite light. O *the glory of* JEHOVAH, which ever ſhall be admired *and never* comprehended! how nearly a

ſwe

ſweetly is it communicated unto us throug
Day's-man, *Chriſt Jeſus?* And how richly i
city ſtored, O *Emmanuel!* here are all manı
things, *new and old,* which thou haſt prepar
thy friends. Were they fools, who forſo
they poſſeſſed on earth, to become citizens
Here is the abundance of all good things, all
all delights, all beauties; all are here, in
eminent and ſuperabundant manner: nothin
imperfection here; no darkneſs, the Sun is
his meridian, the light of his countenance i
lifted up upon us; for ever doth he look up
in a ſweet, ſmiling, loving manner; for *his*
is turned away, and he comforteth us. O j
O white, O bleſſed, O radiant day of end
ternity! *This is the day which the Lor*
made; we will rejoice and be glad in it: eve
is the day which hath taken its birth from
finitely amiable countenance. O theſe ri
conſolations, *that make glad the city of G*
the eternal emanations of all fulneſs, flowi
from the throne of God, and of the Lam
mixture of creature-imperfections, all proce
mediately from the fountain! O my God,
was I tormented with thirſt in the wildern
was ever full of wants, and deſires; but O
now I am drunk, raviſhed, filled and
with the eternal overflowings of thy ſur
ſweetneſs, which run over this vaſt multitu
men and angels, like a mighty inundation.
days of our vanity, *we ſat by the rivers of*
lon, and wept; when we thought on the ſwe
the inhabitants of this higher houſe, this high
ruſalem had, we could not but groan forth,
ſhall the night be gone, and the ſhadows eva
When ſhall time be out of the way, th

enter into the pure river of the water of life, and ſatiate myſelf with all the fulneſs of God? *My ſoul thirſteth for God, the living God; when ſhall I come to appear before God?* How long ſhall I *dwell in a dry and parched wilderneſs, wherein there is no water? Wo is me, that I ſojourn ſo long in Meſech; for my days are conſumed like ſmoke, and my bones are burnt as an hearth; by reaſon of the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my ſkin. My days are like a ſhadow that declineth, and I am withered like graſs.* But O, now is the joyful and white ſide of providence turned up! my *youth is renewed like the eagle's:* I ſwim in the ocean of life. Who can tell what raviſhing ſolace is under the branches of the *Tree of life?* Divine vengeance cannot dart through: yet I behold fully thy countenance, O JEHOVAH! we are thy ſervants, ever ſerving thee, and beholding thy face; *having thy name writt n on our foreheads.* I went mourning to the grave, becauſe of my unfitneſs for ſerving thee on earth: but O! now I ſerve thee in as heavenly and divine a manner, as I would: I am become altogether like thee! I am filled with thy glory and thy beauty: no need to aſk, *Shew me thy glory;* thy face inceſſantly and eternally do I behold, and live.

39. *Nothing in glory, but ſongs to* JEHOVAH *and the Lamb.*

This is Zion, the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole world: this is the city which God hath made, even which he hath made in a peculiar manner. O what glory! O what majeſty! O what joy! O what bleſſedneſs! "As we have heard, ſo have we ſeen, in the city of the Lord of hoſts; God hath eſtabliſhed it for ever. The Lord our God doth ſave us this day, as the flock of his people;

people; for we are the ſtones of a crown lift-
ed up as an enſign upon his land: for ho-
great is his goodneſs, and how great is his beau-
ty! Sing, O daughter of Zion, ſhout, O Iſra-
be glad and rejoice with all thy heart, O daugh-
of Jeruſalem: for the Lord thy God, in
midſt of thee, is mighty; he hath ſaved th-
and rejoiceth over thee with joy; he reſts in
love, he joyeth over thee with ſinging; he h-
healed our backſlidings, he hath loved us, free-
for his anger is turned away, and he comforte-
us. He is as the dew unto us, we grow as
lily, and caſt forth our roots as Lebanon. He h-
made us, and the places round about his holy
a bleſſing, and cauſeth the ſhowers come down
their ſeaſon; even ſhowers of bleſſing for everm-
And the tree of the field doth yield her fruit,
our land doth yield her increaſe; and we are
in our land, and do know the Lord. Behol-
he hath brought us from all countries, and gath-
ed us from the coaſts of the earth: for the Lo-
hath redeemed Jacob, and ranſomed him from
hand of him that was ſtronger than he; there-
are we come to, and ſing in the height of Zio-
and flow together to the goodneſs of the Lord, f-
wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the you-
of the flock, and of the herd: and our ſoul is
a watered garden: and we ſhall not ſorrow
more at all: for behold, the Lord hath created
new heaven, and a new earth, and the former
not remembered, nor doth come into mind. Our
gates are open continually, they ſhall not be
day nor night; for braſs we have gold, and
iron we have ſilver, and for wood braſs, and
ſtones iron. Violence is no more heard in
land, waſting nor deſtruction within our bor-

God: true and righteous are *his judgments; f*
he hath judged all his enemies; *and the glory o*
avenging juſtice is for ever diſp[illegible]*yed. Let Iſrae*
rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King; for the Lord taketh pleaſure in his people: he hath beautified the meek with ſalvation. Praiſe the Lord, O Jeruſalem; praiſe thy God, O Zion; for he hath ſtrengthened for ever the bars of thy gates, he hath bleſſed thy children within thee; he maketh peace within thy borders, and filleth thee with the fineſt of the wheat: the Lord hath choſen thee for his reſt, here will he for ever dwell; for he hath deſired it."

40. *The happineſs of the ſaints ſuperabundant, ſince they have all manner of enjoyments.*

Are we not more than bleſſed? United happineſs hath the greater force. O the ſweet fellowſhip of bleſſed men and angels! all manner of enjoyments are here! all our natural propenſities are fully ſatisfied, and we are every way filled with God: as our fellowſhip with him was interrupted, imperfect, and at a diſtance on earth; ſo our converſe with creatures was of ſmall profit: vanity (as to us) was poured out on all creature-enjoyments; ſince our faculties were, in a great part, vitiate, was not our fellowſhip on earth oftentimes for the worſe, as well as for the better? for that our converſe ſavoured ſtrongly of earth, differing little from that of worldlings. But, is not this a wonderful change! We look like an aſſembly of kings and prieſts indeed. Are we not all one, in mind in love, in joy! for we have the *mind of Chriſt.* All of us reſemble advantageouſly that perfect, and only pattern of holineſs, that infinite world of raviſhing beauty, and boundleſs ocean

ean of overcoming ſweetneſs, that only *delight*, ove, ſatisfaction, wonder, and all, of men and angels. I am like thee, O my Wellbeloved! I am like thee, O joy! ſuperabounding joy! this one thought bears in its boſom, ten thouſand heavens. O Sirs, are not his glory, his excellency, his ſweetneſs diffuſed among us? We are one in Chriſt; and therefore one among ourſelves, being united by the Spirit of love. Thou art the *head*, we the members, all treaſures of excellency are communicated from thee unto us, as from the *root* to the *branches*, which are the ſame tree. We are one with thee; for both *he that ſanctifieth, and they that are ſanctified, are one*. Are you not excellent then, O ye angels? were ye not paſſing excellent, and only delightſome, O ye excellent ones of the earth, when encompaſſed about with innumerable infirmities? and are you not now ſo many maſſes of excellency and delight? If, when clothed with mortality, you were of ſublime and princely ſpirits; what are you now, when *mortality is ſwallowed up of life?* Was our converſe ſweet in the valley of tears and ſorrows? and is it not more than pleaſant in this paradiſe of joys and delights? Was our lamenting our diſtance from God to one another ſweet? what raviſhments in our mutual congratulations of theſe overflowing delights, and happineſs, in the immediate preſence of JEHOVAH and the Lamb? what a golden life is this? As this full enjoyment of thee, O my God, doth ſwallow up all other enjoyments; ſo doth it perfect them alſo. Until our love to thee was perfected, never did we love one another perfectly. The more thou art loved, the more of thy image. Thou art the centre of all my faculties; all my love to ſaints and angels terminates in thee; thou haſt clothed

them with thy lovelineſs, and they are become lov-
ly: yea, though they were not, yet ſince they ar
the object of thy love; therefore will I love them:
but becauſe thou haſt loved them, therefore haſt
thou made them wonderfully lovely; and therefore
how are we all kindled together into an eternal
flame! O what a wonderful ſympathy! as we ſuf-
fered in one another's afflictions; ſo do we rejoice
in one another's joy. O this ſuperabundant joy and
happineſs! ſince all your joy and happineſs, men and
angels, are mine; even me they affect; I am as
filled with them: the happineſs of thouſands, and
myriads of thouſands, are abridged into one hap-
pineſs. And how diſcovering is the light of thy
glory! I know every one of you in particular, as
by name, and what was your lot on earth. When
our converſe is more joyful, ſhall not our fellow-
ſhip now be paſſing excellent? The faculties are
great, the objects are great, and great is eternity,
which we have ever before us in our fellowſhip:
we are not confined, as on earth, to days, hours,
and years; but ſhall ſpeak to one another of his
infinite excellencies again and again, and more and
more, and for ever ſpeak: and what new delights,
ſince earth's childiſh dialect is done away! Words,
ſentences, orations, and volumes were as dark ſha-
dows, of little or no ſignification: but O the pro-
found idiom of Emmanuel's country! every word
is like a talent, repreſenting more than ten thou-
ſand excellent volumes in earth's language. How
admirably do mortality and immortality differ in
all things! Cry out then his matchleſs praiſes; ſhall
we not contend, who ſhall ſpeak moſt excellently
of his glory? ſhall we not be for ever recounting
his wonderful goodneſs to us, in time and eterni-
ty? O raviſhing fellowſhip with men and angels!

more than raviſhing voice of the *Son of God!* were it not the prerogative of glory, *that one enjoyment cannot divert from another*, I ſhould for ever ſhut all my faculties againſt you, O fellow-creatures; that they might only be filled with Jeſus my only Wellbeloved. Whatever I enjoy, ſtill I enjoy thee perfectly and fully: with whomſoever I converſe, *continually I am with thee.* Thou art the beginning, middle, and end of all. O the eternal high tides of joys in my heart! nothing can ſeparate me in the leaſt, from this immediate enjoyment of thee. The members are not hindered from receiving influences from the head, becauſe of their mutual commerce among themſelves; reflex rays hinder not the direct; the enjoyment of the thing *included* eminently, hinders not the enjoyment of that which *includes*. I enjoy thee; and therefore I enjoy all things: and my enjoyment of creatures, is no new enjoyment; but another manner of enjoying of thee; like the beholding the light of the ſun darting from the moon: every one of us reflects the *beauty wherewith thou adorneſt us.*

41. *All the attributes of God contribute to our eternal bleſſedneſs, but his unchangeableneſs is the crown of all.*

How do all ſmile with a raviſhing countenance, whether we view in time on earth, theſe preſent enjoyments, or their flouriſhing throughout eternity? The conſideration of God's wonderful providences in time, will fill the thoughts with endleſs admiration. And am I not raviſhed in looking back into infinite perfections, before all ages? Here there is ever a further; but it is according to finite conception, to look upon thee, as *paſt*, *preſent*, and *to come*. Thou art eminently all things,

yet not formally, and in their own *proper nat*
we change every moment, and have *ſtill new*
ings, becauſe we are *finite* beings; but with t
there *is no variableneſs, nor ſhadow of turn*
Whatever thou doſt, from eternity thou
it: thy actings have neither beginning, mid
nor ending; which are but one ſimple act, the ſ
with thyſelf, though virtually and equivalentl
contains in its boſom innumerable actions; e
as thy everlaſtingneſs, innumerable days, years
ages. Who can admire enough thy ſimplici
All thy excellencies are but one excellency, e
valent unto infinite worlds of excellencies. O w
a bleſſed life have we, men and angels, *in dwe*
in God, the almighty, allſufficient JEHOVAH! in wl
is contained infinite varieties of all joys, all p
ſures, all ſweetneſs, all contentments, all beau
all glories, in a tranſcendent, eminent, and r
perfect manner. O happy I! who have ſucl
infinite One, boundleſs One in all perfections
be my portion! O thou art infinite, eternal,
changeable in thy wiſdom, power, holineſs, juſ
goodneſs and truth. Everlaſting raviſhments!
who loveth us, is *unchangeable*; he, in whom
truſt, is the *Rock of ages*, whoſe *goings forth*
been from eternity. O then! thy ſmiles are e
laſting. Our happineſs is eternal; it is joy t
joy, to conſider, this life can have no period: it
neither middle, progreſs, nor ending; but ſha
ver be a beginning, and ſhall be ever, ever
far from the period of my joys and happineſs
ver in this ſame raviſhed unſpeakable frame of
vine love and joy, I am juſt now into! Shall
ver be high tide? O more than happineſs! it c
flows its banks: it is much I bear this joy! C
joys! my joys, you are of an immortal c
ti

tion! O my excellent Wellbeloved, now haſt thou with eternity crowned all my happineſs! to think ever to be disjoined from thee, would imbitter all the preſent ſweetneſs: the greater the enjoyment, the greater the loſs. Temporary enjoyments nothing affect me: what will end, will be as if it had not been. Never ſo many ages are nothing in the minds of elevated creatures: only brutes are taken with time. Nothing is real and ſubſtantial, but what is enduring. Nothing vain and empty now: all things here ſhall be ever in the ſelf-ſame ſtate we are now in. So are all things in hell alſo. The faſhion of this world ſhall never paſs away: all are now ſolid and enduring: vanity is for ever baniſhed out of the univerſe; all things ſhall be for ever as they are. O my joys! though you were low, yet the thoughts of your eternal permanency may cauſe you ſwell over your banks. O glory, glory! how maſſy art thou? Not a thing gliſtering now, and anon evaniſhed. O the more enduring ſubſtance! the kingdom unmoveable: theſe everlaſting arms incircle us eternally! For *the Lord ſhall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, to all generations.* We *that truſt in the Lord, are like mount Zion, that cannot be removed, but abideth for ever: the glory of the Lord ſhall endure for ever; he ſhall rejoice in all his works. The children of thy ſervants ſhall continue, and their ſeed ſhall be eſtabliſhed before thee: with long life doſt thou ſatisfy them, and ſhewеſt them thy ſalvation. Thou art the ſtrength of their heart, and their portion for ever.* O real, ſolid, ſubſtantial, enduring portion! indeed, thou art the *Rock of ages.* All the innumerable ages paſt, preſent, and to come, do roll upon thee as their foundation. *Thy years are throughout all generations; of old didſt thou lay the foundations*

the earth; and *the heavens were the work of thine hands*: they did *perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them waxed old, like a garment; as a vesture thou changed them, and they were changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.* O my passing happiness shall have no end! O life, and marrow of joys! I shall be ever with thee, O most lovely Wellbeloved! some transient glimpses of thy lovelineſs upon my soul, was an heaven upon earth: but O, the permanent and full outlettings of thy beauty, sweetness, and all excellencies, are more than ten thousand heavens of happiness! I am here dwelling within the boundless circle of eternity! O sweet for evermore! only because of my sweetest Wellbeloved, whom I fully and eternally enjoy! what good would my life do unto me, were I not to enjoy him throughout eternal ages? Not, that I account it not an invaluable happiness, to receive one love-kiss, and no more, from thy sweetest mouth; should not its wonderful impression leave a passing ravishing sweetness, throughout endless evermore? One sight of thy only excellent beauty, one smell of thy ravishing fragrant garments, one love-smile of thy overcoming lovely face, transcendently excels the height of all creature-enjoyments. Any thing of thee, my matchless One, is of incomparable excellency: thy very frowns are inconceivably sweet, because thine.

42. *That we are altogether Christ's, and not our own, is our only happiness.*

Thy kingdom, O Emmanuel, is an everlasting kingdom; the sceptre of glory dost thou sway to all generations. Indeed, when time and days came to a period, and thou hadst put down all rule, and all authority and power, thou delivered up the commission

ommiſſion of governing the church, and *(in part)* bringing the world back to thy Father; and *art* ſubject as Days man betwixt God and *creatures,* that God may only fill the faculties of men and angels, with his uncreated ſweetneſs: yet, as Days-man, thou art for ever King, Prieſt, and Prophet of thy choſen; the eternal Head of men and angels; *the firſt-born among many brethren, having the pre-eminence in all things*: thou art the great Lord Mediator, the crowned King of Zion, for ever and ever: we are under thee ſo many crowned kings in Zion; but thou art exalted above all; upon the throne of thy father David doſt thou ſit; and "of thy kingdom there ſhall be no end. The Lord hath laid help upon one that is mighty, he hath exalted one choſen out of the people; he hath made him his firſt-born, higher than the kings of the earth: his mercy doth he keep for him, for ever; and his covenant ſtandeth faſt with him: his ſeed alſo hath he made to endure for ever, and his children, as the days of heaven: all kings fall down before him; all nations ſerve him. There is an handful of corn in the earth, on the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof doth ſhake like Lebanon: and they of the city do flouriſh like the graſs of the earth." O Plant of Renown, men and angels are as ſo many branches ingrafted in thee eternally! or elſe we ſhould in a moment wither; to all eternity we ſtand in need of a Days-man, we are not able eternally to ſtand on our own legs: neither are we able to behold God ſo fully and familiarly, as in the face of Emmanuel, the white and the ruddy! and what amazing dignity, men and angels, for us to reign over all, as co-heirs with this eſſential Heir of all things? Do I reign with thee, O King of kings? wonderful! thou

thou haſt given me *power over the nations, and to rule them with a rod of iron; as the veſſels of a potter are they broken in ſhivers*; even as he received of his Father! What were earthly kingdoms and principalities, but evaniſhing vapours, night-dreams and vanities? What were the ſhields of the earth, but bits of half-dead clay, breathing for a few hours, days and years, at the moſt, and then returned to duſt again? No wonder he loaded the baſeſt of men with the greateſt portion of thick clay; ſuch a dunghill was a fit portion for dunghill worms: no wonder he gave ſo little of earth to his choſen; ſuch gifts are below ſublime, heavenly and divine ſpirits. Sirs, have we not been ordained for far better, and more excellent things than earth's ſilly glory? It was not our Father's will we ſhould be troubled with many nothings: much clay would have clogged us, in our way. He knew beſt what was for us, who cut us ſhort of creature-enjoyments. What have we loſt, who have received gold for clay, diamonds for common ſtones, ſolid ſatisfaction for vexing vanities, heaven for earth, eternity for time, all things for nothing? All glory to him, that ſits upon the throne, and the Lamb. Let the crown eternally flouriſh on the head of the purchaſer of ſuch ſuperabundant happineſs. O the great things we have eſcaped! O the great things we have attained! And were theſe joys purchaſed by ſorrow? this golden life, by a ſhameful and cruel death? this glory, by ſhame and contempt? this reſt, by labour and wreſtling? this exaltation, by lowlineſs and ſubmiſſion? O the price, the price! every ſight of the man, who is God, would overvalue, and over-buy ten thouſand excellent worlds. O my happineſs! art thou not of infinite value, tho' thou

thou wert not, in the thouſandth part, what thou art? *What can we render unto the Lord for his wonderful goodneſs?* what can we, thy eternally bound dyvours, do but cry aloud thy excellency? And the more we praiſe thee, the more our obligation grows upon our hand. O let us ever, in this manner, run ourſelves into thy debt. No greater liberty, no higher prerogative, than to be eternally obliged debtors to thy free grace, redeeming, exalting grace. O then! ſhall I not praiſe thee, my Redeemer, my exalter? ſhall not boundleſs eternity be filled with thy praiſes? Is my happineſs, life immortal? and ſhall not my praiſing be immortal alſo? O this high, high praiſing frame! Nothing but raviſhing hallelujahs throughout eternity. O Sirs, is not this frame altogether inexpreſſible, wholly inconceivable?

43. *The manifeſtation of God, in time, nothing to that of eternity; and that of eternity, nothing to what dwells hidden in himſelf.*

Even the ſmall breathings of theſe full gales of the Spirit, that blows ſtrongly in this higher region, falling down upon the land of grace, filled my heart with ſuch paſſing ſweetneſs, that I could not but cry out, *Lord, my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed, I will ſing praiſe unto thee.* O let all creatures, in all places of thy dominion, ſing forth thy excellencies. Let me behold thy name ſet on high, and the deſires of my ſoul are accompliſhed. I am raviſhed, I am raviſhed with thy ſurpaſſing ſweetneſs, thy overcoming lovelineſs! Is not this heaven, even glory come down to grace's region? Or, what can glory be more? But now, now I clearly find theſe have been but the firſt fruits; ſome drops falling off this boundleſs ocean; and no wonder little ſeemed exceeding great to a little child;

child; then I could not be capable of glory, in the perfection and bloom thereof. The ground ſufficient to bear a tree, in its firſt ariſing through the earth, would not be able to bear the leaſt branch when it attained its perfect pitch. Yet the remembrance of thy ways to me, in my childhood, is full of delectation. How thou haſt brought thy ſons to glory, is an eternal wonder. O to think of the wonderful diſcoveries of thyſelf to weak mortals! whence thou evidenced, that thou couldſt ſhew forth thine excellency by weakneſs and emptineſs. Did I not ſometimes, even when a blockiſh mortal, live rather by ſight, than faith? O the ſtrange diſcoveries of thy infinite beauty! from whence aroſe high flaming love, then zeal for ſetting thee on high, far above all. Continually were thy praiſes in my mouth; I deſired that all I thought, ſpake, or did, ſhould tend to thy glory, *for whom are all things*. How tormented was I, to ſee ſo few on earth, for extolling thee! to ſee almoſt all minding their own things, and very few thine. How vexed was I, that my heart was ſo ſhallow, and my faculties ſo unfit for glorifying thee! Therefore did I long to be here, for nothing more than to praiſe thee aright, before this glorious aſſembly of men and angels. How oft have I been crying out, O to be an inſtrument of his ſuperexcellent glory! Let me be eternally confounded, (abſtract from ſinning), if thereby his excellency may be manifeſted. What are all creatures to him? Let him be exalted, let him be praiſed, though we all ſhould be abaſed for evermore. O the inexpreſſible ſweetneſs my ſoul finds in praiſing thee! in the boſom of this divine exerciſe is contained a great reward. It is both the work and the wages; it is happineſs to extol thee; it is only hell not to

be

se for thy glory. O praiſe him, for ever praiſe him, all his works. It is a light thing that thou alone ſhouldſt praiſe him, O ſilly I! O when ſhall I ſtand among the innumerable aſſembly of praiſers? and tell, and hear told over thine acts, and glory, and wiſdom, and infinite excellencies for ever and ever! verily all thy promiſes are Yea, and Amen, to thoſe who put their truſt in thee. Thou haſt given unto me all the deſires of my heart: now, O now, I am in the land of praiſes, in the midſt of you, O glorious creatures, who for ever ſing forth hallelujahs, to him that ſits upon the throne, and the Lamb! it was but the weakneſs of mortality cauſed ſmall ſtirrings appear high and mighty overflowings. O glory, glory! thou art indeed ſubſtantial and maſſy. Since glory cannot fully delineate thy excellency, I behold thy amiable countenance to the full, O God of glory; and O then the enlargement of my heart! O then the wonderful flames of love! nothing was known, was felt, until now: I have heard ſome rumour of thee; but now I behold and perceive, that all poſſible creatures, exalted to the higheſt pitch of excellency, can never be able to praiſe thee to the full: even becauſe of this I will praiſe thee, that thou art infinitely above all praiſes. Wert thou not infinite, thou ſhouldſt not be the eternal object of my praiſes: created enjoyments cannot ſatiate for ever. How am I overjoyed, thou haſt thus fitted me for ſetting thee on high! how am I lifted up in my capacity, almoſt infinite ſtages above the higheſt pitch of mortality! Sirs, this is another manner of praiſing than was to be found within mortality's tents: our ſongs can only be learned by theſe who have attained the height of wiſdom; even who are *filled with all the fulneſs*

of

of God. What are finite things *in the way of o* conceptions? We are paſt from *the low co* ceptions of mortals: earth's *putrid idiom, in it* higheſt ſtrain, compoſed and divided by all poſ ſible ways, or pourtrayed down in as many books a would fill the creation, ſhould not expreſs, in the thouſandth part, ſo much of the excellency of ou never-enough exalted One, as one ſentence of thi ſong of glory. What is expreſſed by dull ſound, or tuned out in black and white, is not now worth the noticing; yet, had I no other way of expreſſ ing thy excellency before men and angels, I ſhould for ever and ever be writing ſongs of thy matchleſs praiſes, that all the beholders might, in ſome meaſure, conjecture the high thoughts of my heart. Were there oceans of ink greater than ten thouſand worlds, and paper and pens conformable thereunto, I ſhould ſoon exhauſt them, in writing new ſongs of thy matchleſs praiſes: and yet the thoughts of my elevated heart ſhould not in the leaſt be diminiſhed; but ſhould be like an eternal fountain, ever inditing new matter, ever ſending forth new ſtreams of praiſes. What wonder? I am filled with thine image; I behold thee face to face, and therefore ſee more and more of thee to all eternity. Ever, ever ſhall I have new diſcoveries; and yet for ever ſhall I have the ſame; *for I behold thee as thou art.* What wonder we are in ſuch an high praiſing frame? O bleſſed ones! who, being framed ſo capacious, to receive the full emanations of his infinite glory and ſweetneſs, ſtand continually in his immediate fellowſhip. Are we not raviſhed in praiſing? It is the only happineſs to be thus exerciſed: the only miſery, to have the faculties exerciſed in other things. No monſter to a creature careleſs of thy glory! You abomina-

ble

ble prodigies of nature, who are not for extolli
your Creator, Preſerver, and Benefactor; can t
deſperateneſs of your ſtate be told? ſhould yo
not praiſe him, eternally praiſe him? He is th
Potter, you are the clay; he is the abſolute Sov
reign, you his eternal bound vaſſals: all that yo
are, and have, is of him: if you are miſerable, it
only of yourſelves: nothing from him, but tha
which is good. He is a pure maſs of holineſs, ex
cellency, and deſirableneſs. O curſed! O deſperate
O aſtoniſhing frame! to have the heart hardene
againſt the original of all joys and bleſſedneſ
Thouſand times happy I, who am thus! thus cor
formed unto the divine nature. O this ſweet, ſwe
frame of heart! I am altogether for praiſes: thi
is the land of praiſes; the whole aſſembly reſound
with praiſes. O my bleſſed ears! which are eter
nally filled with the melodious raptures of Em
manuel's raviſhing world. Is it poſſible ſorrow
can enter here? All is filled with ſuperaboundin
joys: every where thy beauty is fully manifeſted
Let us dive deep, and look, and look again, eve
ſhall we find new matter for love-ſongs. Doth no
a ſweet willing conſtraint lie upon us to praiſe thee
Inundations of all goodneſs do flow out from thee
O inexhauſtible ocean of all excellency: and mu
they not inceſſantly run back to thee again? Ye
who can but extol thee, O all-ſufficient JEHOVAH
becauſe thou art eſſentially beautiful and excellen
What though little of thy goodneſs were let fort
on creatures? the manifeſtation of thy goodne
to creatures adds juſt nothing to thee: whethe
thou create or not create one creature, or a worl
or millions of worlds, all is the ſame to thee. Tho
art infinitely above the praiſes, or the blaſphemie
of creatures: thy glory is unchangeable; before a

ages did thy infinite perfections *ſhine forth, in th* ſame infinite ſplendor; ſo that, *in the fulneſs c* time, when it pleaſed thee to *ſhew forth thy glo*ry, in the production and adorning of finite beings, nothing in the leaſt was added to thy boundleſs excellency; thy creating was the manifeſtation of what was from eternity; not the bringing forth of what was not at all; as when the ſun ſhould dart forth his light, which before he kept within himſelf; or a box of precious ointment, when broken, exhales a perfume, which before lay hidden.

And what haſt thou manifeſted on creatures, to that which thou mightſt, if ſo it had pleaſed thy ſovereign will? What is this world exiſtent, but as a vaſt ocean ſhould let forth one drop, when it might pour forth millions of millions of ſhowers for ever and ever? What are theſe handful of creatures, unto theſe vaſt numberleſs armies, eminently contained within the compaſs of thine infinite power? whence thy dominion over things that are not created is greater, than over things that are: from all eternity hadſt thou the ſovereign diſpoſition of all poſſible beings, and they are for ever at thy beck. Hadſt thou never determined to create any creature, thy power and ſovereignty ſhould ever have ſhined forth in as full a ſplendor, in order to theſe ſelf-ſame creatures exiſtent, as now it doth: to reſtrain a being from exiſting, or to cauſe it exiſt, are alike acts of infinite ſovereignty. Men and angels, ſhall we no cry up the incomprehenſible excellency of our God: What can we contribute even to his declarativ glory? Are we any thing, to the infinite armie in the womb of his omnipotency? and yet hath h appointed us the only criers up of his praiſes, th

onl

ſpectators throughout all ages. O how in-
ıceivable are thy ways? haſt thou choſen theſe
ıt out from among innumerable armies of ex-
ellent creatures, contained within the boſom of
ıy excellency? mightſt thou not have number-
ſs worlds of men and angels juſt now ſerving thee,
ıd not one of us exiſtent? How is abſolute ſo-
ereignty, and free grace to be ſeen every where?
reation is an act of free grace and goodneſs. O
ıou whole handy-work of God, how oughteſt
ıou to praiſe thy ſovereign Lord? You ſun,
ıoon, and ſtars, for ever exalt him, who conferred
pon you an everlaſting being, paſſing by infinite
umbers of others; and only you hath he choſen,
ı never ending monuments of his tranſcendent
xcellency. Thou earth, with thy various beauties,
raiſe thy bountiful Creator, who hath appointed
ıee an eternal monument of his juſtice and mercy,
aſſing by innumerable poſſible ones. O thou glo-
ious and majeſtic heavens, ſing forth the high praiſes
f thy Almighty Former; though thou art the top
nd flower excellency of this vaſt all, what art thou
) theſe innumerable poſſible heavens, JEHOVAH
ould produce? Thou whole creation, though thou
rt exact in number, weight and meaſure, what-
rt thou to what incomprehenſible JEHOVAH can
ffect? What are you, O all ye creatures? you
re infinitely every way within the limits of his in-
nite power: yea, though it were not ſo, one blaſt
f his noſtrils could confound you to nothing in
moment. Down with your glory before him,
ll creatures, acknowledge your eternal Sovereign:
hall not eternity reſound with his inceſſant prai-
es? ſhall not this great all be ever in a rejoicing,
raiſing ſound? ſhall not the earth clap its hands,
he heavens leap for joy before him, who hath

formed them eternal monuments of *his* sup
cellent glory? this is the only *world God*
been pleased to make; from *eternity to ete*
ty there is no other; neither shall this unde
changes any more: how sweet a savour doth
Almighty smell? pronouncing, that the vicissitu
of day and night, seed-time and harvest, winter
summer, shall for ever cease; and that an eter
spring-tide, an endless summer, an incessant h
vest shall remain. This is the golden world;
things have a smiling countenance: wicked
shall triumph no more. It was but *for a mom*
they opened their eyes, and behold they are n
but the righteous are in everlasting remembra
Thou lower world, how art thou loosed from t
bitter servitude to the filth and off-scourings of
things? being the stage of horrid rebellion aga
thy great Former; the place where created enj
ments were preferred before that fulness of all sw
ness in the all-sufficient JEHOVAH. Our eyes
hold what we believed, and hoped for: O gl
ous *new heaven and new earth, wherein dwel*
righteousness! are we not now masters of
through the heir of all things, do we inherit
things. All things before were ours in title, n
they are ours in full possession; for our mino
is expired.

44. *All the promises are in part fulfilled in ti*
and fully in eternity.

Your folly is even manifested to yourselves, c
fed worldlings, who imagined us fools, who l
our hope and confidence on the great promises
the Almighty: lo, all that ever he promised u
us, he hath performed to the full, and more th
to the full. Lo, we inherit heaven and earth,
all things, and *delight ourselves in abundance*

pe

peace. We behold the floods of *honey and butter*, and heap up gold *as the duſt: yea, the Almighty is our defence, and we have plenty of ſilver:* our eye is clear, as the noon-day, we ſhine forth, and are as the morning: our fleſh is freſher than a child's, and we return unto the days of our youth. *The Lord is our keeper, the Lord is our ſhade, on our right hand: the ſun doth not ſmite by day, nor the moon by night.* And *the Lord preſerveth our going out, and our coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.* Behold, *we eat*, curſed wretches, *but ye are hungry:* behold, *we drink, but ye are thirſty:* behold, *we rejoice and triumph, but ye ſorrow and are aſhamed.* Lo, he that ſitteth upon the throne, *hath made all things new;* and the *former things ſhall not come into mind.* Behold, *a new heaven and a new earth! for the firſt heaven, and the firſt earth are paſſed away; and there is no more ſea.* Behold, *the tabernacle of God is with men, and he doth dwell with us, and we are his people, and he is our God:* and *he hath wiped away all tears from our eyes:* and there is no more death, nor ſorrows, nor cries, nor pains, for *the former things are paſſed away.* Vile wretches, though your everlaſting dungeon be ſituate within the verge of that dunghill you adored heretofore; yet ſhall you never ſet your head within this glorious fabric, but ſhall abide for ever, in utter darkneſs: ye poſſeſſed the earth for a moment, and carried yourſelves, as all had been yours, bearing down the excellent ones of the earth: but now we have you under our feet for evermore. Now it is manifeſt, who were the true heirs of the earth: now it is clear, who were really excellent. What think ye now of your pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon? Have ye not built your houſe, as a moth,

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and a booth that the keeper maketh? *As drought* and heat conſume the ſnow water; *ſo hath the* grave conſumed you. Your triumphing *hath been* ſhort, and your joy but for a moment. Though your excellency might ſeem to mount up to the heavens, and your heads reach unto the clouds; yet are you periſhed for ever, like your own dung: you are fled away, as a dream, and are not found; all darkneſs is hid in your ſecret places, a fire not blown hath conſumed you. Your ſtrength is hunger-bitten, and deſtruction is ever at your ſide, it doth devour the ſtrength of your ſkin; even the firſt-born of death doth devour your ſtrength: brimſtone is ſcattered upon your habitation, your root is dried up beneath, and above your ſtrength is cut off: you are driven from light into darkneſs, and chaſed out of the world: for *God is jealous, and revengeth, the Lord revengeth, and is furious, and will not at all acquit the wicked: the mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burnt at his preſence; yea, the world and all that dwelleth therein: with an overflowing flood doth he make an utter end of the wicked; and darkneſs doth for ever purſue his enemies. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works: he hath fulfilled the deſire of them that fear him, he hath heard their cry, and ſaved them. All thy works ſhall praiſe thee, O Lord, and all thy ſaints ſhall bleſs thee.* Thou haſt delivered us from our enemies. We have fled unto thee, and under the ſhadow of thy wings we ever rejoice. *Thou haſtled us unto the land of uprightneſs;* and as for the head of thoſe that compaſſed us about, the miſchief of their own lips hath covered them; burning coals have fallen upon them; they are caſt into the fire, into deep pits, that they riſe not again.

But

ut the righteous give thanks unto thee; the upright for ever dwell in thy preſence: many a time have the wicked afflicted us from our youth, yet have they not prevailed: but all that hated us are confounded, and turned back, and are as the graſs on the houſe tops, that withereth before it be grown up. When the wicked did ſpring as the graſs, and all the workers of iniquity did flouriſh, it was that they might be deſtroyed for ever. The Lord is a ſun and ſhield; he hath given grace and glory; no good thing hath he with-holden from thoſe that walked uprightly. Bleſſed is the man that truſted in thee! we truſted in thee, and were delivered, for thou haſt conſidered our trouble, thou haſt known our ſoul in adverſity, and haſt not ſhut us up into the hand of the enemy: thou haſt ſet our feet in a large place. We were in trouble, our eye was conſumed with grief; yea, our ſoul and our belly: our ſtrength failed, becauſe of our iniquity, and our bones were conſumed: we were a reproach to our enemies, a deriſion to a fanatic world. But we truſted in thee, O Lord, we ſaid, Thou art our God; and lo, thou haſt delivered us for ever, from the hand of all our enemies; thou haſt made thy face to ſhine, in its full ſplendor, eternally upon us; thou haſt ſaved us, for thy mercy's ſake. O how great is thy goodneſs, which thou haſt wrought for them that truſted in thee, before the ſons of men! O love the Lord, all ye his ſaints; for the Lord preſerveth the faithful, and plenteouſly rewardeth the proud doer: his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Surely goodneſs *and mercy ſhall follow* us, all the days of our life *and we will dwell* in the houſe of the Lord for *r.*

45.

45. *All the attributes of* JEHOVAH, *especially his juſtice and ſovereignty, are ſeen evidently in the damnation of the wicked.*

All joys! how doth the glory of mercy and ſpotleſs juſtice ſhine forth before the eyes of all? within the limits of time, ſome ſmall forerunners there were, of what we now moſt evidently behold. How didſt thou drown almoſt a whole generation, for their iniquity? How didſt thou make thine earth to devour and ſwallow up thy rebellious blaſphemers? Yea, in all ages thou broughtſt down ſignal ſtrokes of thy diſpleaſure on a vile world; burning up their cities, deſtroying their fields, and making their curſed carcaſſes to be like dung upon the earth: ſo that thy moſt impious enemies could not but ſay, *Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.* And every ſtroke of thy vengeance was mercy to thy choſen; for, how often haſt thou compelled thy ſworn enemies to come bending unto thy people? Such were ſmall ſkirmiſhes, and partial victories over parties of thy foes. Since earth, by thine appointment, was the place where every one was to act their part, in order to eternity; and the wicked to fill up their cup of wrath againſt this eternal day of wrath; is not hell a part of our heaven? is not the diſplaying of the banner of juſtice, matter of eternal exaltation? By the horrid rebellion of wicked men and devils, thou appeared to be robbed of that honour and glory, due to thee, from all thy creatures. How doth thy excellency for ever break out from under the clouds, that ſeemed to darken it heretofore? Thy vile enemies, through thy long-ſuffering, did paſs on in their rebellion, ſome time unpuniſhed: nay, in their abominable ways, through thy wonderful providence, they proſpered, they lived,

lived, they became old; yea, were mighty in power: *Their ſeed was eſtabliſhed in their ſight, and their offspring before their eyes: their houſes were ſafe from fear, neither was the rod of God upon them; they ſpent their days in wealth, and in a moment went down to the grave.* Yea, *one event happened to all: he deſtroyed the perfect and the wicked; when the ſcourge ſlew ſuddenly, he did laugh at the trial of the innocent. In the place of judgment wickedneſs dwelt:* yea, *there were juſt men, to whom it happened according to the work of the wicked*; again, *There were wicked men, unto whom it happened according to the work of the righteous. No man knew either love, or hatred, by all that was before him. The wicked were buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy.* O golden year of jubilee! wherein every thing is reduced to its proper order; every man rewarded according to his work; the moſt hidden things of darkneſs are laid open: the innocency of the righteous, and the perverſeneſs of the wicked, are laid open, before all. All things are in a right order now. No more to be ſeen exalted folly, or debaſed wiſdom: the hiſtrionic fancies of riches, and titular honours, are quite done away; fools ſhall no more rule over the wiſe. Heroic ſpirits eternally poſſeſs the ſtate of princes; and ſlaviſh ſpirits are bound in everlaſting chains of darkneſs. How doth the equity of thy proceedings appear? O righteous God! what though monſtrous reprobates roar out their horrid blaſphemies againſt thy ſpotleſs holineſs? *Thou art of purer eyes, than to behold iniquity;* and wilt not at all acquit the guilty. What joy! to behold truth vindicated from all the horrid aſperſions of helliſh monſters. I am overjoyed, in hearing the everlaſting howlings

of

of the haters of the Almighty; what a *pleaſant* melody are they in mine ears? O *eternal* hallelujahs to JEHOVAH and the Lamb! O *ſweet, ſweet!* my heart is ſatisfied. We committed our cauſe to thee, that judgeſt righteouſly; and behold, thou haſt fully pleaded our cauſe; and ſhalt make the ſmoke of their torment for ever and ever to aſcend in our ſight: *For righteous art thou, O Lord, and juſt in all thy ways.* Curſed creatures, your conſciences tell you the equity of JEHOVAH's ways. Are you not the creatures that baniſhed God out of your thoughts? and it is moſt equal you are baniſhed eternally from the *preſence of God, and the glory of his power*; being given up to a reprobate mind, hardened againſt your great Former and Preſerver: are you not all moſt worthy of divine vengeance, who hate your Creator, and preferred your baſe ſelves before him; who in the midſt of his bounty, when he gave you abundance of created enjoyments, contemned and abhorred him? who are ſo deſperately mad againſt that infinite original of all goodneſs, that though he ſhould remove from you his juſt puniſhments, and reſtore unto you your former enjoyments; yet ſhould you ſtand out ungratefully againſt him? O horrid monſtroſity! that which might be known of God was manifeſted unto you; *For the inviſible things of him from the creation of the world were clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things which were made, even his eternal power and Godhead: ſo that you were without excuſe; becauſe that when you knew God, you glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in your imaginations, and your fooliſh heart was darkened; profeſſing yourſelves wiſe, ye became fools, and worſhipped, ſerved and loved the creature, more than the Creator, who*

who is God bleſſed *for evermore.* Even *your own* ſelves being judges, vile wretches, *is not your lot* ſuitable to your abominable nature, which ſhewed itſelf, in your way of walking in time? The characters of a Deity were ſo written on your heart, as it was impoſſible to cancel them; yet ye ſacrilegiouſly ſtrove to eradicate ſuch noble draughts, *written by the finger of God:* and baniſhed from your minds the thoughts of his mercies, or judgments: ſelf, and only ſelf was the ultimate centre of all your deſigns and projects: whence you preferred the enjoyment of creatures, before that of the allſufficient Creator; eſteeming it a more deſirable lot, to live eternally in the midſt of earthly riches, honours, and pleaſures, than in an immediate fellowſhip with God.

And is it not moſt juſt he remove theſe enjoyments you baſely placed in his room? Your own glory was more deſigned by you than his; and ſhould not he confound, and put to ſhame the nothing beings you adored, and ſet above him? What ſhould he otherwiſe do unto you, monſtrous wretches! Should he reſtore the enjoyments you uſed againſt him? Should he cut you off to nothing, who have deſired to be his eternal enemies, and would have eſſential eternity deſtroyed? Did you not care to ſee his cauſe and people debaſed? and is it not moſt juſt you be ſpectacles of ſhame and vileneſs, throughout eternity? Would you be above the Moſt High? and ſhould ye not lie under his feet, while his glory remains? Are you ſtated enemies againſt him? and may not your adverſary uſe his power againſt you, and tread you under his feet, as you would do to him, if your power did anſwer your monſtrous, abominable will? Do you curſe him, and want a relenting heart

to

to acknowledge your madneſs? and *are ſo dread-fully hardened* againſt him, *that ye would deſpiſe* and blaſpheme mercy, even mercy offered *unto* you? and is it not moſt juſt you continue for ever, in that moſt terrible condition? No wonder your conſciences gnaw you ſo fearfully; you cannot but be dreadfully affrighted at your monſtrous ſelves; God in his equity having ſo wonderfully ſharpened your faculties, as that you are able to underſtand your own wickedneſs moſt clearly and fully. Your wickedneſs, in time, was in its bud, now it is at its height; the ſmell of hell was upon you even then, but now you are ſo many black lumps of death and hell, caſt into the lake of fire. You were not afraid to ſpeak irreverently of him; now you directly (O monſtrous madneſs!) curſe him to his very face. The ſentence is now fully accompliſhed, *To him that hath ſhall be given*; and *from him that hath not, ſhall be taken away, even that which he hath.* Did you hate the lovely image of God? and is it not moſt juſt, the remainders thereof, you had on earth, be quite aboliſhed? Some lovelineſs, ſome excellency you were endowed with, through the Creator's bounty: now you are ſtript of all, and are nothing but vile lumps of deformity. Your torments on earth might have raiſed compaſſion in the hearts of fellow creatures, but now your malice and deformity is ſo monſtrous, as you cannot become objects of compaſſion: no, the beholding of the ſmoke of your torment is a paſſing delectation. O my God, *thou art holy in all thy ways, and righteous in all thy works:* thou art not the cauſe of their everlaſting ruin, though they blaſphemouſly father it upon thee. Curſed wretches, who hath turned your hearts againſt God? hath he turned them a-

gainſt

ainſt himſelf? This is repugnant. Or, was he obliged to hinder your rebellion, or to turn your minds again towards him, when you fought againſt him with all your ſtrength, ſoul, and mind?

46. *Sovereignty the firſt mover of all things.*

How glorioufly doth thine abſolute ſovereignty ſhine forth in all thy ways? *Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power;* for *thou haſt created all things, and for thy pleaſure they are and were created* Becauſe ſo it pleaſed thee, will abundantly anſwer all queſtions concerning thy proceedings. Why are we here, ſuch and ſuch by name? *Becauſe ſo it pleaſed thee.* We that are praiſing thee, might have been thine eternal blaſphemers; and thoſe who are curſing thee, might have been thine eternal praiſers: but abſolute ſovereignty would have it otherwiſe. That all things are thus, is becauſe of thy free will: theſe creatures might have been in another ſtate; or others in their room, or none at all; if *ſo it had pleaſed thee.* All the external lots, in time, the moſt contingent things, were eternal draughts of abſolute ſovereignty. Is not the eternal reſound of our endleſs ſongs, *Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thee,* O abſolute Sovereign of all things, *be the glory for ever!* Wicked men and devils have mightily endeavoured to obſcure the glory of thy abſolute ſovereignty, by aſcribing undetermined and abſolute ſovereignty to intellectual agents, over their actions: ſtupid madneſs! are not all things at thy beck? *Whatever pleaſed thee, haſt thou done, in heaven and on earth: the hearts of men* are in thine hands, *as the rivers of waters, thou turneſt them whitherſoever thou wilt.* Thou *removeſt the mountains, and they know it not;* thou *overturneſt them in thine anger;* thou *takeſt away the hear*

of the chief of the people of the earth; they gr
in the dark without light. Though thou art n
the cauſe of ſuch a monſter as ſin; yet ſin coul
never have entered within thy creation, withou
thy infinite counſel; its exiſtency, or not exiſtency
was at thy diſpoſing; for *thou wilt have mercy o*
whom thou wilt have mercy; and whom thou wil
thou hardeneſt. Haſt thou not power over the ſam
lump, O great Potter, to make of it any veſſel tho
pleaſeſt, either of *honour*, or *diſhonour?* Mayſ
thou not do, in thine own things, what thou wilt
Blaſphemous miſcreants, your blaſphemies redoun
to his glory; for this were you created, that hi
abſolute ſovereignty might be clearly manifeſtec
over you, the *veſſels of wrath, fitted to deſtruc*
tion: and that ſovereignty is caſt in juſtice-mould
ſo that ye moſt deſervedly undergo eternal wrath
he ſhall have eternal glory over you, O hater
of his glory! theſe beings of yours are ſo ma
ny ever-ſtanding monuments of his raviſhing per
fections. *O the depths of the riches, both of thy*
wiſdom and knowledge! how unſearchable are thy
judgments, and thy ways paſt finding out? Fo
who hath known thy mind? or who hath been thy
counſellor? For *of thee, and through thee, and t*
thee are all things. Here is my heart ſatisfied,
ſince the diſputers of thy ways are eternally con
founded. Rore out now your blaſphemies, vile
creatures; you are indeed in your enemies hand,
divine juſtice hath overtaken you: every billow o
vengeance that runs over ſoul and body, might
daſh to nothing ten thouſand worlds. But he holds
you up with one hand, and daſhes on with the
other; ſtrong influences, for ſuſtaining a being, are
ever ſhowered down upon you. Why ſtrive you
againſt him, ſilly bits of nothings? For *he gives*

not

not account of *any of his matters*: far be it from him, that he ſhould do wickedly; for the work of a man is rewarded unto him. For *he layeth not upon man more than right, that he ſhould enter into judgment with him.* Can a creature be more juſt than God? can a creature be more pure than his Maker? Behold, *he putteth no truſt in his ſervants, and his angels he chargeth with folly: behold, he taketh away, and none can hinder. Who may ſay unto him, What doſt thou? Can we by ſearching find out him? can we find out the Almighty unto perfection?* Shall creatures ſhape thee out, according to their finite conceptions? ſhall they think to comprehend thy ways? art thou not altogether wonderful in thy working, O Infinite? What comprehendeth infinite excellency, except an infinite underſtanding? Shall we not be ever diving further and further, and ever a beginning to dive? Wert thou, and *thy goings out from eternity*, comprehenſible by us, then wert thou not God, the infinite JEHOVAH; thou dwelleſt in light, which no man can approach unto; thou art he, whom no man hath ſeen, or can ſee. Can we ſtoop low enough before thy throne? What are beings of yeſterday to thee? what are never ſo many worlds before thee? Shall empty nothings quarrel at what they cannot comprehend? *Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are thy ways as our ways. Who hath directed thy Spirit, or being thy counſellor, hath taught thee? Who inſtructed thee, and taught thee in the path of judgment?* Behold, *all creatures are before thee as nothing, leſs than nothing, and vanity.* O boundleſs ocean of all perfections! we are for ever ſwallowed up in thy infinite fulneſs. O ſuperabundancy of all happineſs and joys! O more than perfect ſatisfaction,

in the full accompliſhment of all deſires! than ſweetneſs, ſurpaſſing all ſweetneſs! ven! O glory! how maſſy, ſolid, real, ſ tial, and enduring art thou! O only life! row, flower and vigour of all lives! O life holding, praiſing, rejoicing, wondering! of raviſhments! O life of living! O life of

47. *A world of free redeeming grace, t excellent world poſſible.*

What ſpeak we, men and angels, of th of divine power? what talk we of his man his excellency in one, or many, of innu worlds? Is it not manifeſted to the utte The production of never ſo many armies tures can add nothing thereto, ſince the m ation of God in the fleſh is the principal of eternity; and all other manifeſtations an der to this. There ſtands one among us a is the firſt-born of every creature exiſtent, ſible; here is the man, in whom is viſibly ſeen, ſuch glory, majeſty, lovelineſs, ſweetnes paſſion, mercy, juſtice, wiſdom, and all tr of overflowing fulneſs of excellency, in ſuch comprehenſible, tranſcendent, eminent and

What though we could view and *comprehend at* once thouſands of thouſands of *created paradiſes* of beauty; one ſight of thy God-like viſage would ſwallow up all. Angels, had you ſuch a ſweet manifeſtation of divine beauty in the beginning, as now? Is not our heaven now two heavens? ſince the eſſential image of God ſtandeth here, cloathed with the human nature, as our *everlaſting King*, *Prieſt* and *Prophet*, the great Lord *Mediator of the new covenant*, the boundleſs treaſure of all fulneſs, out of which we ſhall all be filled and ſatiate for evermore. Are we not, as it were, conſtrained betwixt ſtanding aback, and drawing near? Theſe who behold thee, what can they think of themſelves? Yet, who can ſee, and take reſt until they be folded in thy raviſhing embraces? Verily thou art both the ſhame and glory of creatures; created excellency is exalted in thee, to the higheſt pitch; and all created excellency is beautified and obſcured before thee. This is the Man, men and angels, by whom all things in heaven and earth do flouriſh and bloom: this is the *Tree of life*, the great *Vine of glory*, into which we are all ingrafted, as ſo many boughs and twigs; all the glory of his Father's houſe hangs upon him; the offspring and the iſſue, as ſo many chips and pieces, darting out from him. This is he, in whom we have been ordained to this bleſſedneſs from eternity: this is he, who was promiſed to the people, under the firſt diſpenſation of the goſpel, who was held forth by types and ſhadows unto them. This is he, by whom the carnal and beggarly elements of the world were deſtroyed; the clear, evident goſpel-diſpenſation was brought in; the hand-writing of the law cancelled; the vail betwixt Jew and Gentile was rent aſunder; the nations were ingrafted

into the old ſtock of the peculiar *people; the abſtruſe* ſecrets of eternity were *opened: the kingdoms* were ſhaken, the princes of the earth were ſet up, and pulled down; the church was preſerved, and flouriſhed, in deſpite of all the world. This is the Man, who *wounded the heads* over many countries; who *trode the wine-preſs alone*, and trampled the people in his fury, until all *his raiment was ſtained with blood.* This is he, whoſe name is called *Wonderful, Counſellor, the almighty God, the everlaſting Father, the Prince of peace: of the increaſe of his government and peace there is no end.* This is the *Stone cut out without hands*, which ſmote all the power, ſtrength and might of kingdoms, nations and languages: and lo, all principalities, and thrones, and powers, and dominions are broken to pieces together, and become like the chaff of the ſummer threſhing-floor, that the wind hath carried away. And behold, *this Stone*, which hath ſmitten to nothing all tranſitory glory, is become *exceeding great*, and *filleth all in all* This is he, whom nothing could overcome; he entered the liſts with death and hell, and gave them an eternal foil: ſo that they lie under his feet, and the feet of his choſen, for ever and ever. Could ten thouſand deaths overcome him? Were not devils and wicked men fools, that imagined to bind him with any ties? What would chains greater than many worlds? what would infinite numbers of mountains of braſs, be to hold him down, that he riſe not again? How did this *Lion of the tribe of Judah*, rouſe himſelf from the ſleep of death, like a mighty man after wine; and made heaven and earth, and all to quake? Who but the *Standard-bearer among ten thouſand?* who but the *Prince of the kings of the earth?* who

but

but the mighty *Captain of the Lord's hoſts*, could have done ſo valiantly? Thou only *haſt done* heroically, O Wellbeloved. You little heroes of time, your magnanimity, and heroic acts evaniſh here: even though you had done all you did, in your own ſtrength, and not by his: what though you *ſubdued kingdoms, wrought righteouſneſs, ſtopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, through weakneſs became ſtrong, put to flight the armies of the aliens?* All theſe were done through faith in him. Yet what have ye done? Could you have trode the wine-preſs alone, and drunk the cup of the wrath of the Almighty, from brim to bottom? Could you have ſtood in the gap, when infinite, eternal vengeance, like a mighty flood, was ruſhing in upon rebellious mankind? Who elſe could have turned back the mighty current of ſuch floods of wrath, and pacified offended Majeſty, bringing rebels to ſtoop, and be received into mercy and favour again? Who other could have given hell ſuch a blow, as it ſhall never be able to riſe; and raiſed men and angels to ſuch a pitch, as that they ſhall never fall? Who other could have led captivity captive, *and purchaſed gifts for men, even for the rebellious?* Who other could have opened the gates of this celeſtial paradiſe, ſhut upon baſe, ungrate man; and exalted him, by thouſands of ſtages, to more glory and excellency, than he fell from? Thou art all in all, thou art marrowleſs, O Wellbeloved! no more compariſons betwixt thee and creatures. Hide yourſelves, and be confounded, all lower excellencies: be ye ſilent, all creatures, when he begins to ſpeak; cover your faces, all you little glories and beauties, when he doth ſhew his face: you are nothing, you are vanity, compared to him: he is all things. Verily, *in him*

him dwells all *fulneſs*. Thou art not, *O heaven of heavens*, worthy to be a *footſtool for his glorious* feet. Infinite worlds, erected above one another, were low for him to tread upon. What are you, men and angels, that you ſhould thus ſtand beſide him? that you ſhould ſet your head within that world he is pleaſed to dwell in? Did he not wonderfully condeſcend, you might run out without the very creation? What is our ſtrength and beauty? on whoſe legs do we ſtand? are we able, for one moment, to perſevere in our integrity without him? ſhould we not all become deformed, and fall a ſinning, did he draw into himſelf what he darts forth? How is this paradiſe of God planted with goodly trees, bloſſoming and flouriſhing with an eternal verdure? But, did they not receive ſap and life, and all from this golden branch of the ſtem of Jeſſe. how in a moment ſhould their golden bloſſoms wither, their fruit fall off, their leaves decay, and their root dry up? It is ten heavens of joy, O Wellbeloved, to know that thy love is unchangeable, and that theſe that are united to thee by faith in time, and immediate beholding in eternity, ſhall never be disjoined from thee, but ſhall ever remain cloſe locked in the arms of eternal love. What are your thoughts, O ye ranſomed ones, of this aſtoniſhing diſpenſation? what an inconceivable tranſportation is this, that any of the curſed ſtock of mankind ſhould be adopted co-heirs with the eſſential Heir of all things! *Of him are we in Chriſt Jeſus, who of God is made unto us wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, redemption*, and all. Thouſand times bleſſed counſel of eternity! that choſe us in him *before the foundation of the world: having predeſtinated us unto the adoption of children by Jeſus Chriſt*

Chriſt unto himſelf, *according to the good pleaſure of his will, to the praiſe of the glory of his grace; wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved: having made known unto us the myſtery of his will, according to his good pleaſure, which he had purpoſed in himſelf: that in the diſpenſation of the fulneſs of time, he might gather together in one all things in Chriſt, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth.* It was not thy purpoſe, dread Sovereign, that any ſhould inherit glory, through their own obedience: a world of working was but for a time, that this of altogether free grace might ſhine forth more glorioūſly. Free grace's banner is the only pavilion we ſhould for ever abide under. How greatly did the devil befool himſelf, in endeavouring to obſcure the glory of his Maker, by the rebellion of man? was he not herein an inſtrument in the hand of the great Sovereign, whereby he made way for his chief and only purpoſe? what ſhould our bleſſedneſs have been, to what now it is, if we had wanted thee, O Emmanuel, the *man of God's right hand*, the very *breath of our noſtrils?* our eternal ſongs ſhould not have been ſo melodious; the praiſes of free redeeming grace ſhould not have been heard here: *glory to the Lamb* that was ſlain, and lives for ever, ſhould never have been ſung. No worlds to this world! no happineſs to this happineſs! this is the flower and top of all poſſible diſpenſations! here is a confluence of innumerable providences, that ſhall never be comprehended. *Many*, O Lord my God, *are thy wonderful works, which thou haſt done; and thy thoughts, which are to us-ward, they cannot be reckoned up in order to thee.* How evidently do I now ſee, that thy love paſſeth all underſtanding; that thy ways are innumerable; and thy thoughts unſearchable?

My

My eyes are eternally fixed upon *thee, O flower* of all beauty and loveliness; thou *art the centre* whereto all desirableness and excellency betakes itself: in beholding thee, I behold all things. Art thou not love, discovered to the full? mercy manifested in its highest perfection? judgment and righteousness visibly in its full splendor? What have we, which is not in thee? and what can creatures want, which is not in thee? Shall we not, O enjoyers, be satiate, beautified, ravished, blessed, for evermore, with that infinite fulness of all excellency which dwells in him? We behold to the full, *thy glory, as the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth;* and *of thy fulness have we all received, and grace for grace.* We have received thy testimony, have set to our seal that God is true; that thou whom he sent into the world, speakest the things of God: for *he giveth not the Spirit by measure unto thee.* O how great is the mystery of godliness! *God manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.* If this was wonderful in time, is it not ten thousand times more now, when the bright day of eternity hath broken up? If a sight of this, by faith, was ravishing, am I not now passed all the limits of such motions? O this frame! O glory, glory! thou art massy indeed!

48. *The work of salvation, a never-enough admired draught; and all drawn through the channel of exigencies.*

Immortality, glory praise, and dominion to the Highest, that ever it pleased him, thus to communicate himself to men and angels; that ever he purposed in himself to give unto us the eternal Son of his delights,

delights, as our everlaſting Days-*man, Redeemer,* Huſband, Head, Lord, and all *things. To have* enjoyed thee, according to the firſt diſpenſation, had been unſpeakable happineſs; but to be choſen in Chriſt, is overflowing happineſs! O! were we predeſtinate to be conformed to the image of thy Son, which, in time, was begun, and now is perfected? Any tincture of thee, O Wellbeloved, any perfume of thy garments, is paſſing glorious and excellent. O then, thouſand times bleſſed I! who am clothed with the robes of thy righteouſneſs, the garments of thy beauty; who am ſatiate with thy likeneſs, filled with thy ſweetneſs, adorned with thy lovelineſs, decked with thy raviſhing graces. I am like thee! I am like thee! here is all my happineſs. This, thy raviſhing image, was begun in me, in time; and now thou haſt brought it to the high bloom and perfection. What paſſing joys! to think how thou haſt made me grow up, from my childhood, to this manly conſtitution? how haſt thou been making me grow up, until thou tranſplantedſt me from thy lower garden of grace, to thy higher paradiſe of glory! Once I was a ſmall ſhrub, ſcarce diſcernible from the baſe thorns and briars that overgrew the earth: but now I am, through thy infinite excellency, a mighty and flouriſhing cedar in this higher Lebanon. Strange! how thou haſt brought me to this glorious condition; and ſtill from leſſer to greater, until I have arrived at perfection Is it not moſt evident, that *the path of the juſt is as the ſhining light, that ſhineth more and more until the perfect day?* Though our beginning was ſmall, yet our latter end is greatly increaſed: our beginning was full of ignorance and infirmity; now our age is clearer than the noonday. We ſhine forth as the morning; thou haſt

brought

brought forth our *righteouſneſs as the light, and our judgment as the noon-day.* And thus *hath been* thy way, in all thy proceedings. How ſmall was thy church in the beginning? how few in number among the numerous multitude of mankind? Yet, how didſt thou increaſe and multiply her, as the ſand in the ſea-ſhore, in deſpite of devils and wicked men? And appeareſt thou not, O Well-beloved, as a *ſmall ſtone cut out without hands?* and yet haſt become great, and filled all. Thou ſhewedſt thyſelf, at thy firſt manifeſtation in the fleſh, unto the ſons of men, *in the form of a ſervant*; ſo that thou waſt of no reputation in the eyes of a ſtupid world, who are only affected with external ſhews: how didſt thou make thy goſpel to go through the world, without any earthly pomp or obſervation? ſo that the wiſe men of the world, for a long time, did little notice it; yet did thy name break forth before all nations: the whole world ſpake of thy glory. It had been a light thing, that thou ſhouldſt only have *raiſed up the tribes of Jacob:* but thy God did alſo give thee for a *light unto the Gentiles*, that thou mighteſt be his *ſalvation unto the ends of the earth.* When darkneſs did cover the earth, and *groſs darkneſs the people*, thou filledſt them with thy glory, and madeſt the *place of thy feet glorious*; for the Lord ſent the *rod of thy ſtrength out of Zion*, and cauſed thee *rule in the midſt of thine enemies*; and made *thy people willing in the day of thy power*; *and at thy right hand did ſtrike through kings in the day of his wrath*; thou *judgedſt among the Heathen*; thou *filledſt the places with the dead bodies*; thou *woundedſt the heads over many countries.* How vain hath the judgment of worldlings proven, who deſpiſed the ſeeds of glory, ſown in the hearts of the choſen?

ſen? they conſidered not *the noon-day brightneſs* ſucceeding the dawning; *fools! were only taken* with what filled the external ſenſes: tranſitory glory was a dying blaze. It is gone, eternally gone! the baſtard's portion did flouriſh, and ſeem to eclipſe the children's for a moment; becauſe it was then the baſtard's harveſt, but the children's ſeed-time: becauſe thou wouldſt ſhew, thou couldſt lead thy choſen, in their weak and childiſh eſtate into this kingdom, through fighting, and wreſtling, and great oppoſition of all kinds: whereby our eternal ſong is drawn up higher, in exalting thy wonderful providence, in bringing us to glory. What aſtoniſhing things do I behold, concerning my pilgrimage, which then I could not perceive! O time, time! thou fills eternity with admiration. Wonderful! thou brought us not hither at the firſt production of our beings: and was an inch of time a prelude to eternity? did a moment's fighting uſher in an eternal triumphing? a life of faith, a life of beholding? a ſmall intercourſe by letters and love-tokens, an eternal, full and naked enjoyment? O wonderful! O ſweet diſpenſation! O pleaſant conſpiration of diverſe providences, and all linked together in the moſt comely order! what an excellent connection between time and eternity? what joy, to be viewing them both at once, and comparing them together? It is wonderful! to conſider the difference betwixt the workings of thy Spirit upon me now, and then together! was it not the day-ſtar, that aroſe then in my heart? now all is fully illuminated. I am placed under the full rays of thy glory. How is this being of mine filled with thy divine nature? All is perfected! O my elevated faculties! all my accompliſhments in time, are ſo perfected, as they

are ſwallowed up: and ſo may be ſaid *to be done* away, as a ſmall drop, by the approach *of a vaſt* ocean. What higher happineſs, than *thus to re*ſemble thee, O fulneſs of all happineſs! O ever flouriſhing eſtate of joys! every moment is a golden life, every day is ten thouſand heavens of bleſſedneſs.

49. *Our bleſſedneſs, one eternal act of marrying, feaſting, triumphing, ſolacing in the bed of love.*

This is the day of our King's *eſpouſals*, and the day of the *gladneſs of his heart:* this is the day we longed, prayed, ſighed, weeped, and wreſtled for: and may not every minute obliterate millions of millions of ages of ſorrow and tormenting labour? This is the day wherein it is ever morn, ever noon-day; but never a declining ſhade. You ſorrows, you griefs, you labours, you cannot enter this thrice bleſſed *day of eternity!* it is our *marriage-day*, the day of the gladneſs of our hearts. No nights, weeks, months, or ages; all is after the ſame, eternity is but one day; the day of the great conſummation of the match, betwixt our glorious *Bridegroom* and us. In time we were betrothed unto him, by the mediation of his ambaſſadors, and there paſſed love-tokens, as a ſeal of the willingneſs of parties; and ſuch were ſufficient until the full accompliſhment. Now, O now! are we met together, in this majeſtic *marriage-hall of glory*, prepared for the ſolemnizing of this eternal marriage. All are now in the *marriage-robes*. Attendants of the Bridegroom, you are majeſtically arrayed, as it well becomes the miniſters of ſo magnificent a Prince. O! how doth the Father of the Prince, the Bridegroom, appear in his glory and majeſty? what wonderful manifeſtations of JEHOVAH are here? and how is the

Bridegroom

Bridegroom adorned? O my *Head and Husband!* how haſt thou arrayed *thyſelf in thy royal and gorgeous* apparel? thou appeareſt indeed like a prince in his *marriage-day!* O but thy raiment is far changed! thou haſt caſten from thee the baſe garb of *mortality*, that in a great part obſcured thy matchleſs glory and lovelineſs, and haſt decked thyſelf with raviſhing *divine majeſty* and lovelineſs, as with a *garment*. Thou ſought and *wooed thy bride* in a low and contemptible equipage; thou madeſt it known thou couldſt draw hearts to thee, in the moſt low and deſpicable condition: it would not have been ſo wonderful, if thou hadſt allured, and gained conſent, appearing in thy royal and majeſtic eſtate. But here is the wonder! yet, no wonder, ſince lowneſs, weakneſs, ſhame and contempt, cannot but change their nature, and become exaltation, vigour, glory and renown, if once thou aſſume them. But now, thou art altogether gloriouſly arrayed, ſuitable to the *perſon* and the *day*. O the beauty! O the raviſhing perfume of thine *apparel!* all thy *garments ſmell of myrrh, aloes and caſſia*, out of the *ivory palaces*, whereby they have made thee glad. The very perfume of his raiment is two heavens! what ſweetneſs then, to ſtand within the place filled with ſuch raviſhing fragrancy? But O! to be ever thus, in an eternal act of marrying, eſpouſing, embracing, kiſſing, and full communication of love, is ten thouſand lives of ſatisfaction, ten thouſand worlds of perfect bleſſedneſs, all beaten in one maſs. Who but Chriſt, and us! how hath he arrayed us, according to his grandeur and excellency? all is embroidered with gold and gems; every diamond, every ruby, every ſapphire tranſcends by innumerable ſtages, the ſun of the lower world, ſhining in his ſtrength. And doth not this

great all appear in joyful apparel, as *befitting the* eſpouſals of ſo glorious a couple? *All things dance* and ſound forth melodiouſly, our *epithalamium!* what a life is this? ever to be marrying! ever to be at the marriage-feaſt! ever to be entering the bed of love! this feaſt is furniſhed with all delights, it raviſhes every moment, and throughout all eternity! O what variety! O what efficacy in every delicate! every one doth for ever ſatiate; and yet delights are ever renewed! this land is nothing but a table furniſhed with all abundance of fruits always. All milk, all ſpices, all delights, every where ſuperabound eternally. And in what a raviſhing manner art thou ever inviting? *Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;* drink, and drink again, and for ever drink. This is a day of gladneſs and rejoicing; this is the day of the accompliſhment of all our deſires. The pomp of this day is glorious indeed! verily, my God, thou haſt made us as happy as can be! this diſpenſation tranſcends inconceivably all other! this delight and love is ever blooming and green! O this ſweet and delightſome bed of love! one ſight and ſmell of it, afar off, is raviſhing. How is it all ſtrewed over with everflouriſhing and overflowing roſes and lilies? with infinite kinds of odoriferous and beautiful flowers, of infinite virtues? all my faculties are filled, and overfilled with all manner of delights and ſweetneſs! is not this wine of glory, O enjoyers, of wonderful efficacy? who can endure to pull the cup from the mouth? and yet every draught doth ſatiate to the full. And is it not endowed with all poſſible virtues? do not its ſpirits fill all the faculties and powers with an immortal vigour? an unſpeakable ſweetneſs, and ſurpaſſing joys? great

things

things haſt thou prepared, O *Wellbeloved, far above* all our conceptions! what *ſhall be my never-ending* exerciſe, but to be ſatiate and raviſhed with thine uncreated ſweetneſs? If my cloſing with thee, though abſent, was paſſing joyful, how ſhall I now rejoice, and exult, in ſolemnizing the bargain, in ſatiating myſelf for ever with fully manifeſted loves, in this bed of love? the wooing time ſeemed ſmall and inconſiderable; O the marriage is wonderfully glorious and excellent! What eſteemed a baſe world of thy great call? when thou ſent thine ambaſſadors to call them unto this everlaſting ſupper; how did they ſlight ſuch an aſtoniſhing diſpenſation, as a well invented fancy; and turned themſelves wholly to their earthly enjoyments, as being the only real things, which affected their *brutiſh minds?* Do you not now ſee your deſperate madneſs, O vile worldlings? is not your apprehenſion wonderfully changed? did you ſlight the ſweet invitations of the Almighty, to ſuch boundleſs happineſs? Well, you ſhall never taſte it, through all eternity. You have gotten your choice, a momentary enjoyment of earth have you received: this boundleſs joy you never cared for. If you have done wiſely, rejoice therein throughout eternity. O happy I! that ever I gave up my name into the number of thy eſpouſed ones! *that ever thou inclined my heart to take thee,* for my Lord, Head and Huſband! O bleſſed choice! thouſand times bleſſed choice! had I known in time how happy a bargain I had made, ſhould I not have been overjoyed unto the death? and was there ſuch difficulty, to get the children of men to ſay, *Amen,* to ſuch an advantagious bargain? didſt thou knock, and knock again, O Wellbeloved, at the doors of our hearts, before we would heartily accept? didſt

thou argument, beſeech, threaten, and *weep for a* conſent? who would have thought *but one ſerious* invitation had been enough for all *mankind!* O blockiſh mortality! O ſtupid bruti ſh madneſs! thou haſt not cauſe here to exalt thyſelf, O empty ſelf, who deſpiſed, and overlooked, ſo much, this glorious match: who ſtood more out againſt theſe glorious offers? didſt thou not *play faſt* and *looſe* with Jeſus, as all others? When he ſaw he could not prevail with thee, more than others, (all mankind being alike in their original), he put in his hand by the *hole of the door*, and then cauſed *thy bowels be moved for him:* he filled thine heart, *ere ever thou waſt aware*, with his overcoming love and ſweetneſs: thou waſt hearing the ſound of this goſpel in a dead and natural way, but he breathed upon all thy faculties, and ſaid unto thee, Live; and thou aroſe from the dead, and heard, and ſaw wonders in the goſpel, that blind ſtupid worldlings could never perceive. Had he ſuffered thee to follow thy natural inclinations, thou hadſt marched on, to endleſs deſtruction, contrary to all his loving invitations. Nay, but ſince from eternity he had choſen thee, of his own good pleaſure, out of the maſs of mankind, he could not but manifeſt his love to thee, in time, in a ſpecial manner; and therefore he paſt from intreaty to raviſhments, and drew thee with ſuch ſtrong *cords of love*, that thou couldſt not but yield. O my holy One, no creature can reſiſt thy overcoming beauty: when thou darteſt forth thy love, all is ſet in a flame; hell and death could not reſiſt thee. Ever haſt thou been drawing ſinners up to heaven after thee, unto this great marriage; and now we are all within the bed of love. Love! nothing but raviſhing love! O what looks of love! nothing but kiſſes, but eternal

nal embraces! men and angels, *is it poſſible we* can be more happy? what can *creatures have more?* is there any more ſweet and lovely than *the Chief of ten thouſand?* can there be any greater and nearer fellowſhip with him than this? He is our friend, our moſt intimate friend; we ſpeak with him face to face. Nay, he is our brother, near of blood unto us; we will kiſs, eternally kiſs, and ſhall not be aſhamed. Nay, he is our huſband, one with us, as he is one with the Father, one in nature, ſpirit, mind, and affections: *He is ours, and we are his.* O what great communications of love ſhall we eternally be filled with! Are you not chanting forth *marriage ſongs*, O ye angels? are ye not for ever inventing love-ſongs of your matchleſs Bridegroom, O ye ſaints? O thou whole creation of God, art thou not in a ſmiling exulting poſture? And is not all this glory and bleſſedneſs the object of your grief and ſorrow, vile miſcreants? are you gnaſhing your teeth through torment, and ſorrow, and envy, when the whole creation *claps its hands*, for exceeding joy? Is it not moſt juſt, that you are the *curſe* and the *deriſion* of all? you judged yourſelves unworthy of this boundleſs happineſs, and are you not juſtly ſhut out from this joyful *marriage-ſupper* of the Lamb? no more crying, *Come unto the marriage;* all is paſt and done, nothing to do; all things continue in this very condition they are into. O now!! who but JEHOVAH and the Lamb? who but the Lamb and his ſpouſe? who are now maſters of all, who are now the eternal *triumphers*. Behold, men and angels, behold your King, and Head, and Wellbeloved, in his robes royal, with ſuch a maſſy diadem of glory on his majeſtic head, as would cruſh in pieces ten thouſand *myriads* of worlds: every ruby of his crown tranſcends all valuation;

luation; the diamonds and pearls for ever dra
the eyes of the beholders: all the ſpectators are
mazed and confounded: they ſparkle and ray fo
beauty and lovelineſs throughout all generatio
Is it poſſible you can reſtrain your eyes, O ſpec
tors? muſt not all your faculties bend thithe
ternally? who can expreſs the thoughts of his he
who can tell what he clearly beholds? who
behold enough what appears moſt evident? Th
the ſight, the only ſight! what greater happin
O Prince of glory, than *to follow thee whithe
ever thou goeſt?* What glory, to run after
chariot, in this day of thy glory and power? W
honour, to bear up thy train, in this thy marri
day? follow thee! could we but follow thee,
it were but through innumerable worlds! never
ver ſhall we be diſjoined from thee. O ſtrange worl
O wonderful eſtate! ever to be triumphing! e
to be marrying! ever to be ſolacing in the *par
diſe of loves!* ever to be riding in the chariot
honour! this chariot is of *the wood of Leban
the pillars thereof are of ſilver, the bottom of go
the covering of purple; the midſt thereof being pa
ved with love for the daughters of Jeruſalem.* I
not this a majeſtic chariot, that contains ſuch
great company of kings and prieſts? What a ri
is this! thus to ride in the chariot with the great
King of glory, whoſe goings forth have been from
eternity? is this the honour of the ſaints? is this
the glory we heard, and ſpake ſo much of, on
earth? is this the accompliſhment of my expect
ations? This is more than ever I could aſk, or
think; thus to triumph in at the gates of thi
golden city, up and down its golden ſtreets, alongſt
the border of this *pure river* of living water, over
ſhadowed with this delightſome *Tree* of life! O a
ni

niſhing exaltation! O ſilly I, *art thou not highly exalted?* It was much thou *couldſt expect this, but* more thou can bear it. One beam of thine infinite excellency, O my excellent Wellbeloved, hath a wonderful efficacy, that can render dunghill wretches of ſuch ſublime royal ſpirits, as that they can carry, bravely, the higheſt exaltation and glory! thou art worthy, O Flower of excellency, thus for ever to ride glorioufly, and all thy redeemed ones after thee! thou fought and overcame; and ſhall not all be crowned with immortal glory and honour, thou art pleaſed to caſt thy favour upon? Thou wooed and fought thy bride through labour, and ſhame, and pain, and ſorrow, and death, tho' deformed and vile, ſlighting all the manifeſtations of thine infinite love; and ſhalt thou not deck and beautify her, and be delighted in her eternally? O this ſweet, ſweet union and communion! O the mutual compellations of vehement and mutual love! nothing but, 'O thy fairneſs, thy beauty! behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair! behold, thou art fair, my beloved! thou art all fair, my love; there is no ſpot in thee! thou haſt raviſhed my heart, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe, thou haſt raviſhed my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck! O the fairneſs of thy love, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe! the moſt rejoicing liquors, the moſt refreſhing fragrancies are nothing comparable thereunto: O thy honied lips! O thy raviſhing ſweet tongue, paſſing all rivers of ſweetneſs! O thy *Lebanon garments!* they ſmell like a field which the Lord hath bleſſed. I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he feedeth among the lilies. Come, my beloved, let us enter the bed of loves, and eternally ſatiate ourſelves with overcoming delights: O then, I will be ſatiate with love-kiſſes

and

and embraces! I will cauſe thee to drink of all my delicacies: thy left hand ſhall be eternally under mine head, and thy right hand ſhall embrace me. I ſhall be for ever a *ſeal upon thine arm, upon thine heart.*' Srong burning love requires the neareſt enjoyment. O what a green and blooming love is this! we are raviſhed with the love of eſpouſals! throughout eternity, every hour is as the firſt hour, every enjoyment as the firſt enjoyment! all is like the lilies, roſes, *paradiſe flowers* round about us, that laugh and ſmile, with an immortal verdure! dance, and dance eternally, thou whole creation of God; let the manifeſtations of thy joy be for ever manifeſted; rejoice, even rejoice for ever, in theſe wonderful glorious eſpouſals of the Lamb; for upon every part of thee hath its excellency an influence. Had JEHOVAH ſo admirably adorned thee, O thou heaven of heavens, were it not for the glory and majeſty of theſe everlaſting eſpouſals? would he have adorned thee with ſuch glorious manſions, if it had not been for the glory and delights of his bride? would the *mountains of myrrh and frankincenſe* been filled with ſuch paſſing raviſhments, *all the gardens of love* with ſuch rarities of beauties? Would the walls, the houſes, and ſtreets be made ſo wonderfully excellent and delightſome, were it not for the honour and delight of ſuch a glorious couple? Wouldſt thou been renewed after ſo glorious a manner, O thou lower world, were it not that thy Maker will have all to ſmile, and appear in a ſweet, joyful, and marriage-apparel, in this day of the boundleſs joys of his heart? O joyful creation of God! O my heart, thou overflows with raviſhments! O flower and excellency of all lives! O higheſt top of all felicity! O boundleſs oceans of eternal raviſhments!

50. *The full enjoyment of God, conſiſts in the neareſt mutual conjunction.*

O bleſſed ſelf! that reſts ſo ſweetly in the arms of thy only Wellbeloved! thy head eternally lies in his boſom: the heat and life ariſing from his flaming heart, hath a virtue, would cauſe death and ſorrow to live and be cheerful. Hell and devils, though I were in the midſt of you all, I could not fear you, who reſt within theſe invincible arms. You flower and excellency of all creature-beauty and lovelineſs, you could not allure me, to leave, for one moment, this raviſhing repoſe. This was a counterpoiſe in all thy difficulties through the valley of tears: the forethoughts of this added ſtrength and courage, in all thy faintings and infirmities: the hope of this ſweet reſt hath not been vain. Had I had ſuitable apprehenſions thereof, how valiant had I been for the truth upon the earth? how ſhould I ever contended to the uttermoſt, for the ſmalleſt things of my Wellbeloved? how ſhould I raiſed up againſt me the tongues and opprobries of the moſt excellent ſaints on earth? how ſhould I have been ſo courageous, and zealous, for his intereſts, as that I ſhould have proven *a man of contention*, in the pureſt times? the threatenings, opprobries and mockings of either friend, or foe, ſhould have been nothing regarded by me: but I ſhould have ſo carried, that I ſhould have ſcarce eſcaped capital puniſhment, in the beſt of times. How ſhould I have acted to admiration? how ſhould I have run and fought, and fought and run, ever with *joy unſpeakable and glorious?* Can there be greater bleſſedneſs, than to dwell within theſe arms of love? My labour, my grief, my ſorrow, hath been juſt nothing: one moment's repoſe in thy boſom, ſweeteſt Wellbeloved, might ſwallow up ten thouſand

land ages of all labour, pain and *ſorrow. Now* I need no more pray for kiſſes; and *I will alſo kiſs*, and be ever drawing ſweetneſs *from theſe bleſſed* lips; for we ſhall never change this bleſſed poſture. No need to charge any, that my Beloved *be not provoked to ariſe, till he pleaſe.* I am overjoyed, that all ſinning and vanity is done away, which did much ſeparate us aſunder! O ſweet, ſweet! that thou haſt made me pleaſant and deſirable in thine eyes! what can I deſire more, than that I am lovely and delightſome in the eyes of my Lord the King? Rejoice and be glad in what is thine own: even *rejoice over me with ſinging, and reſt in thy love* towards me. Drink, and drink again of that ſweetneſs, wherewith thou haſt filled me: be delighted always with this lovelineſs I am partaker of by thy bounty and favour. Let mine eyes for ever raviſh thee, for ever dart forth rays of lovelineſs upon thee; and be ſatisfied with my breaſts, at all times. My bleſſedneſs can be no greater; *Thou art mine, and thy deſire is towards me.* Wonder, and be greatly amazed, O all creatures; the eternal One, and yeſterday-beings are for ever in the mutual delights of love, in the raviſhing ſolaces of one another! dive, and dive eternally, men and angels, you ſhall ever be infinitely from the furthermoſt of this abyſs of wonders: who can comprehend this exaltation? who can conceive this condeſcendency? what think you, that God and creatures converſe ſo familiarly together? what think you, that he is our Brother, our Huſband, one like us, one with us, one for us, one raviſhed with our fellowſhip, for evermore? who can ſhow the thoughts of his raviſhed heart? who can fully reflect on the aſtoniſhed apprehenſions of his elevated mind? Haſt thou not ſhown what infinite

infinite power can do? how *low infinite love* can ſtoop? how highly infinite *bounty can exalt?* how wonderfully infinite *excellency can make* beautiful and excellent? O my faculties! you ſhall be ever filled with aſtoniſhment, ever ſatiated with his uncreated ſweetneſs! Can I ſuffer any want in thy boſom, O Fountain of excellency? ſhall I not be filled, who am ſet down beſide this well of living water, under the boughs of the tree of life, whoſe delicious fruits are ever falling upon me? I am ſatiate with thy love, my fair One; ſome glimpſes thereof on earth were raviſhing, wonderfully above what the abundance of *corn* and *wine* could produce: the report of thine excellency and glory filled the heart with paſſing ſweetneſs: thy raviſhing emanations could not be contained within this large land, but had influence upon the lower world, cauſing many of the inhabitants to be deeply in love with thee, whom they never ſaw; ſo that they renounced the love of all things for thee, ſtrove exceedingly to be like thee, and pleaſe thee in all things: fought againſt all oppoſition, endeavoured to the uttermoſt, for exalting thy glory, and continued in a longing frame, to behold thee face to face: and ſo remained faithful unto the death. Thy lovers are never ſatiate, till they have thee in their arms: the enjoyment of thee afar off is raviſhing ſweet, and cannot but cauſe the beholder run with all his might, until he be at thee, even inneſted in thine eternal embraces. O my life, my life! O ſweet, ſweet, ſweet for evermore!

51. *The life of glory, the only life, that overtops all other lives, and ſwallows them up.*

All creatures live according to the capacity of their being, but no life to that which is divine! the animal life is dead and dark, and without efficacy

and beauty; the intellectual is a *low and baſe* thing: but this life of glory doth *only excel all other* excellencies. All other *lives are ſwallowed* up here! that which is *in part*, and imperfect, is *done away*, by that which is the perfection of excellency. O my lovely One, thou art indeed the Prince of life! thou art the life of all the inhabitants of this majeſtic city: didſt thou withdraw what thou haſt communicated, ſhould we not be ſo many lumps of death and deformity? Thou art my All in all, my fair One! thou art my life, and vigour of all my joys and deſires. That divine life, by which thou eternally liveſt, haſt thou breathed into me; ſo that I am become inconceivably above a living ſoul, or an intellectual creature: this noble divine life didſt thou communicate unto me, in my dead and ſenſual condition, but in a ſmall meaſure, that it was much obſcured by ſin and corruption; then being the time of childhood and wreſtling: but how hath it grown more and more, until it hath overtopped, and ſwallowed up all other lives? ſo that now I am filled with all thy fulneſs, even thy nature, thine image, thine excellency haſt thou fully impreſſed upon me: ſo that, as thou art, ſo am I. O ſecure eſtate! Chriſt is my life; is not then my life eternal? My life lies in the fountain, and ſhall it not be ever in its vigour and full ſtrength? Other lives are like ſmall drops, ſeparated from the ocean, and may evaniſh: how ſoon did animal, rational and intellectual lives fall from their native conſtitution? Nothing permanent, which is not divine; nothing everlaſting, which lies not immediately without the mixture of creature-imperfections: the nearer thee, the ſafer; the further off thee, the more dangerous; to be quite cut off from thee, is perfect and only

only misery. Curſed men and *angels have no other* influence from the fountain, *but that which* conſerves their natural beings, in their natural operations. O Wellbeloved, not only in thee do *I live, move, and have my being*, but thou art my *All in all!* I am filled with all thy *fulneſs*. O my life, my life! do I not live for evermore?

52. *No neceſſity of creatures in heaven:* JEHOVAH *is eminently all things.*

All things are ſwallowed up in thine infinite excellency! created enjoyments are cried down; times and days are for ever fled away: all things are immediately ſubjected to JEHOVAH, even the Son himſelf. All rule, all authority is put down: no ſubordinations among creatures; one thing ſtands not in need of another; every thing would be, as it is, though all other creatures were done away: all flouriſh by the immediate rays of the *Sun of righteouſneſs*; God doth maintain all creatures without the concurrence of creatures: no connections of ſecond cauſes, no dependencies of one creature upon another: nature's world is quite aboliſhed; the conditions of beings are altogether changed: yet, in how ſweet an order do all things agree? all are independent; yet all conſpire in one: the bond of love betwixt all, is ſtrong and immortal; the mutual aſpects of all are pleaſant and ſuperabounding, in beings accompliſhed, every one in their own meaſure, immediately from the original of all perfections. You creature-beauties, the full emanations of your lovelineſs and ſweetneſs are ever darted upon me with delight; yet am I happy to the uttermoſt, whether I enjoy you or not: time was when I could not well have wanted you; but now, whether I enjoy you, or not, I am ever the ſame; being filled and ſatiate with his eternal

ſweetneſs: you are the adornaments, *outfields and* pendicles to my great inheritance, *and no addition* thereunto. And art thou, O *my God, become* all unto me? The want of all my temporal enjoyments is a gain that cannot be told! how have I been vexed, and wearied, with being occupied about vain, empty, unſatisfying *nothings!* ſo that I was glad of a borrowed viſion of thee, of a reflex manifeſtation of thy glory and excellency; and was ſo covered over with *ſhadows*, that I could neither order right expreſſions, nor conceptions, becauſe of darkneſs. How oft have I bemoaned, 'When ſhall the day dawn, and the ſhadows fly away, that I may be filled immediately with his glory? This ſight of his beauty, this taſte of his ſweetneſs is tormenting, as well as delightſome; I cannot reſt, until I get full enjoyment: ſtill I would have more and more of God, until I be filled with all his fulneſs: but oh! I cannot; ten thouſand things ſtand in betwixt me and him, through this earthly and ſinful eſtate; ſo that I am oft-times ſo confuſed and diſordered, that I can deſire nothing at all: how doth this poor life depend, every moment, on ten thouſand things? Here am I diverted, through mortality, by every thing that comes in my way; innumerable creatures having a commanding, diverting influence over me: muſt I be ever ſleeping, eating, drinking, converſing in this and that trifle? muſt I draw conſolations from this and the other, and the third creature; and have a fellowſhip with my God, by benefit of means and ordinances, which ever have the tincture and ſavour of imperfection? and are not the conduits oft-times ſo corrupt, as that they imbitter my enjoyments? and are they not ſo ſtopt, as that I am almoſt dead for want? How am I drawn

aſide

aſide hither and thither; this *feeble fleſh being* apt to receive new impreſſions, *every moment,* from every thing that comes in *the way? and how* vexing are all theſe enjoyments, though moſt neceſſary? what a nauſeating round do I run, ever toſſing the ſame ſtone? That *which hath been, is that which ſhall be, and there is no new thing under the ſun. What profit hath a man of all his labour?* For though the eye is not ſatisfied with ſeeing, nor the ear with hearing, ſo that new enjoyments are ever required; yet muſt the ſame thing be run over, and over again: and what might ſeem more excellent than, by the ſerious ſearch and ſtudy of things, to have the heart filled with great experience of wiſdom and knowledge? yet I perceive, that *this alſo is vanity and vexation of ſpirit;* for *in much wiſdom, is much grief,* and *he that increaſeth knowledge, increaſeth ſorrow.* Run faſt, O time, and days, that this world may be called down for ever, and God may become All in all. Silly worldlings deſire to have theſe enjoyments eternally; becauſe they know no better; ſome thing the faculties muſt be exerciſed with, though with vexing vanity. O but I have a ſight of the only ſatisfying object! O to have all theſe out of the way! were it not thy good pleaſure I ſhould continue thus for a time, I could not but die through longing for the immediate viſion of God. Scattered ſtreams and drops are become bitter; when ſhall I enter, body and ſoul, into the ocean, and be filled, and ſwallowed up for ever and ever? when ſhall I receive the direct rays of all excellency from the Sun of righteouſneſs; no clouds intervening throughout eternity?' O Flower of all bleſſedneſs! O golden life of all my deſires! I am paſt from the light of the ſun,

and of the moon; I am paſt *from the neceſſary* help of ſhadows, and nothings: *the Lord* JEHOVAH is my only ſtrength, and light, *and life, and joy,* and ſong, and all things. Is it not ſweet living thus, in the immediate preſence of JEHOVAH and the Lamb? O *Emmanuel*'s world, thou art an excellent habitation! how ſweetly and commodiouſly art thou ſituate directly againſt the Sun, and original of all light, and life, and joy, and ſweetneſs? Who can but be lively and joyful here? Indeed, this is the ſmiling world, the roſy and ſunny ſide of the creation. What more can be ſaid of my overflowing happineſs, than that I am here for evermore?

53. *Glory is an eternally blooming thing.*

Is not the fountain of life deep? men and angels, is it poſſible you ſhall ever draw it dry? nay, is it poſſible you can draw ſo much, that leſs remains behind? yea, what could millions of millions of angels multiplied do here? Not only drink, and for ever drink; but enter in, and you ſhall be, as ſo many nothings, ſwallowed up, as it were, and loſt for ever. What infinite ſprings of ſweetneſs and conſolation lie hid? Dig further and deeper, for ever, and ſtill you ſhall find new ſprings: ſtill there remain as many hid as at the firſt ſearching. What boundleſs varieties of joys and ſweetneſs? Every draught, every taſting may eternally raviſh; yet, every moment, every inſtant is filled with new delights, new raviſhments: for what can exhauſt infinite delights and ſweetneſs? We may feel, and taſte, and enjoy it, as it is; but can we comprehend it, and ſearch it out unto perfection? When we are all filled, the boundleſs ocean is nothing diminiſhed: and ſince we are ever drinking, ever drawing in floods of uncreated ſweetneſs, are not our delights

lights infinitely various, and *renewed every moment*? which is an enjoyment *of the ſame, after diverſe* manners, according to *its infinite varieties of* perfections, which eminently and virtually dwell therein. O then, the various and wonderful conceptions of men and angels! O the evergreen and flouriſhing communications of raviſhing loves, and joys! ſhall there not be, every moment, a new love-ſong of praiſes? ſhall not infinite perfections, more and more ſeen, ſupply for ever with new expreſſions of the excellency, glory, lovelineſs, ſweetneſs and kindneſs of Him that ſits upon the throne, and the Lamb? We are paſt from augmenting of our knowledge, by borrowed viſions; or perfecting it, by ſtriving to know more, and more evidently, and diſtinctly: all confuſion and darkneſs is done away; error, ignorance, and falſe uptakings, are no more: *we know as we are known*, even nakedly, immediately, and *face to face*; without a proſpective repreſentation, or clouds intervening: ſo that, as to kind, knowledge is perfect; yet, ſhall we not ever be ſearching into the unſearchable riches of this bottomleſs mine, filled with all varieties of ſilver, gold, gems, diamonds, rubies and ſapphires, of inconceivable value and excellency? Are we not as ſo many *divines*, ſearching, preaching, diſcourſing more and more of the tranſcendent excellency of that fountain of all fulneſs? do we not, in this raviſhing exerciſe, run over again, in the ſame round? O then, throughout all eternity our happineſs ſhall ever be increaſing. In the very firſt entry, all ſuperabounds and overflows its banks; ſo that nothing is wanting, in the leaſt, to perfect happineſs, ſatisfaction and fulneſs; yet ſhall theſe overflowing tides of loves, and joys, and raviſhments for ever ſwell higher and

nd higher; ſo that the ſucceeding moments ſhall be more ſuperabounding than the *immediately preceding*. O then, the growth and *flouriſhing of* ten thouſand myriads of ages! and doth not this river increaſe proportionably to its greatneſs? O then! after myriads of ages, according to the number of the atoms of the creation, how ſhall it be augmented above the number of all theſe atoms, thouſands of times multiplied by themſelves? So that, to all eternity, we are ever *changed from glory to glory*, and ever aſcend higher and higher, and ſtill the ſteps become wider and wider; the faculties ever are more and more clear and extended; and the diſcoveries more and more wonderfully raviſhing. This infinite world of all perfections is beheld clearly and immediately as it is; yet. who can comprehend all the beauties, delights, excellencies and infinite perfections, wherewith it is ſtored? or, who can reach the infinite number of *paradiſes, mountains, vallies, rivers?* yea, who can reach the ten thouſand thouſandth part of its immenſity? So that eternally we ſhall follow the Lamb, through new gardens, orchards, paradiſes, mountains, and ever be going directly forward, making greater and greater, and more wonderful diſcoveries. All the powers and faculties become more and more powerful and vigorous; ſo that joy, and delight, and love, and raviſhment, ſhall ſwell more and more in height, and breadth, and length, and depth, throughout eternity. Men and angels, is not our inheritance inconceivably large and fertile, rich and beautiful, and delightſome? can we among us all but reckon over our *palaces, cities, paradiſes, countries, kingdoms* and *worlds?* O what high ſtretchings of mind! and what further and further ſtretchings, to let in theſe

theſe boundleſs inundations of *increated ſweetneſs*, that overflow inceſſantly, *rapidly and eternally?* O my God, this happineſs is more than ſuper-abounding! who can expreſs, who can conceive, what a life it is, to be received into the boſom of thy infinite excellencies! to be admitted into the eternal enjoyment of thy incomprehenſible Self! O what eternal manifeſtations of the Godhead, to men and angels, in the face of Chriſt! what out-lettings of new and various influences from the Sun of righteouſneſs! what inceſſant ſhowers of the dew of our Wellbeloved's youth! what high, full, conſtant, lively and cheriſhing gales of the ſweet raviſhing breath of JEHOVAH! what wonder then, all the trees of this paradiſe of glory aſcend higher and higher; ſpread their branches further and further, and increaſe eternally in their ſtrength, verdure, and blooming and fruitfulneſs? Poor life, that depends on creature-influences, and creature-enjoyments! neither are they ſatisfying in themſelves; nor can they yield new ſweetneſs eternally. Was it not the higheſt of all madneſs and folly to forſake the eternal Fountain of living waters, and reſt on broken ciſterns, that can hold no water? O joy of all joys, that ever I reſted upon thee, as my only portion! O my happineſs! my happineſs ſurpaſſeth all expreſſion!

54. *Emmanuel's land is altogether of free redeeming grace, yet is it given by way of reward.*

And what is this great aſſembly of ſuch glorious and majeſtic creatures, but a number of bound debtors to the free grace, altogether free redeeming grace of JEHOVAH and the Lamb? Are ye not, O bleſſed creatures, ſo many monuments of the free and undeſerved bounty and love of him, whoſe love paſſeth all underſtanding? A-

way

way with deſerving and merit! what *can creatures* do to thee? what can their acting, *or ſuffering for* thee merit at thy hand? If any *have any thing of* its own, or can do any thing of itſelf, then may it glory in what is its own. If all creatures are not eternally obliged to love, and obey, and ſerve thee, with all their might and vigour; then let them aſk wages for obeying. Yea, is it not an eternal wonder, thou ſhouldſt make men, or angels, actors, or witneſſes of thy infinite glory and excellency? what are all creatures to thee, that thou ſhouldſt open thine eyes upon them? what unſpeakable dignity, to be allotted to the loweſt piece of ſervice for thee? The more creatures adore, and love, and obey thee, the more they are run into the debt of thy free grace: yea, tho' creatures could deſerve, the very active glorifying of thee carries in its boſom full and overrunning recompenſe. And what proportion imaginable is there betwixt the acting or ſuffering of a finite creature, and one moment of theſe boundleſs joys? the ſervice is finite, but the reward is invaluable. Tho' it had been poſſible for creatures to perſevere under a *covenant of works;* yet could they not have deſerved, nor earned wages, except by virtue of paction, a product of wonderfully free, and condeſcending grace: which way of earning is under this ſecond covenant, and that in a more ſublime and glorious manner. Perfect obedience was the condition of the firſt; ſincerity of the ſecond. Continuation of a rational life, in an earthly paradiſe, ſo long as the creature perſevered, was the reward of the firſt; eternal duration of a divine life, in this celeſtial paradiſe, the reward of the ſecond. The firſt was made with the earthly Adam, as the head, and principal perſon of the earthly houſe; the ſecond, with the heavenly Adam, as head, and principal

cipal perſon of the heavenly. *But the firſt ruined* both himſelf and his, not *being able to fulfil the* bargain; the ſecond hath *made up both himſelf,* and his, for evermore, by perfect obedience, and full ſatisfaction, and excellency of power, in tranſforming his children into his heavenly image, and bringing them all infallibly to glory. The covenant was principally made with our Wellbeloved; all the promiſes of the new covenant were made to him, as the chief and *firſt-born of many brethren;* ſo that it was impoſſible, that any of his choſen from eternity could be loſt; being put into ſo ſure an hand, who was countable to the Father for every one of them; having from eternity received them from him, as his ſpouſe, his children, his brethren, his co-heirs, his pupils, to be guided and tutored by him, in time and eternity: ſo that all the ſtreſs and care of our ſalvation was laid upon our great Lord Redeemer's ſhoulders; according to which truſt, he hath called, juſtified, ſanctified us, enabled us, kept us from falling away, in the midſt of infirmities, difficulties, tentations, and preſented us *without ſpot or blemiſh, before his Father.* Our firſt earthly father played the bankrupt with all, and left us poor, vile, miſerable wretches, lying in our *blood, and no eye pitying us;* our nature being in his loins, as the root, and original of us all. Did he not degrade and debaſe us; ſo that from excellent rational creatures, created after the raviſhing image of our Maker, we became brutiſh, vain, fooliſh, and vile? But in came our Wellbeloved, and aſſumed our nature, in its low and baſe condition, with all its infirmities, and paſſions, *yet without ſin,* and raiſed it up to a far, far higher pinnacle of excellency, than ever it fell from. Before, its excellency was natural, but now it is ſupernatural;

in our full vigour; what then could we
broken in pieces and deſtroyed? Had w
obliged to him, who had reſtored us t
mer eſtate, or merely ſaved us from eter
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Sirs, what have we loſt by our great and
able loſs? Our fall was abominable, dread
ſtrous, ungrate, and aſtoniſhing; yet w
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ly cancelled; let all the glory and praiſe
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author and finiſher of this great ſalvati
are thine! we are thine! O excellent Wel
even thine upon all poſſible accounts! Ir

my inconceivable happineſs! ſelf hath not the leaſt occaſion to boaſt of itſelf: no creature, man, or angel, hath any thing to glory in, before thy preſence. O thou heaven of heavens, ſhalt thou not be filled with ſongs of free redeeming grace? what ſhould we do with our diadems, our ſceptres, our palms, our robes, our glorious adornaments? what ſhould we do with all that we are and have, but caſt them down at the feet of him, who hath created, redeemed, and ſanctified us? even at the feet of him, who *hath redeemed us to God by his own blood, and made us to our God kings and prieſts; and we ſhall reign for ever and ever.* O excellent! the leſs our own, the better; the more thine, the more bleſſed condition! we are altogether thine, all our excellency, all our actings, all our ſufferings, all our glory, is only thine. This kingdom thou alone didſt purchaſe, without the help of any: all, all are the product of free, eternally free love! all is given to us moſt freely! from eternity were we choſen to all this bleſſedneſs, moſt abſolutely, without reſpect to foreſeen excellency, or deſerving. All is moſt free to us; but dear to our Wellbeloved! what couldſt thou give more, my deareſt Lord, than thy life, thy blood, thy very Self? couldſt thou lay down a greater pawn for our ſalvation, than thy noble, ſuperexcellent, and glorious Self? could love have been manifeſted in a more tranſcendent, glorious and excellent way? what couldſt thou have done more than thou haſt done? Is not this an excellent inheritance, men and angels? is not this land a beautiful, rich, and pleaſant land indeed? doth this look like the field of blood? our Emmanuel conquered all this by blood and death: he rode over hell and devils, and vanquiſhed all the oppoſers of this boundleſs bleſſ

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edneſs: thouſands and ten thouſands were nothing in his way. He made nations and languages ſacrifices to divine juſtice. *He rent the heavens, and came down, the mountains flowed down at his preſence: he trode down the people in his anger, and made them drunk in his fury; and did bring down their ſtrength to the earth. He gave Egypt for our ranſom, Ethiopia and Sebah for us.* Were not theſe great things? Hath he not redeemed Zion by blood? hath he not made a noble conqueſt? yea, he ſlew death itſelf; he went to the land of death and deſtruction, and vanquiſhed his ſtrongeſt, and moſt cruel enemies, in their own native ſoil. O wonderful! *he led captivity captive,* by being led captive! by undergoing ſhame, and pain, and grief, and ignominy, he conquiſhed boundleſs joys, and delights, and glory, and renown: by dying he vanquiſhed death, and him that had the power thereof. Here, O here is the invaluable price! the life, the life, *the blood of God!* wonder, and ſtand in an eternal amazement, all creatures! the life of the Lord of life was laid down a ranſom for us, as the price of our eternal bleſſedneſs! Who can value the life and blood of the man who is God, bleſſed for evermore? ſhall we ſpeak of ten thouſand millions of millions of excellent men, of glorious angels? That is juſt nothing. Shall we ſpeak of myriads of myriads of worlds, more excellent every one than another? That is juſt nothing alſo: ſo many creatures, ſo many nothings. Never ſo many worlds are ſo many ſhadows, in compariſon of the enduring ſubſtance. O the price, the price! do not the thoughts thereof heighten the conceptions of men and angels beyond all conception? What ſtrange flamings of love! what high motions of

joy! what overflowing tides of *admiration, at* every thought of the wonderful *way, wherein God* hath done all this to us! all this honour ſaith, Behold the Son of God ſhamed! all this glory ſaith, Behold eternal, eſſential glory obſcured! and this joyful and flouriſhing life ſaith, Behold the Prince of life in a great agony, bleeding to death, even the ſhameful and painful death of the croſs! O higheſt manifeſtation of infinite love! all is come through the bowels of our deareſt Lord Jeſus, whoſe love to us was ſo ſtrong, that nothing could in the leaſt quench it: he laboured through love, ſorrowed through love, wept through love, he died of love. When cold death began to ſeize on his heart, he found it all flaming with the love of his deareſt ſpouſe; neither could he deſtroy theſe immortal flames, which flaſh and dart forth their overcoming rays, throughout eternity. O thy incomprehenſible love! bend hither all your faculties, men and angels, and be amazed for evermore! O my heavenly Father, by thy infinite gift, thou haſt loſt nothing; the Son of thy everlaſting love and delights is ever in thy preſence. O my Redeemer, thou loſt thy life, yet thou haſt not loſt it; behold, *thou art alive for evermore.* The price of all doth eternally remain, elſe ſhould the things bought be nothing. Let no creature ſpeak of its excellency, or acts; what can they conqueſt? what can they purchaſe? Our Emmanuel hath purchaſed all things: indeed by birth-right he is the eternal and eſſential Heir of all; yet hath he added a new right, and made all his over again by conqueſt. *Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thee be all the glory, dominion, and praiſe,* for ever and ever. Yet, O wonderful bounty, condeſcendency and love! thou haſt put on our heads the crowns

of conquerors, the laurels of triumph: *thou haſt* put in our hands the never-fading *palms of victory:* Haſt thou done all? and ſhall we bear the *honour* of, Well, and heroically done, for the great and maſſy diadem of glory? Haſt thou conquered? and ſhall we triumph, as purchaſers of heaven and all? Haſt thou ſuffered? and ſhall we enter into this glory, as having undergone all the aſſaults of hell and death, in our own proper ſtrength? This is a ſweeter, more condeſcending and wonderful diſpenſation, than if thou hadſt brought us immediately out of the ſtate of nature into this ſtate of glory; or created us in the midſt of this incomparable happineſs. O ſweet, ſweet! to think, that grace hath uſhered in glory; a life of believing, a life of immediate viſion; a life of labour and diſficulty, this life of eternal repoſe; a life of ſhame and reproach, this life of immortal glory and renown; a life of fighting, this life of everlaſting triumphing; a life of tears, pain and ſadneſs, this life of boundleſs joys and delights; a life of fears and weakneſs, this life of perfect ſecurity and might! how wiſely hath my Lord connected all things together? that our glory might be more than glory; our happineſs, more ſuperabounding happineſs. This glory, this incomprehenſible glory and renown will he have to reſt for ever upon our heads: worlds of amazement! to hear my Lord ſay, in the preſence of all, to every one, *Well done, good and faithful ſervant, thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord:* heroically done, for this maſſy diadem of glory: *Worthy art thou to walk with me in white; for thou haſt kept clean garments, in the midſt of a polluted world: thou haſt valiantly fought and overcome;*

overcome; *and art thou not worthy to triumph with* me, throughout *the vaſt ages of endleſs eternity? As I have done, ſo thou haſt ſuffered patiently, even unto the death; and therefore it well becomes thee to enter into this unſpeakable glory.* What, Lord! muſt I, poor ſilly I, once, baſe, ſinful, wretched and undone I, muſt even I poſſeſs this undefiled, incorruptible, never fading inheritance? What have I done? or, what have I ſuffered for thy excellent name? yea, what have I not done, endeavoured and deſired againſt thy holineſs? Yet, even I muſt enter here, as worthy of all! I muſt wear the conqueror's crown! I muſt bear the palms of victory! even thus it muſt be, thus it ſhould be, ſince it is the good pleaſure of my Lord the King. When our Bridegroom hath made his ſpouſe the perfection of beauty, how is his myſtical body compoſed of various members, every one endowed with its own proper beauty? Every one is not graced with the ſame meaſure of excellency, ſince every member conduceth to the beautifying of the whole; varieties of glories in the ſame is wonderful, raviſhing and pleaſant. Even on earth the ſpouſe was adorned with various excellencies, chiefly for beauty, and not for neceſſity: nay, the heavens and the earth are not defective herein: were every ſtar like the ſun, or all the ſtars of equal glory, or the whole expanſion adorned with equal glory; or were every part of the earth covered over with the ſame beauties, ſo that nothing did excel another; were all heaven, or all earth; or were earth of equal glory with heaven; or were all a ſun; or were the higher and lower world nothing differing in glory; all would be every way the ſame; and ſo nothing ſo beautiful as it is. Indeed, the head is loving to all the members, and

is alike affected with them all; yet, every member is in its own order, *according to his good pleasure, which from eternity he purposed in himself.* As he distributed, after diverse degrees and manners, his gifts and graces, to his chosen in time; so doth he make the harvest correspondent to the seed-time, the manly constitution to the infancy, the vigour and blooming to the budding and first springing forth. According to the grace given unto us, in time, and the improvement thereof, in acting, or suffering for his glory; accordingly is every one of us rewarded: as he did promise and testify, that *as every man should receive according to his works*; so *they that are wise, shall shine as the firmament*, and *they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.* The connection betwixt time and eternity here, is not natural, from the nature of things, as if so much grace deserved so much glory; so much, or so long acting, or suffering, such or such a diadem of honour; but merely from his good pleasure, who disposeth all things most absolutely and freely. If it so pleased him, he might have disposed otherwise; but this is the most excellent, because he hath done it. All our excellency, and all our acting, or suffering, was only of him, and not of ourselves: he alone did *work in us, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure.* The more we were graced, the more we were enabled, the more we were obliged; only it hath pleased his infinite bounty to perfect in eternity, according as he did begin in time; and to give us the purchased possession, by way of reward. In our Lord's distribution of his rewards, he considers the multitudes of talents, and the improvement of them, and way of improvement; as, if with vigour and great sincerity; also perseverance therein,

therein, and duration, with more and more magnanimity unto the death; alſo the greatneſs of the oppoſers is conſidered; alſo the effects, and extending of talents, for the good of others; as when the man acts bravely, before ſun and moon, whereby great glory doth redound to him, for whom are all things; and many are ſtrengthened, and converted unto righteouſneſs: ſuffering is conſidered in itſelf, as ſuch, excelling acting; which is more or leſs excellent, even as acting, according to other various circumſtances. O the wonderful way thou haſt taken to beautify thy ſpouſe! how doth the head ſhine moſt eminently above all the members; and every member according to its meaſure, allotted from eternity? Every one of us was appointed, before the foundation of the world, to this meaſure of glory, moſt abſolutely and freely, without any reſpect to excellency, or good works in time: and yet, O eternal admiration! *He hath rewarded* every one of us, *according to our righteouſneſs; according to the cleanneſs of our hands he recompenſed us;* for *we kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from our God:* for *all his judgments were before us,* and we did not put away his ſtatutes from us; we were alſo *upright before him, and we kept ourſelves from our iniquity:* therefore hath *the Lord recompenſed us, according to our righteouſneſs, according to the cleanneſs of our hands in his eye-ſight;* for *with the merciful thou haſt ſhewed thyſelf merciful; with the upright man thou haſt ſhewed thyſelf upright; with the pure thou haſt ſhewed thyſelf pure; and with the froward, thou haſt ſhewed thyſelf froward: for thou haſt loved the afflicted people, and haſt brought down the high looks.* All thy promiſes to the overcomers haſt thou perfectly accompliſhed.

pliſhed. Boundleſs happineſs for evermore!

55. *All things are fully diſcovered in glory, which lay hid in time*

All things are laid open before the eyes of all: how paſſing clear and evident is the light of glory? Do I not know you all, and every one? not only according to your proper eſſences, and weight of glory; but alſo, what manner of perſons you were in time, as to all theſe circumſtances, by which men were differenced from one another: ſo that we may ſay, This, and this is the man, who was ſuch and ſuch an inſtrument in time, for the incomprehenſible glory of our never-enough exalted Redeemer; who will manifeſt all the good works, and excellency of every one before his Father, and before his angels. He from eternity knows by name, and hath manifeſted the name of every one, before the whole creation. Are you not eternally ſhamed and confounded, you haters of the only excellent One? You are declared by name before all, and every one in ſingular; the moſt hidden things of darkneſs are now laid open for ever and ever: all your thoughts, your words, your deeds; all your inclinations, your purpoſes, your projects, your impieties are made known perfectly to the conſciences of every one of you, to one another, and to us all. Hide yourſelves now, if you can; neither yourſelves, nor your wickedneſs, ſhall ever henceforth eſcape our view. Now we are inconceivably elevated above all natural ſagacity, natural illumination was wonderful diſcovering, as the ſagacity of man in his firſt eſtate did ſhew; the light of grace was more piercing, as diſcerning things far above the reach of nature; but all are ſcarce emblems of this light of glory. How *juſt and holy art thou, in all thy ways,* O my holy One! Thou

Thou haſt for ever unmaſked *the two great companies* of men and angels; *all now appear in their* genuine colours: our innocency *is manifeſted, and* their wickedneſs is laid open. How many things did we refer unto this day, as indiſcuſſable by dim-eyed mortals, who judged according to externals, conjectures and probabilities; and not according to the things as they were in themſelves? whence the condemning of the innocent, and juſtifying of the guilty: whence many went off the ſtage of the world, branded with the opprobrious names of hypocrites, new-goſpellers, traitors, ſeditious, factious, fanatics, and what not; who were the glory, flower and excellency of the generation: how many of the moſt excellent of the earth were cried out againſt on every ſide, becauſe of their ſingular holineſs, and fervency of ſpirit, for the intereſts of Chriſt, and power of godlineſs, above others; becauſe of their teſtifying againſt the proper ſins of their generation; that even ſome of the weakeſt of the ſaints did caſt abroad foul aſperſions on them, did hate and perſecute them, as troublers of the world? And how many were accounted, by the generality, true and ſincere ſaints, becauſe of their ſelfiſh prudential way of carriage, in all exigencies, and among all ſorts of perſons; becauſe of their large recommendations of all, and baſeneſs of ſpirit, in the public intereſts of God, though rejected, deſerted, blaſphemed and troden upon by almoſt all; becauſe of their compliance with the humours of moſt, and inſinuating of themſelves upon both good and bad, in an humble and loving manner; becauſe of their ſinful reſervedneſs, in the matters of God, in a declining time; becauſe of their keeping themſelves free from groſs outbreakings; becauſe of their counterfeiting of real

not ſaying, 'Behold, and for ever *behold your* Lord, your Head, your Huſband, *your King, your* Maker, your only Wellbeloved, *who loved you with* an eternal love; waſhed you, when polluted, in mine own blood; and made you kings and prieſts to my Father and your Father?

Did I love you, when vile and abominable? and ſhall I ever hate you, when made fair and lovely, through my perfect comelineſs? Come, my faireſt ſpouſe, come, my lovely one, let us ſatiate ourſelves with raviſhing loves, while the heavens remain. Behold theſe arms, that were ſtretched out upon the croſs, for your ſakes, are ever ready to embrace you: with deſire have I deſired this golden day of mutual loves and delights; even this day of my eſpouſals and gladneſs of heart; and therefore I have put on my marriage-robes, arrayed myſelf with glory and majeſty, as with a garment: and you alſo have I decked with paſſing glory. And, can we be but raviſhed? *Thou haſt raviſhed my heart*, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe! even when thou waſt black, thou waſt precious in my eyes: ſin and vileneſs is nothing in the way of my infinite love. I loved thee, becauſe I loved thee: and becauſe I loved thee, therefore haſt thou become exceeding lovely. Are you not dear unto me? are you not my delights and rejoicing? you are the fruit of my labours, ſufferings, ſad hearts, tears, ſighs, groans, fear, pain, ſhame, reproach: in ſeeing you, I behold *my ſeed, the travel of my ſoul*, and am *ſatisfied:* enjoy me now, as much as your ſoul deſires. All mountains are removed, all ſhadows are fled away; the occaſions of your doubtings, jealouſies, deſpondencies, are no more: we ſhall enjoy one another to the full. Love ſhall be no more pained and ſick of delays. Have I not

haſted

haſted to this eternal day of *enjoyment? how have* I diſpatched much in a ſmall time? *I have come* ſkipping *over the mountains, leaping over the hills.*

I ſwimmed through ſeas of blood, oceans of tears, worlds of woes and griefs; trode the wine-preſs of the wrath of God Almighty; cruſhed the people in mine anger, and trampled them in my fury; made my name to ſound throughout the whole world; filled the earth with the knowledge of my name; erected a glorious church on earth, of Jew and Gentile; put away time and days, cried down for ever all earthly pleaſures, pomps, glory, that we might enjoy this eternal day of love's fulleſt manifeſtations: and behold, I am become all in all unto you for evermore. Reſt, my deareſt ſpouſe, in my boſom: reſt in your love unto me; behold, *I reſt in my love unto thee, and rejoice over thee with ſinging.* Haſt thou laboured with me? here is an eternal repoſe. Haſt thou mourned? partake of my boundleſs joys. Haſt thou ſuffered for my name's ſake? thou ſhalt eternally ride with me in my majeſtic, triumphant chariot of glory: thou ſhalt no more be ſick of love, thro' abſence and want of the light of my countenance; whence ill thoughts, and doubtings of mine unchangeable love. Kiſs, and kiſs for ever, and take thy fill of love-embraces. His banner of love ſhall ever overſpread us! it is nothing what thou haſt been; ſince I have elected thee, and waſhed thee, and made thee paſſing beautiful and excellent; and thou haſt become mine: my life, my blood, my ſoul did I give for thee: I have become like thee, and made thee like unto me, that our fellowſhip might be moſt intimate and ſweet: and what, my fair one, could I have done more, to make thee ſuperabundantly bleſſed? have I not fitted thee

for my fellowſhip? have I not *adorned thee with* ſuperexcellent beauty, glory, *and majeſty? No*thing can ſhew forth thy pleaſantneſs, *thy ſurpaſ*ing excellencies: all trees, all flowers, all roſes, and lilies, all the beauties that adorn the ſpangled heavens, would bluſh. to contend with thy ſurpaſſing beauty; all their perfections are but emblems of that ſubſtantial excellency, wherewith I have beautified thee. Thine eyes would overcome me, I could not look upon thy beauty, if thou didſt not draw near; that love may be ſatiſfied with full enjoyment.' Can there be greater bleſſedneſs? can there be more intimate fellowſhip? O what love-embraces! what love-kiſſes! what overcoming ſmiles! we bathe ourſelves in the oceans of pure unmixed love! 'The very ſmell of thy garments, my fair one, raviſh my heart, they exhale a fragrancy like a field which the Lord hath bleſſed! even my Father hath bleſſed thee, and thou art bleſſed for evermore. All who have curſed thee, have been curſed; and all who have bleſſed thee, have been bleſſed. *The eternal God is thy refuge; and underneath are everlaſting arms:* and he hath caſt out the enemy from before thee; and hath ſaid, *Deſtroy them.* Thou dwelleſt in ſafety, alone; the *fountain of Jacob* is open unto thee. O people ſaved of the Lord, the ſhield of thine help; and who is the ſtrength of thine excellency: and thine enemies have been found liars unto thee; and thou haſt troden them upon their high places. O are you not bleſſed, eternally bleſſed, who have been appointed to ſo great things? Glory, excellency, ſtrength, beauty, honour, and all are yours! behold, behold, ye children of my everlaſting loves and delights, theſe precious crowns, theſe garlands of glory, where-

herewith I adorn you!' Behold, *behold, all creatures*, devils, and wicked men, *thus is it done* eternally unto the men whom *the King* delighteth to honour. 'This is the majesty I clothe them with, who have loved, feared, and obeyed me, unto death, in their generation. This is the kingdom, these are the glorious mansions, I have set them down into. I spake not to you, my fair ones, of earthly kingdoms and possessions: these celestial habitations were you ordained unto, as your everlasting country. I told you of worlds, and kingdoms, and crowns, and sceptres, and cities, and glorious mansions; and behold, inconceivably more than I promised: yea, did you not inherit time also? did you ever want journey-bread, as long as on the way to this country? though, for your good, I did not laden you with the thick clay of the earth, I ever cut out that lot which was best for you, which was not a life of earthly abundance: if it had been otherwise, I should have made you the only sharers of earth, the only potentates of time; but dunghill earth was far below your divine minds. How degrading had it been, to see my fellow-heirs vexed, turmoiled, and distracted with dunghill concernments? No, your generous spirits were exercised with high and excellent things, and were not brought down by the empty concernments the sons of the earth were only occupied with. My way to this unspeakable glory was through contempt, reproach, afflictions, poverty, shame; I could not dignify you, more than by making you partakers of my lot, my excellent ones: if I had plunged you in the midst of earthly prosperity and abundance, you should have missed the greatest glory, which is suffering for my name's sake; your crown

ſhould not have been ſo maſſy and g
where would have been the exerciſe a
your graces? your patience in tribu
meek, quiet, and contented ſpirit, w
of men were exalted, and did abound
enjoyments, ſharing the earth among
they alone had only derived their p
Adam? where had been manifeſted
dence in your heavenly Father, if
ſeemed to contradict the promiſes? T
draught of my infinite wiſdom, that
the crown ſhould be through all man
afflictions, and oppoſitions. Great w
with devils, with wicked men, with
corruptions, with many external di
unto hunger, thirſt, nakedneſs, and
for your daily bread: and ſhould it n
thus? for, if no enemies, no figh
fighting, no victory; and if no vict
umphing: is not here a golden chain
ful wiſdom and love? Poſſeſs for ever
kingdom, my valiant ones. a kingd
for you moſt freely and abſolutely,
ſpect to work or excellency: yet, poſ
of conqueſt: my free grace, given to
do I crown with this eternal and exce
of glory: all this kingdom is for ever
as if there were none elſe; all of you
of all things. I have redeemed you
wrath, miſery, and ſinning; I have
things for you; I have prayed to my
you, whom he had given me, migh
with me where I am, to behold my
he hath given me; for he loved me
foundation of the world. Theſe, l
your portion. Earth was a portion f

nly; and therefore I divided it moſt large'y a-
ongſt them, caſting crowns and principalities,
ıd the greateſt earthly things of time, to the vi-
ſt of them: to indulge your childiſhneſs, I gave
metimes to ſome of you large portions of the
ırth; for many ends, known only to myſelf, and
r giving you a breathing time, leſt the ſpirit that
had made ſhould have been brought to nothing:
ıt earthly portions were only fit for baſe ſpirits;
or and empty were the donations I vouchſafed
on them, in compariſon of this When I give
you. I give like a king indeed: when I have
ended on high, and led captivity captive, I ſhare
leſs among my friends, than everlaſting, ever-
uriſhing kingdoms and principalities; and this is
: manifeſtation of free love, before the corner-
ne of the earth was laid: here, as every where,
h my abſolute ſovereignty ſhine. *I am Alpha*
Omega. No cauſe of my actings without my-
: by me, through me, and for me are all things:
you have I choſen veſſels of glory and honour,
t on you I might ſhew forth that infinite boun-
love, and compaſſion that dwelleth in me.'

3 *Reprobates are already judged, and con-*
ned; and all their faculties are filled with
dreadful roarings of the Lion of the tribe of
ah.

low doth our holy One fill the ſenſes of curſed
robates with his dreadful voice, wherewith ten
ıſand worlds might be ſhaken to nothing! how
ı the Lion of the tribe of Judah roar forth!
e eternally confounded, from my amiable pre-
e, vile wretches, you are a ſmoak in my no-
s, *a fire that burneth all the day long.* Your
bhorreth me, O prodigious monſters! and my
bhorreth you. Betwixt us this unquench-

able hatred ſhall increaſe through
as your helliſh violence, and monſtr
tions do increaſe, eternally will I kin
of my fury upon you; ſo ſhall I be
ed, and comforted: I have been we
fraining: now is this unquenchab
burned in my breaſt, broken forth,
delighted. Did ſuch an helliſh m
you, as to think you might eſcape
hand? And knew ye not yourſelves
tures, rebelling againſt me, the omn
reign of all things? Let your ow
yourſelves of your horrid villany ag
boundleſs original of all excellenci
and ſweetneſs, which you experie
wretches: did you prefer, and love,
ly yourſelves? ſhall the creature b
the Creator? The monſtruoſity of
nally affright you. Yourſelves are i
ments to yourſelves: for you beh
neſs as it is. Did you not think, t
ſilence, that I was like to baſe you
will eternally reprove you, and ſet
fore your eyes: now you ſee your
What think you of your holding th
righteouſneſs? ſo that you becam
imaginations, and your fooliſh heart
ed; profeſſing yourſelves wiſe, you
and changed the glory of the incorru
to the vain fancies of your deſper
hearts; ſtill looking upon him, as
ſelves. What think you of deligh
created enjoyments, than in me,
of all? Your affections bended mo
and vanities; the fountain of all
abhorred. Did you not ſay,

from us: for *we desire not the knowledge of his name? What profit is there in serving him?* what pleasure in being in his fellowship? yea, *what a weariness is it?* Let us have earthly enjoyments, and we desire no more; these are the only things we delight in What think you, that you are born enemies, haters of me from your very first original? With your first breathings of life, did you breathe forth malice against your Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor; and what can you do eternally, but roar with your malicious blasphemies? But what availeth either your malice, or goodness? I am infinitely above all creatures. What is that to me, whether creatures obey, or disobey? What are you, that I should be mindful of you, and bring you into judgment? What are you, that my anger should burn eternally against you? Yet is it my pleasure, that upon you be manifested the glory of my avenging justice: As I have sworn, so have I performed, that *every knee shall bow to me.* You stiffnecked wretches, would ye not yield to the sceptre of my government? I will make you stoop and lick the dust like serpents, under my feet, and the feet of my chosen, whom you hated and despised, in a vain world. *I alone will be exalted, and my glory will I not give unto another.* Would you not be the actual instruments of my glory? I will eternally make you the passive proclaimers thereof: your cursings and howlings shall set me on high, even proclaim the glory of my spotless holiness, throughout all ages. Cursed creatures, whom my hands formed to serve, and obey, and glorify me; shall I not recompense your hatred and rebellion upon *your own heads?* shall not my soul be fully *avenged upon you?* You are the abomination

my ſoul; and therefore vengeance *ſhall be my eternal delight.* I am of purer eyes *than to behold iniquity:* triumph I not? *I the righteous Lord love the righteous; my countenance doth behold the upright:* but *the wicked, and him that loveth violence, my ſoul abhorreth.* According to my abſolute ſovereignty, might I have made out of you any thing I pleaſed; but thus have I done, that the glory of my ſpotleſs holineſs might eternally ſhine forth: but as I ſaid, ſo have I done; and it is known, whoſe word ſtands, yours or mine. Said you, in the ſtoutneſs of your hearts, *Our tongues are our own, who are lords over us? We are lords, we will no more come unto thee.* And ſhall you not find, to your eternal miſery, who is the great Former, and abſolute Sovereign of all things? And you the vileſt of all vileneſs, to whom moſt lovingly I offered my heart, my blood, my life, my kingdom, and all things; and yet you ſlighted and neglected all, as things of no great excellency: O mine enemies, mine enemies! ſlain and deſtroyed ye ſhall be eternally before mine eyes. I have no enemies like you, unto whom I moſt condeſcendingly revealed my will, appointing your lot within the pale of the church. I have found you, O mine enemies, you haters of my holineſs, and deſpiſers of mine excellency, who at the moſt loved *a form of godlineſs*, but *denied the power thereof.* Did I riſe up early and late, crying unto you? did I beſeech, intreat, proteſt, obteſt, ſigh, weep and groan over you, that you would come out from your vain converſation, and partake of a bleſſed communion with my Father and me? and ſhall I not cauſe you howl, and roar, and weep, and gnaſh your teeth, in utter darkneſs for ever and ever? Have I not intreated long?

long? ſhould I wait for ever upon *creatures mad* ly furious againſt me? I have *ſworn by my holi*neſs, that after death no more *forbearance; the* word hath gone out of my mouth, it cannot be recalled: I am not a man, that I ſhould change. I appointed a time for every thing; a time of forbearance, and a time of puniſhment. This is the eternal day of wrath; the endleſs day of vengeance is in my heart; *The year of my redeemed is come:* I curſe you, bitterly curſe you; all the woes that ever I pronounced fall upon you; let them be written upon your foreheads, and on your hands, and fill all the powers and faculties of ſoul and body: Wo, wo, wo! world of woes and curſes fall down inceſſantly and eternally upon you all, according to your wickedneſs: as every one of you hath *ſown, ſo ſhall you reap.* Wo unto you, who have *joined houſe to houſe, and field to field,* extruding Adam's fellow-heirs. Wo unto you, that have mingled ſtrong drink. Wo unto you, that have drawn iniquity with cords of vanity; who have *called good evil, and evil good.* Wo unto you, who were wiſe in your own eyes, and prudent in your own ſight. Curſed be you, that placed your confidence in creatures, and not in the Lord JEHOVAH. Wo unto you, that ſhut heaven both upon yourſelves and others: wo unto you, who *devoured the needy, and for a pretence made long prayers.* Wo unto you, who compaſſed ſea and land, to draw others unto your faction, under the pretence of the ſalvation of ſouls: wo unto you, who, by your fooliſh ſubtleties, did caſt a miſt upon all the duties of religion: wo unto you, who were ſtrict in the circumſtantials and externals of religion, and careleſs of the power and life thereof: wo unto you, who pretended love

and

nd reverence to the dead *ſaints, becauſe they* could not teſtify againſt you; *but maligned, perſecuted*, and contemned the *living ones, becauſe* of their ſtanding out againſt the ſins of the generation wherein they lived. O curſed wretches, the flames of my rage ſhall feed themſelves upon you: try your ſtoutneſs and magnanimity now; the threatening of my fury and indignation did little affect you: you gave me the lie, and ſaid, *It is not the Lord, neither ſhall evil befal us.* When my hand was ſtretched out, you would not ſee; but now you ſee, and feel, and are everlaſtingly aſhamed. Your Atheiſm is quite done away: know ye not now, that I am a God of truth and equity? have I not performed all upon you, that ever I ſpoke? are you not filled with wrath? is not ſoul and body tormented with the dreadful flames of my fury? ſhower I not down upon you inceſſantly fire and brimſtone, and an horrible tempeſt of all manner of pains, griefs, and torments? Devils and wicked men, tear and torment, and curſe one another; you concurred bravely in ſinning, concur in your puniſhing; you loved the fellowſhip of one another, be eternally together: companions in time, and companions in eternity. The fellowſhip of my holy ones you little eſteemed; I have made betwixt them and you a vaſt gulf of eternal ſeparation: had you known their dignity, you ſhould have wondered, that I ſuffered you to abide in the ſame world with them. What think you now of provoking me, vile wretches? are you the creatures that thought highly of ſinning? are you able to deſpiſe and mock at the juſt puniſhment thereof? No more vain laughing and jollity; the fewel of your baſe ſinful delights have I taken for ever from you: not one ſmile of joy from

from henceforth. All the mercies *I vouchſafed upon you*, did ye uſe againſt me; *the more I continued* my bounty, the more you rebelled and vexed my holy Spirit; though *in me you lived, moved, and had your being*, yet you forget me, and minded your own worldly things more than my glory and intereſt through the world. All your actions were ſubordinate to baſe ſelf; even your moſt excellent-like actings and ſufferings for my cauſe, were ever out of one ſelfiſh deſign or other: I will fill you with your own ways. You ſhall not be troubled with offers of mercy any more, or with the exerciſes of godlineſs any more: nothing but blaſphemy fills your helliſh mouths. You ſhall not be vexed with the company of my ſaints any more: you ſhall have your fill of one another's helliſh fellowſhip throughout eternity: your choice and delight ſhall not be taken from you. Know you not who I am? Am I not he whom you deſpiſed and forgot? am I not he whoſe yoke you brake aſunder from your necks? am I not he whom you defied, and proclaimed war againſt? Gird up now your loins, like men, and maintain your quarrel valiantly; ſhew, by your magnanimous deportment, the juſtneſs of your enmity againſt me. Deſperate wretches, you have not the heart to ſubmit; neither are you able to ſtand againſt one billow of my indignation. It was plainly manifeſted unto you all would come to this; but your minds were filled with vanity: I am free from the ruin and unſpeakable miſery of you all; only yourſelves have deſtroyed yourſelves: madly and deſparately have you run to your own deſtruction; and who was obliged to ſtand in your way? Who hath ſtruck you with ſuch a monſtrous hatred to all good, and inclination to all evil? are ye not naturally

turally wicked and abominable? *are your not haters of my holineſs and excellency? had ye not from* the beginning a ſtrange *averſeneſs from my ſpotleſs* holineſs? Blaſphemous wretches, you ſee *my ways are equal*, to your eternal torment and confuſion; your mouths are for ever ſtopped, and you are found guilty: nothing have you to ſay for yourſelves, your monſtrous helliſh frame is as a thouſand witneſſes againſt you. Should not I alone be exalted? ſhould I not cruſh to pieces all the deſpiſers of my glory? ſhall I not for ever cauſe you to drink the pure and unmixed wrath of the Almighty, that is poured forth without mixture? that ye may be filled with my fury and indignation, and may be drunk, and made mad, and torment, and tear, and devour, and curſe yourſelves, and one another; that every thought may bring in a dreadful horror, and helliſh pangs. O mine enemies, mine enemies! whom I made the ſhields of the earth, who became greater in wickedneſs, than in your worldly greatneſs: you ringleaders of iniquity, betrayers of the great truſt I dignified you with; the ruin of thouſands ſhall fall on your heads. Did you tyrannize without law or reaſon, alledging you were accountable to none for outrages, but unto me? that you might fulfil your wicked deſires without controlment? O vileſt of wretches, whom I ſet over my church, to defend her from all external damages, to hold her in all her glorious privileges, that I left her in my legacy, and to hold the crown upon my head, in deſpite of the oppoſers; did you make havock of her? did you rob her of her adornments? did you pull the crown off my head, and put it on your own? did you neglect the affairs of my church, and ſubordinate them to your own temporal, vain, tranſient a

fair

faire? did you put the ſword *in the bowels of my* choſen, which I gave you to *protect them with? O* mine enemies! I will neither *fight with ſmall nor* great, in compariſon of *you;* even *you* I will for ever be avenged upon; *you,* and all your paraſites, executors, applauders, connivers, and conſulters to your horrid rebellion. Durſt you, you baſe, you vile wretches, be ſo monſtrouſly audacious, as to uſurp my prerogatives? durſt you deſtroy, impriſon, baniſh, torment, and be as thorns in the ſides of my excellent ones? What you did to every one of them, you did to me; I will recompenſe it. It had well become you, *to ſtoop and lick the duſt at the feet of my brethren:* it had well become you, *to hold up the train of my robe royal, in the day of my wounding:* it had well become you, *to have honoured, and reverenced every one of them, from the higheſt to the leaſt: had you conſidered their dignity, you would have wondered I permitted you in my providence, to dwell in that world they inhabited; far more to have had any manner of ſuperiority over them.* Here I meet you, my curſed enemies; know *you* with whom *you* contended? Am not I He, whom you contemned, deſpiſed, impoveriſhed, impriſoned, baniſhed, maligned, and ſpewed out the venom of hell againſt? I am He, whoſe blood you eſteemed as water; my brethren you hated, becauſe they bare my image: for my ſake, even for my ſake, you perſecuted them; whatever were your pretenſions, the *power of godlineſs* was the but of your malice: durſt you malign the exerciſing of my Spirit of grace, in its higheſt actings, as a ſpirit of ſedition, and rebellious combinations? did you take it upon you, to ſhape out the government of my church according to your fooliſh fancy, as an indifferent thing? as

If I had left any blanks in *my teſtament, for you* to fill up according to *your helliſh pleaſure. You,* even you, with the *betrayers of my intereſts and* people, will I place eternally in the brunt of my fury: be eternally confounded, all mine enemies together; ſects, ranters, civilians, devout naturaliſts, formaliſts, carnal goſpellers, latitudinarians; you have I choſen, before all ages, veſſels of wrath and diſhonour, fitted to deſtruction; that over you I might ſhew forth my abſolute ſovereignty, long-ſuffering, power of my wrath, purity of my holineſs, and infinite perfections.

59. *All the creatures are ſharers of this eternal day of joy, except reprobate men and angels.*

Clap your hands, and be exceeding joyful, O thou creation of God, who art for ever looſed from vanity and bondage: *This is the day which the Lord made,* rejoice and be glad in it: this is the eternal day of the reſtitution of all things: ſhout and cry aloud, ye lower heavens, and dance, thou earth; ſing melodiouſly, O ye heavenly hoſts, ſun, moon, and ſtars: O ye mountains, are ye not eternally ſkipping, *like lambs?* You vallies, you pleaſant fields, are you not ever ſmiling, and ſhouting for joy? you have been wearied, and worn out, in ſerving ſinful creatures, you have been defiled, and written over with vanity; but now are you renewed, and made pure and clear. How earneſt was your *expectation of the manifeſtation of the ſons of God!* for you were made *ſubject to vanity not willingly,* but *by reaſon of him* who had *ſubjected you in hope*; becauſe you were alſo to be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the *glorious liberty of the children of God.* O fair, beautiful, and delightſome creation, all things now are thouſands of ſtages more excellent than at

at the beginning! nothing dwells here but righteouſneſs! thou art not now, O earth, the ſtage of all wickedneſs and rebellion againſt thy Creator; thou groans not under the weight of ſinful abominable wretches. You fields, you are not divided, and poſſeſſed by the vileſt of men, who, by the benefit of the revenues caſt out of your fruitful womb, were, in their own eyes, and in the eyes of ſilly fools like themſelves, excellent and conſiderable perſons; you furniſh not fewel for their ſtinking pride, tyrannizing, and villainous pleaſures. It was by you, under the appointment of your Creator, the vile worms of the earth appeared ſomewhat; being clothed over with the ſcenical garbs of riches, and titular honours, elſe they had been vile in one another's eyes, as now they are to all eternity; having no internal, real, or perſonal excellency worthy to be accounted of. Out of thee, O earth, do not come the precious fruits, for filling the bellies of wretched miſcreants, who did eat and drink largely, and wallowed in all earthly delights; when the only excellent of the earth, through oppreſſion, were ſometimes pinched in the neceſſaries of a mortal life: out of thee do not come inſtruments of cruelty, the weapons of war, with which the *ſeed of the ſerpent* did kill, and torment, and perſecute the *blood royal of heaven*: out of thee do not come the beaſts, wearied with ſerving and holding up the filth and off-ſcourings of all things; the horſes are not groaning under lumps of death and hell, riding in a brave and gallant manner, with a fine train; joining battle with the camp of the ſaints, that they might deſtroy the righteous from the earth, and have none to ſtand in the way of their helliſh endeavours, their monſtrous triumphing and tyrannizing, as

abſolute ſovereigns of all: the ſheep are
ried in furniſhing coverings and ranting
for the vileſt of creatures; now they ha
rag to cover their nakedneſs; no ſilk a
embroideries for the vile carcaſſes of hell
ſters: the excellent creatures are not nov
hold in the life of baſe miſcreants, ten
ſtages below the loweſt of beaſts. Thou
art not an inſtrument any more, whe
wretched ſouls and carcaſſes of curſed ſi
keeped together, in a tolerable condition;
treacherous enemies to God and man, do
defile thee, by drawing thee in, and out,
conſervation of their abominable life. T
ter, thou art not now uſed, by the devi
ſlaves, as inſtruments of their cruelty ag
only princely and noble perſons, the *co*
heaven and earth, and all things. Thou
O fire, compelled violently, againſt thy n
reduce to aſhes, with great torment, the
bodies of *Zion's children, comparable to ſ*
You ſun, moon, and ſtars, you ſhall not
on the wicked, as well as the righteous a
you do not loſe your ſweet influences upo
bomination of heaven, and earth, and all
are you not in your own kind happy, by be
from ſuch grievous bondage; more grievo
to be corrupted, deſtroyed, and broken in
ſand nothings? O what joys! all dance,
joice! all are in a melodious frame! the
my Wellbeloved's ſuffering and exaltation
by ſuperabundance to all things. No wo
are plunged in the oceans of unſpeakable
delights! though all were in a mourning
we could not but eternally ſuperabound

this is the eternal day of our redemption, *the day* of the reſtitution *of all things.*

60. *All things are renewed, and glorified, nothing annihilated.*

O thou lower world, thou art made new indeed! O ſuch a majeſtic, glorious fabric out of the aſhes of a dunghill! O heavenly earth! or earthly heaven! wonderful! not a new creation, but a renewing of the old, that periſhed by the fire of his indignation! O my Lord, thou canſt make any thing out of any thing thou pleaſeſt: beings, and no beings, are all alike to thee! verily this is a change, wherein infinite excellency is highly manifeſted. What joy, to behold the face of all things! our ſeeing of the *firſt temple* will not cauſe us weep, becauſe of this *ſecond:* here is a magnificent royal palace reared up, in the place of a dungeon; a ſtately, majeſtic city, in the place of a few poor cottages. Was the former fabric real; or was it not rather imaginary? were they not fools, who were only delighted with it? were they not bewitched, and led away with fancies, night dreams and vanities? I thought the former earth, in the days of my mortality, full of the glory, bounty, riches, and excellency of the great Former; and was it not? Yet was it a dark ſhadow to what mine eyes behold. This is a change could never have entered within the conceptions of the moſt excellent creatures! this is materially the *former*, and yet not the former. It is manifeſt, my Almighty One, thou canſt create never ſo many worlds, differing altogether in excellency from one another; but thou haſt done it, becauſe it ſo pleaſed thee: juſt, and holy, and wiſe, and true art thou, in all thy ways. This is the ſtage whereon thou acteddſt moſt wonderful things, as a *prelude* to this

endleſs day of eternity: whereon *thou ran an in*conceivable maſs of various *diſpenſations, which will* fill eternity with admiration: here *didſt thou diſ*play the banner of thy mercy and juſtice in the very ſame traces of providence, as the wiſeſt of mortals could not trace thy footſteps; here thou wroughtſt the never-enough admired work of our redemption; here thou wooed thy bride; here thou prepared thine enemies for the time of vengeance; here thou madeſt all things ready for this everlaſting day; and therefore in thy wiſdom haſt thou continued it an eternal monument. Oh! thy ſovereignty runs in the channel of thine infinite love and bounty! thou mightſt return all things back to their *original* again; but thy goodneſs is for ever extended over the works of thine hands: *Thy glory endureth for ever; thou doſt rejoice in all thy works:* ſhall I not then rejoice in them? ſhall not I, conſidering them, be eternally raviſhed? might it not render a creature eternally bleſſed, to conſider thy infinite glory and perfections, written on thy handy-work? Even in the days of my childhood, I could not open mine eyes on the moſt ordinary productions of thine excellency, without ſtrange ſtirrings, love, joy, and admiration. O the raviſhing ſweet ſights that even then I have ſeen of thee, through the glaſs of the creature! how have my thoughts run a maze of raviſhing delights and ſweetneſs, in conſidering the vaſtneſs and expanſion of the canopy of the lower world; the beams of thy chambers, laid in the waters; the clouds, thy chariots, whereon thou didſt glorioufly ride; the winds, the pavement whereon thou walkedſt; thy omnipotent power, in laying ſo firmly the foundations of the earth, that it cannot be moved; the prodigious overflowing of

the

the waters, when they overwhelmed the earth; the unſearchable manner of bounding the boiſterous waves of the raging ſea, by ſandy bulwarks; thy wiſdom, in watering the vallies from the mountains, and the mountains from the ſea and heavens, that the fowls of the air, and the beaſts of the field might drink abundantly: the excellent virtues of baſe dunghill earth manifeſted in its rich, pleaſant, ſweet, various, and lively offspring; as graſs, herbs, flowers, ſhrubs, trees, and innumerable multitude of beauties, filling all the ſenſes with paſſing delectation, and ſubſervient to all the defects of indigent mortals; as nutriment, medicine, clothing, and habitation: the wonderful eye of thine omniſcient providence over the moſt inconſiderable creatures; as the conies and goats, who were provided of fit refuges from all danger: the exact ordinances of ſun, moon, and ſtars; the viciſſitudes of light and darkneſs, for the ſeveral exigencies of men and beaſts. In the midſt of ſuch raviſhing thoughts of thy power, wiſdom, and goodneſs, how have I been filled, according to the meaſure of mortality, with inexpreſſible joy and ſweetneſs? ſo that I could not but cry out, with raviſhing aſtoniſhment, *O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wiſdom haſt thou made them all! the earth is full of thy riches!* and again fell into the deep contemplation of the greatneſs of the ſea, its innumerable progeny of ſmall and great animals; thy wiſdom in appointment of navigation, and power in the leviathan's playing there; thy rich bounty, in holding a well-furniſhed table, to ſo numerous a family, as the people of heaven, earth, and ſea; their neceſſary dependance on thee, every inſtant, *their living*, moving, being; ſo that they are *if thou draw in* thyſelf, and the vivifying Spi-

rit thou communicates unto them. Have I not, O my God, been in many ſuch ſweet meditations, until I have been wrapt up in a frame of ſpirit, inutterable, inexpreſſible? and ſung forth in the midſt of ſuch ſweetneſs, *The glory of the Lord ſhall endure for ever; the Lord ſhall rejoice in all his works: I will ſing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will ſing praiſes unto my God, while I have my being, my meditation of him ſhall be ſweet; I will rejoice in the Lord.* How oft have I thought, Is the wilderneſs ſo ſweet and pleaſant? what muſt the inland be? Is there ſuch raviſhing variety of beauty, glory, and ſweetneſs, all alongſt in my pilgrimage? what can I imagine to behold in my native country? Is the habitation, where devils, wicked men and beaſts inhabit, ſo excellent and glorious? what can I think of the place where Jeſus, the Emmanuel, with his fair white company of ſaints and angels, everlaſtingly abides? Is my God's footſtool ſo glorious? what muſt his throne be? Is the undervault of this baſe dungeon ſo majeſtic? O the higher hall of glory, where the glorious King, and his magnificent court remain! Doth the habitation ſymbolize with the inhabitants? the higher world muſt inconceivably tranſcend this lower. And is this earth ſo ſweet, when curſed, and defiled, becauſe of its abominable inhabitants? what ſhall it be when renewed, and made only an habitation of righteouſneſs? ſhall not every place excel Eden? and Eden the celeſtial camps? Indeed, O lower world, we might, in our mortality, conceive ſomething confuſedly of thy renovation; but could never have imagined thou ſhouldſt have been thus. O earth, thou appeareſt to be placed after the former manner, to be of the former magnitude and figure, as it eve

every point correſponding to the *ſame points of* the heaven of heavens; alſo *the lower heaven diffe*ers not in magnitude, *ſituation, and number of* tapers, from the former; and only herein do the old and new world agree: now, the ſmalleſt ſtar would have confounded the inhabitants of the old, and made the very ſun to evaniſh in its light: the beams of light darting every where are ſubſtantial; filling not only the eyes, but all the ſenſes with paſſing delight; it containing innumerable perfections and virtues, not to be perceived by mortals; their ſenſes being few, and capable of little: but now, every ſenſe is equivalent to ten thouſand thouſand differing in kind from one another: the light of one luminary confounds not the rays of another, though all are united and made one: the moon appears to change faces, by the nearer, or further approach of, or diſtance from her King; yet ſhe is ever more glorious than the ſun in his former condition: every ſtar ſhowers down millions of millions of various influences, which in a moment would convert the former earth into a lump of gold or gems: all are tranſparent, even the ſun, moon, and ſtars, though compact ſolid globes of light: no vail drawn betwixt the higher and lower habitation: no ſmoky fumes betwixt heaven and earth: no winds, nor ſtorms, tempeſts, pinching cold, nor piercing heat. No viciſſitudes of ſummer and winter; nothing but an eternal ſpring-tide and endleſs ſummer, a conſtant harveſt: all are in their blooming eſtate, and fulleſt perfection. What wonder! is it not the centre of infinite influences? the ſweet influences of Pleides are never bound up, but are every minute ſhowered down; the bands of Oriön are ever looſed; and is not the heavenly

earth

everlaſting counſels is all brought *forth: it is done*, thus it is, becauſe it thus pleaſed *him*. *Holy, holy, holy* Lord God *Almighty, which was, and is, and art to come! Thou art worthy to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou haſt created all things, and for thy pleaſure they are, and were created.*

61. *The triumphing over the wicked, is a part of the ſaints glory and happineſs.*

O beautiful, glorious, and joyful world! all have been ſad like until now: who can open their eyes, and not be overjoyed, though they extracted their delights only from creatures mediately? But what is this to you, loſt wretches, ſhut up in utter darkneſs? your beſt world hath eternally evaniſhed: this is a black miſerable world to you. What have you to do with this fair creation? It is ours, only ours; for *we are Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's*. Even the former earth you took for your country; heaven and happineſs was only yours by uſurpation and oppreſſion; but now you ſhall uſurp no more: if any thing be yours, it is that bottomleſs lake, wherein you crawl, like ſo many filthy toads, ſnakes, and abominable vermine: to behold you, would confound any creature, not endowed with immortality. O monſtrous ſights! O the infinite power of JEHOVAH! that can ſhape out after this faſhion: your ſtructure ſymbolizeth with your vileneſs; your countenance correſponds excellently to your helliſh minds; and you cannot but affright one another with your deſperate helliſh looks and minds: blaſphemy, and horrid deſperation is written on your foreheads, even the wrath and fury of JEHOVAH and the Lamb: one of your ghaſtly looks would affright millions of mortals out of their wits. You are, O dreadful vileneſs! extremely miſerable, yet not objects of pity:

ty: you might ſtirred up compaſſion in the moſt zealous breaſts on earth, becauſe then you were endowed with ſome ſmall relicts of the image of your Creator; but how fully is the ſaying of our Wellbeloved accompliſhed on you? *From him that hath not, ſhall be taken away even that which he hath.* All the ſpunks of goodneſs are evaniſhed; and what can remain, but a maſs of all impiety, and direct hatred of God? Nothing like this was ſeen on earth. Now you appear in your own colours; God hath ſtripped you naked of all. Where are all your excellent gifts, your prudence, and civility, your fine natural diſpoſition, your love to God, you ſo much talked of? Now it appears, that *the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and deſperately wicked, above imagination.* On earth, becauſe of natural ties, we could not but love you; your eternal rebellion not being manifeſted to us: but now you are for ever our Lord's ſtated enemies; that though he would offer you pardon, your curſed hearts would no leſs riſe againſt him; your hatred is unquenchable, and augments throughout eternity. Fools, are you belching out the venom of hell againſt him, who for ever tramples you under his feet? do not your curſings, and horrid blaſphemies ſound forth the juſtneſs of his avenging wrath? Not becauſe of his wrath and diſpleaſure againſt you, are you mad againſt him; in the midſt of his bounty did you continue in your enmity.

His holineſs, his ſpotleſs holineſs is the but of your helliſh malice: your wickedneſs is come to its perfection: mortality was not capable of outing the *ten thouſandth* part of what is now manifeſted: ever were you averſe from the fellowſhip of the ever-bleſſed God: now you directly avouch you

enmity, as juſt and equitable, *in deſpite of your* conſciences ſhowing right and *wrong*. *Know you* not, that he, againſt whom *you have eternally* ſworn yourſelves enemies, may uſe his power over you? And you would do ſo over him and his. What would you do with his holy ones, if you had their everlaſting lot at your diſpoſing? Is not *his mercy over all his works?* ſince he layeth not upon you the ten thouſandth part of that puniſhment he could, and his ſovereignty and diſpleaſure carves out the meaſure of your puniſhment: but, is there any meaſure, which he might not in juſtice inflict? When it is augmented with never ſo many ages, and your ſtrength augmented to bear it; never can it be ſaid, He inflicts more than is meet; ſince your rebellion is againſt an infinite Majeſty, and is of an endleſs nature: ſince you are ever ſinning more and more, therefore you are obliged to his everlaſting mercy and bounty.

O my God, what a delightſome change is this! *I will rejoice, yea, I will for ever rejoice in beholding!* What now, you ſome-bodies of time, where is your gay clothing, your fine well pampered carcaſſes? what think you of theſe vile, abominable, ugly, clubbiſh bodies, which you only cared for, and would have ſo finely deckt, as if they had been made of ſome celeſtial ſubſtance, and not of the ſame lump that all mankind was made of? what is come of the excellent majeſty and reverence, ſilly flattering fools made you believe, had been enſtamped upon your very bodily viſage? where is your brave attendance, you imagined followed you, for your real excellency? where is that admiration had of you, beaſtly wretches, becauſe of advantage? what think ye, baſe ſycophants, of the

the men you truſted to, and adored above God all ſufficient? ſee you now any *majeſty, or excellencies* in ſuch poor, baſe, trembling catives? are they not the ſame that they were? only the fig-leaves that covered them are taken away. They imagined themſelves ſome-bodies, while they poſſeſſed earthly abundance: how highly did they look, becauſe they ſeemed to have ſome more ſhovel-fulls of earth than others? But now the lofty looks of man are humbled, and the haughtineſs of man is bowed down; and the Lord alone is exalted in this day. What now, tyrants, ſilly catives; are you the very ſame men that made the earth to tremble? The Lord hath *broken the ſtaff of the wicked, and the ſceptre of the rulers:* your pomp is brought down to the grave, and the *noiſe of your viols ceaſeth, the worms are ſpread under you, and the worms cover you:* are you not deſpiſed in the eyes of all, whether in heaven or hell? the Almighty hath laid open your nakedneſs, he hath diſcovered your ſecret parts: fools, were you never thinking that it would come to this? did you imagine, that the vileſt of men ſhould domineer over the moſt excellent, and no more of it? that *the wicked might oppreſs the man more righteous than himſelf*, and yet no more of it to all eternity? did the Almighty create man after his image, to eat, and drink, and paſs away an inch of time, and no more? was it the purpoſe of the wiſe Diſpoſer of all things, that men ſhould be ranked according to the fancies of riches and titular honour, acquired by vanity, and maintained by folly? What think you now of thoſe you contemned not long ago, whom you eſteemed as the *filth and off ſcourings of all things*, whom you thought unworthy of your excellent preſence, becauſe they

were not laded with the thick clay of the earth? What diſtance and reverence looked you for from fellow-creatures, as if they had been made for ſo baſe an end, as to hold up your *yeas* and *nays*? as if caping and cringing, and ſuch hiſtrionic vanities had been requiſite for the ſons of wiſdom? O joyful day of eternity! wherein all things are unmaſked; all odds are made even! the forethoughts of this held up my heart, in my ſad pilgrimage. Now, wretches, it is evident, who on earth ſhould have been moſt honoured and eſteemed, who ſhould have had the chief place among men; who ſees not now, that *wiſdom is the principal thing*? How vain was the eſteem of the world! were they not fools, who in the leaſt regarded it? who conſidered things only according to their external ſhews. Catives, what think you of your fools-paradiſe? your golden dream hath miſerably beguiled you: earthly riches are cried down; the vain denominations of time are fled away. Only wiſdom for ever remains. What then, are you, poor wicked wretches, expoſed to the ſhame, contempt, and mockery of all the world? are you not made a gazing-ſtock to God, angels, and men? you ſnatched at fancies, and neglected wiſdom, which would have rendered you excellent for ever and ever. They that practiſed beſt your fooliſh modes and inventions, that could comply beſt with your fooliſh humours, that knew beſt how to ſcrape together the pelf of the earth, were eſteemed wiſe and accompliſhed by you: as for the truly wiſe (who were ever very rare, and the wonders of their age), you contemned and reproached *them* as the dregs of mankind. How did you *triumph* over the poor and meek of the earth, *while* your world remained, which was but for

moment? An everlasting world *is now come; may* we not triumph time-about? *which of us have* chosen the better part? judge *ye: present things* you esteemed only real; and wondered at our folly, that lived upon the hope of things to come; yea, and to come after death, and the dissolution of all things. And are you not fools, who neglected immortality, and glory, and honour, though you had a miserable, pining life on earth, earning your daily bread by sore labour and grief? could not a frowning, vexing world loose your base minds from it? O vile wretches, esteemed you earth, in its winter-garb, before the eternal enjoyment of the Fountain of all blessedness? Verily your mouth is eternally stopped. Wretches of wretches, who were endowed with the knowledge of the only excellent things; who spake, and wrote to the good and admiration of others: wonderful! knew you so much of the all-sufficiency of JEHOVAH, the emptiness of all things below him; and yet did not put your trust in him, did not care for a near fellowship with him, but placed your love and delights on vanities? You are to be doubly punished, who knew your Master's will, and did it not: good had it been for you, vilest wretches, that you had been idiots, and sots: how did you despise some of the *excellent ones of the earth,* because of your more sagacious nature, in uptaking? Your heart hath not been upright before God; your knowledge puffed you up; charity hath been away; your gifts and abilities have you not used to his glory, *for whom are all things:* but self hath been the end of all your endeavours. What a glorious lustre had you then among weak saints! the rottenness of your heart was over-vailed with a multitude of natural gifts and education; but

he who knoweth all things, hath found you out; he hath weighed you in an even balance, and ye are found wanting. Now it is manifeſt, who the ſearcher of the hearts, and the trier of the reins: were they not wiſe, who overlooked the approbation of men, and gave all diligence to be approven to thee? What thy thoughts are concerning a creature, that it is indeed. Many hypocrites have paſſed off the ſtage of time, with a paſſport of many of the ſaints; but thy word hath only landed fair in thy bleſſed kingdom. Indeed, Lord Jeſus, in time thou madeſt a heavy ſeparation betwixt the righteous and the wicked; how oft haſt thou ſifted thy church over and over again, with ſmaller and ſmaller ſieves? ſo that the difference betwixt the wheat and the chaff was very diſcernible. How oft haſt thou drawn the controverſy betwixt thy friends and thy enemies, to ſmaller and ſmaller concernments? ſo that many, who for ſhame could not, in palpably groſs things, comply with the devil and his ſlaves; yet in matters that ſeemed of leſs conſequence, did they ſide with them; whence their hypocriſy and lukewarmneſs in the matters of God did appear. O apoſtates and betrayers of the intereſts of JEHOVAH and the Lamb, your mouth is eternally ſtopped! many fine excuſes did your helliſh minds invent, in the midſt of your villany: your fine ſubtleties, drawn from prudentials and politics, are now laid open before ſun and moon. You were too wiſe and prudent to take the plain way, and come to the ſtreets for God: you were of too meek a nature to hold the devil and his ſlaves at *long* weapons; you were of too fine and ſubtle a *ſpirit* to ſpeak in plain terms of the controverſy *of the* time, and ſins of the generation you lived

ou were too courteous and ſubmiſſive to contend with the very *ſhields of the earth*, in every concernment of *the Prince of the kings of the earth*: no, you were not ſuch fools, as to incur the deadly fewd of thoſe who had authority and power in their hands: yet would many of you been ranked in among the camp of the ſaints, whereby you were eſteemed as excellent amongſt ſome of the weaker ones: now it is evident you were baſe traitors, playing with all hands, for your greater ſecurity and advantage; and that you have been lukewarm and indifferent in the royal prerogatives and honours of the great and mighty Lord of all things, and the welfare of his ſpouſe. You ſtated enemies againſt JEHOVAH and the Lamb, what think you of your deſperate madneſs? thought you to conquer and deſtroy the friends and darlings of the high and mighty One? imagined you that you were triumphing, when you proſpered in perſecuting of his church? fools, that was one of the great ends that the Almighty raiſed you up for, that you might ſcour and rub the veſſels of his temple: uſeful inſtruments were you in the hand of the great Actor; by you he hammered and poliſhed the ſtones of his houſe; by you he cleanſed it of filth; by you he pulled it down, in order to a more excellent fabric: you, you did the Almighty uſe, as ſlaves, in all ſervile employments; and when he had fulfilled his intentions with you, he caſt you into the fire. Vile wretches, is it not a dreadful torment, to look our Lord Jeſus in the face? how doth his preſence, and the preſence of his holy ones abaſh you? Where are your high and *lofty looks now*? what feared and aſtoniſhed-*like countenances*! are you the men that ſpoke *highly againſt* the work and people of God?

are you the men who mocked his holy ones, &c. not? are you the men who cared not for our fellowship, but thought the world might be well enough without these heavenly creatures? were you weary of our neighbourhood, as troublesome, because of our stoick (as you fancied) and precise principles, contrary to your loose and vain way of walking? now you have your will, you are no more troubled with our fellowship; the tares and the wheat are eternally separate; and your hatred and envy cannot reach us; we are to you for ever as dung among our feet. What are your cursings and blasphemies to our Lord? could a filthy toad defile the sun, by spitting at it? could the smoke of the locusts of religion darken that lamp of light? could the blustering winds make the stars to tremble? could the proud ocean, with its turbulent swellings, beat down the pearly foundation of the higher house? Your envy and malice is a vehement flame, burning up eternally your soul and body: your own wickedness is poured upon you, and it burneth as the fire; it *devoureth the briers and the thorns, and kindleth in the thickets of the forest, and they mount up like the lifting up of smoke.* Wickedness contains eth its punishment in its bosom. All our desires are fulfilled: the zeal of our God's house did eat up our heart, in the days of our pilgrimage; but now we are overjoyed, in beholding of the vengeance: much of the vengeance of the wrath of our God did we, with exceeding joy, behold, when we lived within time. How oft did he appear for the salvation of his people, *with garments rolled in blood?* how did he overturn a whole world *by an universal* inundation of waters? how did *he burn up countries and cities in one hour?*

did he make earth's devouring *jaws ſwallow up* many of theſe that it was burdened *with? By* ſword, by famine, by peſtilence, *by the beaſts of* the field, how hath he made the carcaſſes of his enemies to be ſpread like dung upon the face of the earth? What ſtrange judgments have we ſeen upon families and perſons conform to their iniquities? How ſignal was his providence over the children of men? ſo that men were convinced, and could not but ſay, *Verily there is a God that judgeth righteouſly in the earth: verily there is a reward for the righteous and wicked; a difference betwixt him that feareth God, and him that feareth him not.* But all was emblems, types, ſhadows, and repreſentations of what now we behold: all the vengeance inflicted on curſed wretches was juſt nothing. What was mortality capable of? All the wrath inflicted in time, compounded in one, was nothing to one moment of this everlaſting day of pure and unmixed vengeance: the inflicting of puniſhment in time, was only for the ſake of the ſpectators, that *the inhabitants of the world might learn righteouſneſs.* Vile creatures, do you not know whom you ſhould have feared? what think you of your prodigious madneſs, who feared feeble nothing creatures, like yourſelves, and forgat and deſpiſed the threatenings and judgments of the infinite One? What could all creatures do? all their wrath and fury, compared to the vengeance of the Almighty, is like a ſmall drop to a boundleſs ocean. Find you not now, that *it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God?* O what billows of divine vengeance! what oceans of wrath hath he treaſured up at his right hand! every drop whereof might confound ten thouſand worlds, *The Lord hath*

hath come out *of his place, to puniſh the inhabi-*
tants of *the earth for their iniquity: the earth*
alſo hath diſcloſed *her blood. For behold, the*
Lord, a mighty and ſtrong one, who, *as a tempeſt*
of hail, and a deſtroying ſtorm, as a flood of migh-
ty waters overflowing, doth caſt down to the
earth with the hand: *The name of the Lord is*
come, burning with his anger; and the burden
thereof is heavy: his lips are full of indignation,
and his tongue as a *devouring fire*; and his breath
as an *overflowing ſtream, doth reach unto the*
midſt of the neck. How doth the Lord *go forth,*
as a mighty man? how doth he *ſtir up jealouſy*
like a man of war? he crieth, he prevaileth againſt
his enemies, *I have long time held my peace*, ſaith
the Almighty, *I have been ſtill, and refrained my-*
ſelf: now will I cry, like a travelling woman: I
will deſtroy, and devour at once, multitudes, mul-
titudes in the valley of deciſion; for the day of the
Lord is in the valley of deciſion. He hath come down,
and trode upon the high places of the earth; *and*
the mountains were molten under him, and the val-
leys were cleft: as wax before the fire, and as wa-
ters that are poured down a ſteep place. The na-
tions ſaw, and were confounded; they laid their
hand upon their mouth; they licked the duſt like
a ſerpent, they moved out of their holes like worms
of the earth; and were greatly afraid and con-
founded becauſe of the Lord our God: for *he is*
jealous and revengeful; *he revengeth, and is furi-*
ous; who can ſtand before his indignation? and
who can abide in the fierceneſs of his anger? His
fury is poured out like fire; and the rocks are
thrown down by him. O thou enemy, deſtructions
are come to a perpetual end; *but the Lord's anger*
endureth for ever; he hath prepared his throne

for

for judgment. *Sing praiſes unto the Lord, that dwelleth in Zion. When he maketh inquiſition for blood, he remembereth them: he hath not forgotten the cry of the humble; the needy have not always been forgotten; the expectation of the poor hath not periſhed for ever. Upon the wicked thou raineſt ſnares, fire and brimſtone, and an horrible tempeſt: this ſhall be for ever the portion of their cup. O love the Lord, all ye his ſaints; for the Lord preſerveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer. The Lord is righteous, and all his works are done in truth. All my bones ſhall ſay unto the Lord, Who is like unto thee? who deliverеſt the poor from him that was too ſtrong for him. Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulneſs reacheth unto the clouds; thy righteouſneſs is like the great mountains, thy judgments are a great deep. Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou haſt done; and thy thoughts which are to us-ward, they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and ſpeak of them, they are more than can be numbered. Sing praiſes unto God, ſing praiſes, ſing praiſes unto our King, ſing praiſes. The Heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the earth melted; the Lord of hoſts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah. Through God we do valiantly*; for it is he that *treadeth down our enemies. Surely men of low degree were vanity, and men of high degree were a lie; to be laid in the balance, they were altogether lighter than vanity. God hath ſpoken once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God; alſo unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou rendereſt unto every man according to his work. Thou haſt aſcended up on high, thou haſt led captivity captive;*

tive; thou hast received gifts for men; thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm; but mine horn hast thou exalted like the horn of the unicorn: *I am anointed with fresh oil; mine eyes see my desire upon mine enemies; and mine ears have heard my desires of the wicked, that rose up against me. Who is like the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven? He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes. I will exalt thee, my God, O King; I will praise thy name for ever and ever; I will speak of the honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works; thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth to all generations; bless the Lord, all ye his angels, that excel in strength; bless the Lord all ye his saints: bless the Lord, all ye his works in all places of his dominions; bless the Lord, O my soul.* Hallelujah.

62. *Reflections upon the victorious power of faith and on the folly of faithless worldlings.*

I, thus to triumph over death and hell! an eternal victor over so strong and numerous enemies? O ye gates of hell, could ye not prevail gainst me? might ye not have destroyed ten thousand worlds of the like of me? what hath come of all your boastings, when you have not been able to destroy poor me, when assisted and helped by my Wellbeloved? Strange! have not I overcome you in the midst of great weakness and infirmity? O the strength of faith! I laid hold on him who is mighty; I trusted in him, and therefore could not be moved: I took hold on the Rock of ages; and what could ten thousand raging fears

done unto me? Theſe who hold gripes of him, may ſwim ſafely through the lake that burneth with fire and brimſtone. Devils, and wicked men, you were fools to aſſault us: did you think, becauſe of our weakneſs and mortality, to vanquiſh us, and carry away the day? If you might have overturned the Rock of ages, then might you have overturned us; for we relied upon him; and it was a repugnancy, to imagine, he might fail us. No wonder, devils, that you ſtrove to bring us to doubtings, and diſtruſt; for in faith did our ſtrength lie: had you ruined our faith, and brought us to diffidence, or preſumptuous fooliſh boldneſs, ye had ruined us for ever: but our Wellbeloved prayed to his Father that our faith ſhould not fail us; and he is greater and dearer in his Father's eyes, than to be ſaid nay in ſo earneſt a requeſt. Now it is manifeſt, that all things have been done by believing; it hath been the ſun, original, and ſpring of all other graces: becauſe I believed, therefore I ſpake and did for him on earth; therefore did I place the flower and vigour of my love upon him; therefore did I contemn all the glory and excellency of time, for my portion; therefore did I exceedingly endeavour to do the things that are *well pleaſing in his ſight*, and to be more and more like him; therefore did I long to ſee *him face to face*. Men and angels, through faith in his name, am I entered this bleſſed place: not by my holineſs, not by my ſtrength, and integrity, is this wonderful thing come to paſs; but by laying hold on him, *who is mighty to ſave* unto the uttermoſt. Wicked men and devils, I have vanquiſhed you; I have thrown *you eternally* to the ground; not by the excellency *of mine own* vigour and courage, but by laying *hold on his ſtrength, who ſuſtaineth all things.*

Faith was the *ſubſtance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not ſeen*; for by it we have all received an everlaſting name. We believed, that what he had promiſed, he would perform, though we ſaw them not, either intuitively, or rationally; tho' we had not received the promiſes, but only had a view of them afar off, yet were we perſuaded of them, and embraced them; and confeſſed ourſelves ſtrangers and pilgrims on earth, declaring plainly to worldlings, that we were ſeeking a place of eternal abode, overlooking the wilderneſs as a wayfaring-place. O faireſt Wellbeloved, how was I enamoured and raviſhed with thy very name, when I had not ſeen thee! how was I perſuaded of the truth of all thy promiſes and threatenings, as if I had beheld them fully accompliſhed? how gladly and chearfully did I looſe my heart and love from all temporal concernments, that they might be ſet wholly upon the great things to be revealed? I believed all thou ſpoke; becauſe I accounted thee both faithful, willing, and powerful to accompliſh: I conſulted not with fleſh and blood to go and reaſon, *Is it poſſible ſuch a thing can be?* nay, I overlooked all objections, though never ſo plauſible and ſtrong, and ſtopped the mouth of all earthly, ſenſual, and deviliſh wiſdom, with, *The mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.* But, O my fair One, how doth beholding inconceivably tranſcend faith! I truſted thou wouldſt perform above all I could aſk or think; but how confuſed, general and childiſh were my conceptions of what I now enjoy? The higheſt I could bend my conceptions, was to imagine, that *eye hath not ſeen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of mortal, what thou hadſt prepared for thoſe that waited for thee*: all I could conceive of this boundleſs happi-

happineſs, was to conſider it as *paſſing all conception*. How have I been vexed *with the baſeneſs* and lowneſs of my apprehenſions! *and have endeavoured* to ſtrain them above their proper meaſure; not conſidering that childiſh eſtate was not capable of manly conceptions; and that *mortality* muſt be *ſwallowed up of life*, elſe the creature cannot behold thy face and live. It was wiſdom to long for this day of immediate fellowſhip; but folly to deſire it within the tents of mortality: all I could then have of thee, was thy portraiture thou ſet down in thy teſtament; love-letters I received from thee, in earth's childiſh dialect: thou told me of kingdoms and cities, diadems and honours, riches and pleaſures: thou told me of thy greatneſs, and majeſty, and lovelineſs; all which were things of the lower world much eſteemed: but here are neither kingdoms nor diadems, but things tranſcendently above all ſuch trifles. How ignorant have I been of my happineſs! Wonderful! that the hope of this made me not overjoyed to the death. O ſilly, hungry wilderneſs, when I caſt back mine eyes upon thee, can I but ſmile at the childiſh folly of worldlings, who only deſired, endeavoured, contended for portions and inheritances out of thee: they that purchaſed moſt, have acquired nothing; and they who purchaſed leaſt, can be in no poorer caſe. What have you gained, baſe worldlings? Enjoy the fruit of your expectation and labour; now, when the end of all things is come, gather together your purchaſe, and rejoice for ever in it: what! have you provided nothing for the laſt days? laid you up no treaſures for this time? were you not thinking on this endleſs day of eternity? have you been all ſuch brutiſh fools, as to provide nothing for the laſt

day? Strange folly and madneſs! had none of you but that much conſideration, as to think, poſſibly there might be a life after an inch of time? Were ye wiſe, or were ye fools, who conſumed all your time, in providing for time? Baſe fools, did God create you for an inch of time? thought you his wiſdom made you only to eat and drink, and mind your baſe ſelves; to provide only for your ſenſual decaying life, and never to aim at his glory, *To whom and through whom, and for whom are all things?* Did you imagine it juſt, that the lower creatures ſhould ſerve you, and yet you to neglect the Creator? did you forget him; and ſhould he have minded you, and given you *rain and fruitful ſeaſons, filling your hearts with food and gladneſs?* O ingrate wretches! O abominable fools! ſhall we not tread you eternally under our feet, as the droſs and off-ſcourings of all things? Droſs you have coveted and deſired as your portion; droſs you have loved, feared, and ſerved; and therefore baſer you are than the baſeſt droſs. Did you not conſider what lay beyond time? and was earth your only deſire? then have you judged yourſelves unworthy of any more. Did you ſeek for no higher life, than the dying, evaniſhing, natural life? and have you not excluded yourſelves this ſublime, excellent, and immortal life? would you not believe the *faithful and true Witneſs*, who teſtified unto you, of what excellent things were laid up in ſtore for theſe who feared, loved, obeyed, and walked with God, in their generation? Would you not rely upon him for time and eternity, but laid hold on a preſent vain *world?* yea, and in ſuch a baſe and brutiſh manner, as you did not acknowledge him, and depend upon him, in your earthly enjoyments, but truſte

our wiſdom, your labours, and a thouſand va-
:s? Reap the fruit of your own ſowing: you
: received your choice, and what would you
e more? had you choſen this endleſs happineſs,
had gotten it; and immortal life would have
a, by ten thouſand times, more ſweet than it
. And did you mock, in your hearts, at our
r, who overlooked all viſible things, and pla-
our hope, our joy, our portion, our bleſſedneſs
ings that neither eye could ſee, nor heart con-
And ſhall we not for ever inſult over you now,
your folly is manifeſt even to yourſelves?
hope hath not made us aſhamed: but what
come of all your aims and hopes? Now we
: you eternally as duſt under the ſoles of our
. O death and hell, we have vanquiſhed you
ever; never ſhall you be able to riſe again. O-
e! O death! ſhow the trophies of your victo-
Through God we have done valiantly; for
t is that hath beat down our enemies. You
ed to overcome us, and hold us in priſon;
through his ſtrength, we have broken all your
ls, and ruined you utterly. The victory was e-
ours: but all now is fully accompliſhed; not
enemy is able to ſhake a weapon any more.
laſting *hallelujah* to our God, who hath given
ie victory through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. O
: an endleſs *triumph!* wicked men and devils,
were ordained for the *pomp and glory* of this
Our Wellbeloved has made our ſtate every
excellent and glorious; therefore hath he or-
:d enemies for us to combat with, vanquiſh,
triumph over, for ever and ever. That our
might *want nothing* of the top, and flower,
perfection of glory and exaltation, you have
is a footſtool, for ever to trample upon: all

things are ours, and for our *honour and*
Now it is evident who were *the really great*
Now doth appear what *manner of perſons we*
Who but the Lamb, and his followers! whc
the Firſt-born, and his brethren! O the hei
and glorious dignity of a ſaint! Sirs, what t
you? are we not made great perſons? knew
our dignity when we were on earth? Surely
in the ten thouſand thouſandth part: mort
could not have borne it. Have we not been like *y*
minors, who conſidered not the glory and ma
of our vaſt inheritance we were coming to
and therefore we ſometimes degraded ourſ
with the familiar converſe of baſe worldlings,
crouched ſo creepingly as if ſuch beaſts had l
fit companions for us: but in our childhoo
could not conceive theſe ſuperexcellent roya
Indeed I ever looked upon all the ſaints, as
only excellent of the earth; and was oft-times ſt
with reverence and admiration, at the ſight o
leaſt of them: yet then I knew them not;
tality could conceive little. Worldlings, know
not now whom you have deſpiſed? Time
when a ſaint, as a ſaint, was a deſpicable not
in your eyes; pelf, worldly grandeur and app
rendered perſons only excellent in your eſt
What was a man's holineſs to you, but ſome
ginary fancies and opinions he had learned l
ducation and teaching, and entertained thr
conceitedneſs and fancy? ſome preciſe te
which were needleſs and ſuperfluous: for reli
in your judgment, was an eaſy and trivial
ter; the generality were ſaints: a large and
charity had you for every one, not tranſgre
the limits of common humanity; civilians, m
iſts, formaliſts illuminated, were all, in your

, fit for this glorious and majeſtic kingdom! or entering this golden city, and converſing iliarly with JEHOVAH and the Lamb, in this l hall of glory: us you reproached, as cenſo- s and uncharitable, becauſe we looked upon ineſs as a difficult, rare, and excellent thing; auſe we counted the way to this unſpeakable y ſtrait, and travelled by few; becauſe we ted upon the ſaints as ſo many miraculous and wonders. Who have judged right, is now manifeſt to the whole creation. *We have we have vanquiſhed!* glory, glory, immor- ry to the Captain, *the Author and Finiſher*, evermore.

What appeared on earth, is really in hea- : for there are real'y all things.

O pleaſant and melodious world! the former s jarring, every part in oppoſition to another: things were full of labour, groaning and tra- ling until this glorious birth was brought forth. ould not ſtand, being divided againſt itſelf; be- full of inteſtine wars, and deſolations, it could t but come to nought, and this fair fabric ariſe its place. Behold, nothing now but peace and rnal friendſhip: nothing is out of order; ev- y rt agrees with the whole, for ſounding forth an rnal *hallelujah* to the great Former. All con- ition and violence are baniſhed out of this bleſſ- world, into utter darkneſs: nothing but deep ice and ſerenity; all things ſeem to kiſs and em- ice one another; theſe eternal gales have no flux change, though they are for ever blowing. Sirs, ot this gentle breathing, paſſing delightſome, er ſo ſore and hot a battle? All is perfumed with *rh and frankincenſe!* One blaſt might caufe *thouſand* worlds to live. What a life hath the

O bleſſed ſelf! who art filled with, and draweſt in theſe full gales of the Spirit, that *bloweth where it liſteth* throughout eternity. O theſe *wells of ſalvation!* infinitely tranſcending the *pools of* Baca's *vale!* one drop is more delightſome and ſatisfying, than the oceans of all earthly ſweetneſs. What were the broken ciſterns, that fools were drinking of? they were inflaming, not quenching; more fantaſtical than real. O fools! were you not imagining you were ſwallowing down huge varieties of all manner of ſweetneſs? But you awaked, and *behold it was a dream.* Are you not confounded, when your eyes are opened, to perceive ſo deep a deluſion? Were you not imagining yourſelves enjoying riches, and honours, and pleaſures? But now the glorious day of eternity is broken up, and where are they? Here are realities: this land is filled with eternal ſprings of living waters of all ſweetneſs and ſatisfaction. Strange! ever drinking, and never cloyed or ſurcharged; the deeper, and moe draughts, the greater delectation! O my conceptions on earth! O my enjoyments now! I did not in the leaſt conceive them. O my eternally preſent enjoyments: and yet I have all I could conceive. Whatever pleaſure, ſatisfaction, and what can conduce to a life filled with all manner of excellencies, delights and ſweetneſs, is here in the top and flower of all perfection. When I ſtrained my conceptions to the higheſt pitch of mortality, and imagined glory, excellency and ſweetneſs, augmented and perfected by myriads of myriads of ſtages, above all the glory I could perceive or imagine; ſtill I have fallen *wonderfully* below this: and yet my conceptions, *in part,* repreſented this; for all things are here. *Here is* an eternal confluence of all manner of good

thing

things: who can imagine any *thing, which migh* be here, and is not? What want *we, O inhabitants* of this wealthy city? Is not this the centre whither all glory and ſweetneſs run, like a flowing ſtream? And what wonder? This is the city royal of the eternal King. Here, here he manifeſteth, immediately and in open view, his unſearchable riches, tranſcendent glory, infinite power, boundleſs goodneſs, and the infinite varieties of his unconceivable excellencies. Were they fools, who overlooking earth, and laid out their whole ſtrength, for acquiring a right to the glorious poſſeſſion, and the unſearchable treaſures of this ten thouſand times bleſſed land of *Emmanuel?* Poor earth, with thy gliſtering, nothing enjoyments, whither art thou gone? O real, ſolid and ſubſtantial enjoyments! all the glories, beauties and excellencies of time were mere ſhadows and reſemblances of what I behold. What, there, was in appearance, is here indeed; the real ſpring-tide is here: here are the true gardens and orchards of delights, here are the ſubſtantial roſes, lilies and violets, here are the true pearls, rubies and diamonds; all the former were but counterfeit, and in appearance ſuch. I ſee the difference betwixt things here, and what were in time, is ſuch, as is between the bare ſhew, and the ſubſtance. I thought, I ſaw crowns and ſceptres, honours and renown; but they were vapours, gliſtering after their ſimilitudes, which are now evaniſhed eternally to nothing; and behold the real diadems, ſceptres and honours! I thought I found ſome pleaſure and delight; I thought, I beheld great varieties of all kinds; but the night is gone, and the day is broken up, that diſpelleth gliſtering ſhews and vapours, in diſcovering the real and ſubſtantial things: all things are here in ſubſtance, which in time were

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in appearance. Here are the real dwellings, cities, orchards, hills of frankincenſe, mountains of ſpices. We were far miſtaken, O inhabitants, to ſpeak of any thing, as exiſtent any where elſe than here; elſe all our ſpeech and conceptions, within mortality's region, were merely figurative: for, to conceive of things properly, as they were on earth, there was neither ſun, moon, nor ſtars; neither lilies nor roſes, nor beauties, nor excellencies; they are here, and only here for evermore. Were they wiſe, who placed their delights on ſhadows and evaniſhing nothings? Were they fools, who overlooked all the vain fancies of time, and fixed their minds only on this *enduring ſubſtance?* I have found the ſubſtance for the ſhadow: I, even I am poſſeſſor of the world of eternal joy and ſatisfaction.

64. *A frowning tormenting time, the prelude of eternity.*

All ſhame, and ſorrow, and vexation, you are eternally gone, as if you had not been: ſometimes you poſſeſſed us; but the fair and white ſide of providence is turned up for ever. I ſee, it was the ordination of eternity, that the head and members ſhould be every way conformed: all that are here, were of no beauty or deſirableneſs ſometime in the eyes of mortals; but were *deſpiſed and rejected of men*, perſons of *ſorrow, acquainted with grief; being deſtitute, and afflicted, and tormented:* many moraliſts, and formaliſts, and lukewarm Chriſtians went for ſaints, in the eyes of almoſt all: but one thing among a thouſand, might have diſcovered what they were, even that they underwent not the lot of him whom they profeſſed to be following; the world ſmiled upon them, becauſe they were of the world. What other entertainment did they meet with, in

progreſs through earth, than the *Chief of ten thouſand* in the days of his fleſh: *though my Lord* could have brought his choſen *to this unſpeakable* glory, through the abundance of earthly eaſe, peace, glory, joy and delight; yet this hath been the way of his infinite wiſdom. O ye angels, could you have found out ſuch a noble draught? could you have invented ſuch an admirable way of bringing poor, feeble, ſinful mortals to glory? O ſweet, ſweet diſpenſation! baſe earth, that is now for e[illegible] vaniſhed, was not my country, but the place of my exile; not my abode, but my pilgrimage; and therefore it was well it frowned upon me, and appeared like the thing that indeed it was, a vain, empty, gliſtering nothing. My Lord hath been tender of his darlings, and could not ſuffer night-dreams and fancies to beguile them, which they might, they being in their childiſh and mortal condition, if they had appeared with a ſmiling pleaſant countenance. O my God, the greateſt ſnares that ever thou rainedſt upon thine enemies, were when thou gave them *the deſires of their heart*: earth they deſired, and earth thou madeſt to look kindly upon them; and therefore they are ruined for evermore. I ſee the diſpenſation, that moſt croſſed my own natural diſpoſition, hath contributed moſt for my advantage: my Lord hath with-held no good thing from me: it was beſt I ſhould have had a life of ſorrow, torment, and vexation: it was well I was cut ſhort of earthly enjoyments. My only deſire was to finiſh my courſe for this unſpeakable happineſs, and that it ſhould be ſwift and vigorous; and how excellently haſt thou fulfilled the deſire of my heart?

65. *Glory cauſeth a total change in all the powers, faculties and virtues.*

O my heart, thou art changed *indeed! how tormenting* a burden haſt thou *been unto me, in the* days of my abſence! even when I keeped moſt obſervant and ſtricteſt watch over thy frame, thou plaid me a ſlip, and bended oft from the original of all bleſſedneſs, unto vanity. How waſt thou drawn hither and thither, by all diſpenſations? When I imagined I had got thee wrought up to a ſublime heavenly frame, how ſoon didſt thou become carnal and earthly again? When thou ſeemed all in a flame of divine love and zeal, how didſt thou become cold and indifferent, ere ever I was aware? When I rejoiced in finding thee in a lively, tender, goſpel-frame, how quickly didſt thou become dead and ſenſeleſs like a ſtone! When I could not but cry out, *O my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed; I will ſing; yea, I will for ever be altogether for praiſes:* how ſoon waſt thou unſettled, and toſſed up and down with the winds of vanity! When I could ſay, *I will truſt in him, and not be afraid; I will not fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be caſt into the midſt of the ſea: the Lord* JEHOVAH *is my ſtrength and my ſong, and he alſo is become my ſalvation:* how ſoon didſt thou become deſpondent and fearful, afraid of worms and nothings, and forgetting the Lord thy Maker, that ſtretched out theſe heavens! When thou waſt in ſo ſweet a frame, as I could not but wiſh, When ſhall I be in the Well-beloved's immediate embraces; I value not that ſmall brook that lies betwixt me and him; *though I walk in the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil; for he is ever with me:* yet how ſoon waſt thou overclouded and darkened with doubtings and confuſion; ſo that thou wouldeſt have given ten thouſand worlds, if at thy diſpoſing,

posing, for the fixed perſuaſion of a *Chriſt and a* bleſſedneſs? How waſt thou *ſometimes in a ſtrong*, enlarged. and cheerful frame, *running the ways of* the Lord's commandments! thy cry was, *What is the will of my Lord?* All his commandments are eaſy, becauſe his: anon thou wouldſt neither lead, nor drive; his worſhip and ſervice was a burden. O my heart, thou art now as I would! O all my faculties, you are altogether heavenly and divine: all, all is ſwallowed up in full immediate beholding: after him do ye go, with an uninterrupted, eternal benſil: it is impoſſible for thee, my ſoul, now in thy Lord's immediate embraces, to fall away from this divine frame; thou cannot but inceſſantly ſerve and glorify him, with unſpeakable joy and alacrity, ſince thou eternally beholds his raviſhing countenance. Can doubting enter this noon day viſion of glory, when we have attained the height and perfection of evidence? who can fear, that is incircled within theſe everlaſting arms? This city of refuge is ſituate above the reach of ten thouſand worlds of wicked men and devils. Who can dwell thus, with an infinite love, and not be all inflamed with unquenchable fires? The firſt ſight of thy goodly viſage, my fair One, hath captivated all my faculties unto thee.

66. *Heaven the ſweeter the more dangers we have eſcaped.*

How have I been choked with the peſtiferous contagion of a vile world? ſo that I had almoſt loſt my life. The helliſh ſights and ſounds, that have entered my faculties, againſt my will, made hell and death familiar unto me: I found it one of the moſt difficult commandments of my Lord, to *ſtop my ears from hearing of blood, and ſhut mine eyes from ſeeing of evil:* even when I ſet a

guard upon all my ſenſes, *my inbred wickedneſs* betrayed the fort-royal, and *inſenſibly received the* ſparks that fired up all. How *could feeble, mortal* I, but be confuſed and diverted, and deadened with the hurry, and noiſe, and vexation of an helliſh world? How oft have I complained, '*Fearfulneſs and trembling is come upon me, and horrour hath overwhelmed me? O that I had wings like a dove!* for *then would I fly away, and be at reſt: lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderneſs: I would haſten my eſcape from the windy ſtorm and tempeſt!* Ah! my ſenſes are filled with vanity and miſchief, the beholding, and hearing of blood and evil, hath vitiated my faculties, and made folly and madneſs ſeem common and ordinary to my apprehenſions; ſo that I cannot attain unto any ſuitable abhorrence of wickedneſs, when my love and deſire after God is faint and weak; being high, or low, according to my abhorrence and hatred of evil.' It is wonderful, O my Lord, it is paſſing wonderful, how I have landed in this choice happy place with my life! the human nature in its integrity, might have been corrupted and deſtroyed in ſuch a noiſome and peſtilential air, as filled the lower world, while it was the proper habitation of devils, and their baſe ſlaves: but who can ſuffer hardſhip, whom thou once takeſt into thy tutorage? Theſe whom thy Father hath given thee, haſt thou ſafely preſerved, and none could be able to *pluck them out of thine hand.* The moſt entire and excellent nature, committed wholly to its own guidance, could not have been able to perſevere, through the ten thouſandth part of the difficulties and tentations, I have overpaſſed: but what cannot thy infinite excellency do? No ſecurity, but in being altogether thine,

and

and nothing our own, which *happy I have experienced* to my eternal ſweetneſs. *O now the danger* is paſt! O lively and delightſome air of Emmanuel's country! nothing dwells in this world of my Wellbeloved's conqueſt, but righteouſneſs! you offſcourings of all things, I am not vexed with your abominable vileneſs any more: ſometimes you vexed and tormented me, that the wonderful efficacy of my Wellbeloved's graces might be the more evidently manifeſted; but you are evaniſhed, unto ſmoke are you evaniſhed away. O now my ſenſes, you are only filled with the only Roſe and Beauty of this everlaſting, raviſhing paradiſe! no ſweetneſs, no fulneſs, no excellency, but that of the Branch: yea, could the abominable ſmoke of ten thouſand hells aſcend this ſweet region, it would not be perceived; but be loſt, like a ſmall drop of bitterneſs in a boundleſs ocean of ſweetneſs. And O! the delightſome aſpect of the Lamb's fair and white company, *that follow him whitherſoever he goes!* what a golden life, in ſo raviſhing a fellowſhip! nothing but the mutual emanations of ſurpaſſing ſweetneſs! nothing but ſublime *hallelujahs to him that ſits upon the throne, and to the Lamb*, throughout eternity! O my bleſſed ſenſes, you are no more filled with vanity and vexation! Now, devil, and his ſlaves, what can you do? your tempting vexing world is evaniſhed for ever: yea, though it were not, what are you to us? like baſe cowards, you aſſaulted us in our childiſh eſtate; but what are you all to one of us in our manly vigour? Were you all drawn up in battle-array againſt me, whom once you thought unworthy of the leaſt of your aſſaults, ſhould I not with one lifting up of mine arm vanquiſh you for ever? Nothing in me

can yield to hell; ſin and mortality *is ſwallowed* up of life.

67. *The inhabitants ſhall not ſay, I am ſick.*

All thy infirmities and ſickneſs, O my ſoul, are quite eradicate; ſince I am in the arms of all life, joy and ſatisfaction. How have I been, in the days of mine infirmity, ſick of love for my only Wellbeloved? Strong love was like to die for want of full and perſonal enjoyment, even when I had the greateſt manifeſtations on earth: and no wonder; the clearer diſcoveries of lovelineſs, the more ardent deſire of the neareſt and fulleſt enjoyment. O my raviſhing Wellbeloved, no ſooner I ſaw thee afar off, by a borrowed viſion, than I longed and deſired for nothing more, than to have thee in my arms, and be eternally incircled in thine immediate embraces: no ſooner did I embrace thee, as thou offered thyſelf, and was eſpouſed to thee, but I longed with exceeding longing for this bleſſed day of eternal marriage. Letters, love tokens, intercourſes by ambaſſadors, and all manner of mediate fellowſhip, could not give full ſatisfaction; nothing but faintings, longings, and deſires, until I have thee in my naked embraces. *Apples and flagons of wine* could ſcarce hold up my ſwooning heart, in thy abſence; the moſt excellent enjoyment could do no more than hinder an eternal *deliquium*; only thyſelf could cheer up the fainting ſoul. O thyſelf, thy all excellent Self! what but thy noble Self is worthy of deſire? None but thee, none beſide thee! O flower of my deſires, I am well, eternally well! my fair One, ſince I have thee in my arms, my tormenting love ſickneſs is quite aboliſhed from my mind; the beholding of thee face to face, hath ſwallowed up all former things. I enjoy thee fully, and am I not at the furthermoſt

moſt of all my deſires? *Thou haſt forever, my* eſt Lord, cut off all matter *of complaint. Sirs,* eed now be a ſupplicant to none of you, for the of your moyen with my royal Wellbeloved, that tell him my love-ſickneſs, through his ſeeming kindneſs. Can there be greater intimacy than w, betwixt my Lord and me for evermore? I 've entered thy very heart, I lie betwixt thy aſts. Can ſickneſs, or ſorrow, or infirmity, ell within the circle of thine arms? Were there y ſickneſs, it ſhould be through ſuperabundance overcoming loves; but the veſſels are fitted for ſuperabundant oil, of gladneſs, and overflow- of joys. If this *ambroſia* and *nectar* of glory ſtrong and ſprightly, the bottles are new, and a durable ſtructure. What can I ſay more of happineſs, than that I cannot conceive and ex- ſs the full emanations of thy infinite love and eetneſs?

68. *Grace an excellent prelude to glory, yet the erence betwixt them inconceivable.*

Whatever ſweetneſs and delight I enjoyed in ie, is now augmented, myriads of myriads of ges. By my leaving of earth, I have loſt no enjoy- nt, not only becauſe of recompenſe and enjoy- nt of an higher nature; but alſo becauſe all kinds enjoyments are here in an eminent and divine nner. Thy land, O Emmanuel, is ſtored with all nner of precious things, new and old, which thou dſt prepared for thy choſen, before all ages. All e joys and delights that I met with in time, were ſo many light eſſays and ſmall preludes of theſe ſtantial and enduring pleaſures; all have been ght foretaſtes of this ſuperabounding harveſt of rnity; what was then in drops, is now in o- ans, for I am entered for ever into the foun-

tain of all fulneſs and ſatisfaction; *and what ſweetneſs* before I experienced *blockiſhly and in part*, I find now in the moſt evident, ſublime, and *vigorous* manner; even my moſt refined enjoyments of thy bleſſed ſelf, were but low, childiſh motions, ariſing from ſhallow improper apprehenſions, raiſed by the contraction of a multitude of borrowed idens, extracted from lower objects; which indeed were paſſing glorious and ſweet for the time, filling mortality almoſt above its meaſure, appearing childhood-glory fallen down on grace's country. But O the vaſt difference betwixt mortality and immortality! who can but ſmile at his former apprehenſions? No wonder earthly ſtupid creatures apprehend this unſpeakable glory in a ſtupid earthly manner. Every extraordinary may appear above what *eye hath ſeen, the ear hath heard*, or mind can imagine, unto the mind that hath known this more by faith than ſight; more by certain report, than evident experience: for what can the mortal imagine higher, than by the ſweet outletting of the glory and deſire of men and angels, to be filled and overfilled *with joy unſpeakable, and full of glory?* But a drop that would overfill a veſſel of the narroweſt ſize, would be as juſt nothing to one of the capacity of many worlds. Yet what delight and admiration, to look back and conſider, how my Lord made bits of half-dead clay, to be raviſhed with the higheſt objects, far above the reach of an earthly, mortal condition! but creatures of all conditions are enamoured, raviſhed, ſatiate, and overcome, when once thou beginneſt, in the leaſt, to diſcover thy matchleſs lovelineſs. What delights, to conceive bits of childiſh nothings enamoured with thee they never ſaw! and chanting forth their love-ſongs of praiſes in the midſt

of

of the ſaddeſt diſpenſations, *which were able to* torment, bear down, and *cruſh low feeble mortality*! O what joy to conſider (*with the ſame eye*) my converſe ſometimes with thee in time, and now in eternity; and to parellel them together! how excellently doth the eſpouſing agree with the marriage! how nobly doth walking with thee by faith, uſher in the perſonal following of thee *whitherſoever thou goeſt!* I find thy dealing to the ſaints in time, is a myſtery above the reach of nature in its higheſt pitch, as well as thy way with them in eternity. Little did, or would the world conſider, what a golden happineſs I had in the days of my pilgrimage, in thy fellowſhip: the choiceſt of their religion was a formal out ſide homage they mocked thee with; but a familiar converſe with thee, was a thing they had no experience of: they worſhipped thee as a dumb idol; for no mutual intercourſe did they know, or deſire: thou waſt *near in their mouth, but far from their reins.* O the golden hours I have had, in thy raviſhing fellowſhip, within the tents of ſorrow, in abſence! eternity cannot cancel the memory of thy paſſing kindneſs to me, in my low and deſpicable condition: I have moſt ſenſibly found thy ſtrengthening, cheering preſence, in all afflictions and difficulties; I found thee another manner of God, than the fooliſh world imagined thee to be, even a *preſent help in times of trouble*, and that gave ear to my prayers, and anſwered them ſpeedily, both by the influences of thy Spirit on my heart, and thy diſpenſations. Though then I was a child, yet didſt thou teach me to diſcern betwixt thy frownings, and thy ſmiles, the light of thy countenance lifted up, and the turning away of thy face: thou madeſt thyſelf familiar unto me; ſo that I approached unto

to thee, in all exigencies, as unto a near and intimate friend, of whose kindness and help I was perswaded, and trusted accordingly: I depended and trusted on thee, as a Father, casting all my cares upon thee; so that I was careful for nothing: I learned to know my duty, and the way of its performance, and committed the event of all to my Lord and Sovereign absolutely, without the least reservation; being perswaded that he would completely fulfil all things fully committed unto him, because he had promised; and would not make them ashamed, who placed their confidence in him. And now I may testify before the whole creation, that thou hast been better to me, in my pilgrimage, than I could imagine, or desire; and that the lot thou carved out for me, in time, hath been best for me; I would not for ten thousand worlds it had been otherwise, as to the smallest dispensation; the most cross and ruin-like dispensations, as to sense, have been the sweetest; having had the noblest effects, and nearest manifestations of thy love and sweetness accompanying them. If any have proven any thing bitter and disadvantageous, it was because I brought them on my own head, by my sacrilegious boldness, in disposing of myself, and what concerned me, without his approbation, and consent: yet, even these he turned to my good; his power being so transcendently excellent, as to bring light out of darkness; and his love being so boundless to those whom he had chosen from eternity, that he would suffer no harm to befal them, but make all things to contribute to their good. O! can we but wonder at, *and rejoice* in the incomparable condescendency, *wisdom*, and excellency of our Lord, who so *contrived* and effected our eternal happiness, a

ſo ſtupendous a manner! *Could we ruin ourſelves ſince it was his will to ſave? Could we in the leaſt ſtand in the way of our happineſs, ſince it was his* ſovereign eternal pleaſure, to make us as happy as can be? O eternal aſtoniſhment! the more we have undone ourſelves, the more he hath made us happy; the more we have degraded ourſelves, the higher hath he exalted us: the more we have hated and provoked him, the more kind and intimate is he become to us; men and angels, could you have found out ſuch a way to manifeſt the glory and excellency of free grace? Is it not here manifeſted in the higheſt manner?

69. *Praiſes to* JEHOVAH *for the accompliſhment of his promiſes to his people, and of his threatenings againſt the wicked.*

Is it not an eternal queſtion, men and angels, Whether the excellency of our Wellbeloved manifeſted, or lying hid, be more aſtoniſhing? But ſure each of them is an everlaſting raviſhment, which would plunge never ſo many worlds in an ocean of never-ending aſtoniſhment: one ray of his divine excellency, now immediately beheld, doth implicitly diſcover, that more and more eternally may be ſeen; what then ſhould be our immortal exerciſe, but to bend all our faculties to ſearch, and look in, and admire, and flame in love, and extol the tranſcendent excellencies of him that ſits upon the throne, and the Lamb, throughout all ages? JEHOVAH, altogether excellent, lovely JEHOVAH is a depth we have for ever loſt ourſelves in! what are we, men and angels, that we ſhould ſet him on high? what contribute we to the declaration of his infinite glory? though we ſhould wear out, to a period, endleſs eternity with our inceſſant hallelujahs, could we, bits of nothing, conceive

ceive in the leaſt this infinite *One? Did he not bow* and humble himſelf infinitely *below himſelf, that* he may be apprehended, as *he is, by our finite ca*pacities, with his increated lovelineſs and ſweetneſs? It is ſtrange he ſhould ſatiate nothings with all his fulneſs! this is a myſtery, a wonder! nothing but wonders upon wonders! every precedent act is the admiration of the following, and ſo throughout eternity. What ſtretchings of capacities! what bending of all the faculties! O the beauty, the goodneſs, the ſweetneſs, that dwells from eternity to eternity in him! O the full outlettings upon us! though he were not excellent to us; yet, are we not conſtrained to love, and adore, and extol him, who is an infinite maſs of all excellency? Though he be infinitely above all the praiſes of all poſſible creatures; yet, can we but cry him up, to whom all glory is due? Are we not conſtrained, who ſee his face, to expreſs, and again and again throughout eternity, to expreſs his infinite perfections? As creatures, we are bound to be all for him; but theſe ſtupendous obligations ſuperadded, above all production and preſervation, have elevated unto ſuch a frame, that common ties are almoſt ſwallowed up and evaniſhed. O his goodneſs, his goodneſs! how great is his goodneſs! and how great is his beauty! every ray, every outletting would raviſh never ſo many creatures! "I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bleſs thy name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praiſed; and his greatneſs is unſearchable. I will ſpeak of the glorious honour of thy majeſty, and I will declare thy greatneſs. Yea, all thy works ſhall praiſe thee, O Lord, and all thy ſaints ſhall bleſs thee. While I live, I will praiſe the Lord: I will ſing praiſes to my God, while

while I have any being. Praiſe ye him, *all his angels:* praiſe him, all his hoſts. Praiſe *him, ſun and moon:* praiſe him, all ye ſtars of light. *Praiſe him*, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters above the heavens. Let them praiſe the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath alſo ſtabliſhed them for ever and ever. O ſing unto the Lord a new ſong: praiſe him in the firmament of his power; praiſe him for his mighty acts; praiſe him, according to his excellent greatneſs: for in this day is the Branch of the Lord beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth excellent and comely, for them that are eſcaped of Iſrael, and that are left in Zion, and that remain in Jeruſalem, are called holy. There hath come forth a rod out of the ſtem of Jeſſe, and a branch hath grown out of his roots; and the Spirit of the Lord doth reſt upon him, the Spirit of wiſdom and underſtanding, of counſel, might, knowledge. and of the fear of the Lord: with righteouſneſs doth he judge the poor, and reprove with equity, for the meek of the earth: and he ſmote the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips did he ſlay the wicked. And righteouſneſs is the girdle of his loins, and faithfulneſs the girdle of his reins. The wolf doth dwell with the lamb, and the leopard doth lie down with the kid; and the calf, the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child may lead them: for the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the ſea. O Lord, thou art my God, I will praiſe thee, for thou haſt done wonderful things; thy counſels of old are faithfulneſs and truth: for thou haſt brought down all thoſe that roſe up againſt thee; and art for a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauty to thy people. Judgment doth dwell

dwell in the wilderneſs, and *righteouſneſs remai* in the fruitful field; and *the work of righteou* neſs is peace, and the *effect of righteouſnes* quietneſs and aſſurance for ever. An high way i here, and it is called the way of holineſs; no lio is here, no ravenous beaſt goeth up thereupon but the redeemed walk therein, and the ranſome of the Lord do return, and come to Zion witl ſongs, and everlaſting joy upon their heads; the have attained joy and gladneſs, and ſorrow and ſigh ing have fled away. We are the everlaſting witneſſe of thy glory and excellency, O dread Sovereign and thy ſervant whom thou haſt choſen: befor thee there was no god formed, neither ſhall ther be after thee: thou, even thou art the Lord. an beſide thee there is no ſaviour: before the da thou art he; and there is none that can delive out of thine hand: thou workeſt, and who ſhal let thee? We remember not the former things neither conſider the things of old:-behold, thou doſt a new thing, and it ſpringeth forth, and we un derſtand it: thou doſt even make a way in th wilderneſs, and rivers in the deſert. The beaſt of the field honour thee, the dragons and the owls, becauſe thou giveſt water in the wilderneſs, and ri vers in the deſert, to give drink to thy people, th choſen. Us haſt thou formed for thyſelf, we ſhal ſhew forth thy praiſe. *Thy righteouſneſs is near thy ſalvation is gone forth: and thine arm ſhall judge the people; the iſlands did wait upon thee and upon thine arm did they truſt.* The heavens e vaniſhed like ſmoke; and the earth did *wax old like a garment*; *and they that dwelt therein ſhall die in like manner:* but thy ſalvation is for ever and thy righteouſneſs ſhall not be aboliſhed: th mountains did depart, the hills were removed

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but thy kindneſs hath not *departed from us, neither* ſhall the covenant of thy *peace be removed* from us. I will mention *the loving kindneſs of* the Lord, and the praiſes of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath beſtowed upon us. Thou rent the heavens, and cameſt down, the mountains flowed down at thy preſence; and thou trode down the people in thine anger, and made them drunk in thy fury; and didſt bring down their ſtrength to the earth. Though many of the earth heaped up ſilver as the duſt, and raiment as the clay; yet the juſt put it on, and the innocent divided the ſilver: terrors have taken hold on them as waters; a tempeſt hath ſtolen them away in the night; for thou haſt caſt upon them, and not ſpared; they would fain flee out of thy hand. We clap our hands at them, and have hiſſed them out of their place. But thou haſt delivered us in ſix troubles; yea, in ſeven no evil hath touched us. In famine he hath redeemed us from death, and in war from the power of the ſword; we have been hid from the ſcourge of tongues; neither were we afraid of deſtruction when it came: at deſtruction and famine we did laugh: we knew alſo that our ſeed ſhould be great, and our offſpring as the graſs of the earth; and that our enemies ſhould for ever be made our footſtools; for thou haſt deſtroyed them for ever, O God; and haſt made them to fall by their own counſels: thou haſt caſt them out, in the multitude of their tranſgreſſions; for they rebelled againſt thee. They are brought down, and fallen; but we are riſen, and ſtand upright; for thou haſt ſaved the afflicted people, and haſt brought down high looks. We will extol thee, O Lord; for thou haſt lifted us up, and haſt not made our foes to rejoice over

us: thou haſt brought up our ſouls from the grave; thou haſt kept us alive, that we ſhould not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye ſaints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holineſs; for his anger endureth but for a moment; in his favour is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. We have delighted ourſelves in the Lord; and he hath given us the deſire of our hearts: we have committed our way unto him, we have truſted in him: and he hath brought it to paſs; and hath brought forth our righteouſneſs as the light, and our judgment as the noon-day. We have not fretted ourſelves, becauſe of him that proſpereth in his way; becauſe of the man that bringeth wicked devices to paſs; but we have waited patiently, and behold, the wicked are not; they are for ever baniſhed unto utter darkneſs: but we inherit the earth, and delight ourſelves in abundance of peace. Many have been our afflictions, but the Lord hath delivered us out of them all: he hath kept all our bones, that one of them is not broken: but evil hath ſlain the wicked; and they that have hated us are deſolate: we were not afraid, when one was made rich, when the glory of his houſe was increaſed; for when he died, he carried nothing away; his glory did not deſcend after him: the way of the wicked was their folly; like ſheep they were laid in the grave, death did feed upon them; we have now dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty did conſume in the grave from their dwelling. But God hath redeemed our ſoul from the power of the grave; for he hath received us. Selah.

O ſing unto the Lord a new ſong; for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand, and holy

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arm hath gotten him the victory. *The Lord is* God, his mercy is everlaſting, *and his truth endureth* to all generations. The right hand of the Lord is exalted, the right hand of the Lord doth valiantly. Praiſe ye the Lord, O Jeruſalem; praiſe thy God, O Zion; for the Lord ſhall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, to all generations. Hallelujah."

The CONCLUSION.

1. *We ought to write of ſuch things with a trembling hand.*

AH! Wellbeloved, I am beginning to be afraid, that I have darkened counſel by words without knowledge. Ah! has this been the effect of my raviſhing view of thy ſuperexcellent glory to be revealed? to talk ſo poorly and childiſhly of ſuch great and excellent things! a ready way to bring down the low thoughts, that the ſons of men have of thee, much lower! a deſtruction to my deſign here, and the flower of my deſire, which is only to raviſh the judgments and affections of the ſons of men, concerning the excellencies of thy perſon, the greatneſs of thy kingdom, and the glory of thine inheritance in the ſaints in light. My deareſt One, let this never ſee the light, if it be apt to produce any other effect. Pardon, dear Lord, my childiſh boldneſs, and accept the will for the deed: thou knoweſt, it is my deſign, to ſet theſe on high; but ah my ſtupidity! ah my childiſh ignorance! I may ſay, in thy ſight, I am *more brutiſh*

then any man, - and have not the underſtanding a man; I neither learned wiſdom, nor have knowledge of the holy. When ſhall my childhood b gone? when ſhall I come to my manly eſtate? ho long ſhall my faculties be ſtupid, marred, an out of order? If, even now, I am wonderi at my childiſh expreſſions of ſuch ſuperexcelle things, what will my reflections be, when attain to the fulneſs of the ſtature of Chriſt? It quiets m mind ſomewhat, that I have expreſſed more, an aſcended higher, than the conceptions of moſ and that all expreſſions, and diſcourſes of ſubl nary excellencies ſhall bluſh and think ſhame t appear here: and though whatever I ſhall b able to ſay, be unworthy of the meaneſt of th ſaints; yet may it be an occaſion to ſome them, of ſtirring themſelves up to a more heaven frame of ſpirit, and more ſerious and profoun apprehenſions of the things that are inviſible.

2. *The eſſence of a ſaint conſiſts much in heavenl mindedneſs.*

Heirs of glory, what think you of your good inheritance? the delightſome countries, the pleaſa habitations, the unſpeakable joys, the everlaſti pleaſures, the inconceivable felicity, that lie a lit before you, and to which you are poſting? A you not amazed with the conſideration of yo wonderful prerogatives? Is it poſſible you can be the forethoughts of what you are coming t Shall you ever be able to pluck your minds dow from ſuch raviſhing things? Have not all ſublun excellencies diſappeared in your ſight? What a *the ſtars,* when the ſun doth appear? I think *bear* every one of you ſay, 'I have done for *with* the painted clay images; for I have ſee *found* the only real and ſubſtantial things, and

unſpeakable, and full of glory! you delights, you ſorrows of time, you are much overlooked by me, while I lie thus, within the view of eternal raviſhments. One moment's immediate converſe with JEHOVAH, and the Lamb, ſhall eradicate all the impreſſions of ſorrow and grief, that I can poſſibly undergo. Shall I not ſee him as he is? Am I not to ſee him face to face? Theſe arms, even theſe very arms ſhall embrace the chief of ten thouſands; I ſhall be for ever ſatiate with his infinite ſweetneſs; even drunk and overfilled with his overcoming loves. O the frame of my ſpirit! I can ſay nothing: expreſſions fail me, for repreſenting the high thoughts of my heart! Where am I now? am I not almoſt in heaven already? Heart, and love, and all have fled thither; nothing remains here, but this vile clay tabernacle; and ere it be long, it ſhall be there alſo. Verily I am come to mount Zion, to the city of the living God; my converſe is no more here."

3. *Earthly-minded creatures might be convinced of the reality and deſirableneſs of heavenly things, by due and deep conſideration.*

Silly worldlings, what think you of our world? ſpeak, men, I appeal unto your own ſtupid ſelves, which of us are wiſeſt, wealthieſt, merrieſt, moſt renowned and excellent? Are you not beginning to conſider your deſperate folly and madneſs? Are you not admiring the fooliſhneſs of your bypaſt vanity, in ſpending your ſtrength for tranſient, evaniſhing ſhadows? Are you not almoſt beginning to fall in love with our bleſſed country? Yea, are you not content to renounce the love of your dung-hill for it? Are you not come to ſuch a bleſſed change, in your thoughts? Come hither, the bargain is done, heaven is yours; for it is, Love,

and have it. What mean you, *Sirs?* *Why ſhould* any of you thus ſtand *wavering? Muſt you not* have heaven? If you loſe it, what *can you* purchaſe? Is there any impediment? Be willing, and welcome. Dare any of you doubt of the reality of the only real things? what! becauſe they fall not under your brutiſh ſenſes? Then you may doubt whether you conceive, or not. Are ye ſuch brutes, as to think, there is no uptaking but ſenſual, when the mental are myriads of ſtages more evident and real? Sirs, can there be any ſo mad, as to deny all the countries he never ſaw with his eyes, when atteſted by multitudes of eye-witneſſes, of divers ſorts and ages? And have not numbers, of all ranks and conditions, of the moſt excellent in all ages, atteſted their moſt excellent diſcoveries of this happy world? One of whoſe atteſtations is more worthy, than the teſtimony of ten thouſand of ordinary men. O Sirs, want of conſideration cauſeth you look upon the only ſubſtantial things, as uncertain fancies. But conſider eternity ſeriouſly, and you ſhall find yourſelves moved in another manner, than thoſe who are led away with enthuſiaſms. Sirs, enter into your own hearts, inquire at your conſciences, and you ſhall find heaven and hell written upon them. Speak never ſo much, worldling, againſt our happy world, thou but manifeſts thy deſires, not thy real and ſerious thoughts; thou fights againſt thy conſcience: the way of thy blaſpheming bewrays thee.

4. *Tranſient thoughts of glory ſignify nothing.* Ah! Sirs, I fear many of you have taken but a view of our Wellbeloved's country, on the by, and no more: will ye not bend hither all your faculties, and conſider profoundly again and again what you have ſeen, until an enduring impreſſion be left upon

on your ſpirits? What! ſhall your *thoughts be ſo* ſuperficial and tranſient, as *you ſhall undergo no* tranſformation in the ſpirit of your *minds, but* ſtill remain earthly? What, ſtill earthly? and preſently back to earth again? are you like earthly exhalations, which by benſil of a ſlight fiery impreſſion, though ſeen while aloft, yet ſtill retaining the droſſy nature, they fall down again? Shall glory be ſo ſoon forgotten, as if it were like a nine-days wonder? How are you affected? Are you not in ſome heavenly frame? And will you ſuffer it to evaniſh by negligence, vain conceits, worldly thoughts and words, and fleſhly luſts? Shall dunghill-earth eclipſe the raviſhing view you have gotten? Will you become as low and creeping in your conceptions, as you have been? May ſuch a ſad ſentence be ſaid of you, *The glory you have ſeen to day, you ſhall behold no more?* Will ye prove like Balaam, who fell to his accuſtomed baſeneſs, after the elevated ſight of Iſrael's comely tents? Shall you be ranked with the fallen angels, who fell from the higheſt places of the world to the loweſt? Keep your ſituation if you be wiſe; fallen ſtars are moſt abominable: the higher pitch, the lower fall: better you had never known ſuch excellent things, than to ſlight and forget them, and be as baſe and earthly, as if the ſound of ſuch aſtoniſhing things had never come to your ears.

5. *An invitation to exchange earthly for heavenly things*

Launch out further and further into the depths of infinite excellencies. Ah! what can we ſpeak of ſuch maſſy, ſublime things? though we ſhould write as many volumes as would fill the whole creation, earth's ſhallow diaſect is inſignificant in

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ſuch ſubſtantial things; *words here are but ſilent* ſhadows, of no efficacy: *come, and ſee, and taſte,* would tell the matter. Sirs, have you any thing to ſay? Is not the buſineſs paſt all debate? Need we ſay any more? Can you be ſo mad, as to be indifferent and inconſiderate in ſuch a weighty concernment? Sirs, *How long ſhall you halt betwixt two opinions?* Stand no more a-back: O come, come, come away, and be everlaſtingly bleſſed! Are you not out of conceit with time's worm-eaten glory? Are you not lamenting your former vanity and madneſs? Are you not wearied in the things that cannot profit? Are you conſidering things, never entered within your conception before? What lets you then, that you become not heavenly and divine? Are you not altogether in love with our Wellbeloved, the author of all? Are you not cloſing with him, on his own terms, as he hath offered himſelf in his teſtament? Are you not heartily embracing, and ſtriving to grow more and more conform to his lovely image, until you ſhall grow up unto the perfect ſtature of his fulneſs? O then! welcome, a thouſand times welcome unto this glorious world of Emmanuel's conqueſt: you are come unto the joyful and lightſome ſide of the creation. I dare pawn my ſalvation, you ſhall never repent of ſo ſweet a tranſlation: your *light ſhall more and more break forth, unto the perfect day:* your progreſs, through all the difficulties of time, even death itſelf, ſhall be cheerful and ſweet.

6. *The hope of glory ſwallows up all imaginable ſorrow.*

Be of good courage, ye ſaints of the Moſt High, you princes of the world; all are yours, for ye are Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's. It is all one whether

whether dung-hill worms *contemn, or eſteem* you: it is below you to fear *ſuch feeble beaſts.* Overlook the ſcenical graduations of time; *it is* below princes, born to ſo great things, to take notice of ſuch trifles: ſtand to your royal prerogatives; fall not down from your ennobling exerciſe; *Set the Lord always before you, and you ſhall never be moved:* let the world reel to and fro; *let the mountains be caſt into the midſt of the ſea; let thouſands, and ten thouſands fall on every hand;* yet can you undergo no harm. Death, in any garb, is gain unto the perſon who is in heaven already.

7 *Earth-worms, who will be ſuch, have nothing to do with heaven.*

You who will ſtill be grovelling upon baſe earth, who though ye ſhould read and hear never ſo oft, of the only excellent things, will back to the dung-hill again, and will vex and torment yourſelves with the cares and vanities of a tranſitory life, who will endeavour and deſire to be laden with thick clay; we have only this to ſay unto you, *He that is filthy, let him be filthy ſtill.* You have made a brave choice, poor ſoo's, your paradiſe is baſe, empty, hungry, and tranſient, well befitting ſuch noble and high ſpirits as you: in whatever account you ſeem to be, in the eyes of a baſe world, you are vile deſpicable worms: crawl, and ſet up your creſt, on your ſtately dung-hill; but know, if ye can underſtand, that theſe vile bodies and ſouls of yours ſhall never aſcend higher; under our feet ſhall we eternally trample you; your kingdom being the office-houſe of our palace-royal. Fill yourſelves with duſt, as the ſerpents; let your day-thoughts, and night-thoughts run out upon dung-hill concernments; add houſe to houſe, and

and land to land; heap up treasures for many days; and when you encounter death, or a day of sad affliction, cast up your great and precious gains: have you accounted yourselves unworthy of such unspeakable blessedness? you shall never taste it, but be everlastingly shut up in that horrid abominable lake, a suitable dwelling place for such vile wretches: this dark smoky region you only affect, and to utter darkness shall you be driven, *where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.*

8. *Christ alone to be exalted and esteemed, who is the purchaser of this noble inheritance.*

Let glory and renown remain for ever upon the head of the author and purchaser of so great a salvation! Can angels ever enough admire him? Can the saints ever enough praise him? where shall we get a throne to set this majestic One upon? All our glory and excellency is too base and low a foot-stool for his feet: thousands of thousands of excellent worlds, erected above one another, were too base and low a foundation for him to trample upon. Men or angels, what have you, or can you say worthy of him? Were your hallelujahs tuned up never so many stages higher, yet still they should fall infinitely below his matchless worth: what can we do, in extolling such a lofty One? for ever is he infinitely exalted above all our praises; yet praise him we shall, eternally shall we praise him: all our strength, soul, and might must be fully let forth to his glory; tho' all we can do be just nothing. Who is worthy of glory, except our *Wellbeloved*? whom should we love, but him? *whom should* we praise, but him? whom should *we admire*, but him? Who but he! none but he! O! let all our powers and faculties be ex-

filled with him. Ah! it is black *ſhame the ſons* men ſhould think and ſpeak, *and write ſo much* empty nothings; and ſo little *of this only excel*lent One! When ſhall our Wellbeloved be great among all nations? Ah! he is nothing, or little known among the ſons of men; little do they diſcourſe of him; and what they diſcourſe is cold and common. Alas! men talk of him, as if he were a common beloved! men eſteem Jeſus ſome ordinary one! they hear of one Jeſus, that was ſlain at Jeruſalem, and they are as little affected, as if they read or heard of ſome common hiſtory the news of his excellent kingdom have ſmall impreſſion upon them; they think they hear of new worlds, never ſeen, or travelled to by any. Chriſt is an unknown perſon to the moſt; the ſound of his name hath filled the ears of all, the letters of his name are well known, and no more: but who have been raviſhed with his good ointments? Who hath been filled with the odoriferous emanation of his Lebanon-garments? Who has taſted of his ſoul-overcoming ſweetneſs? Who had him as a *bundle of myrrh all night betwixt their breaſts*? Who have *found him*, and *held him, and would not let him go?* Who have been led into his chamber of preſence? Who cannot lite (though in never ſo great abundance of earthly things) without a familiar and intimate fellowſhip with him?

9. *Religion is another thing than ſtupid worldlings imagine; cloſe walking with God, is an high myſtery unto them.*

Poor worldlings, the beſt of you are but formaliſts, occupied about the outſide and ſhell of religion: through cuſtom, and a natural conſcience, you go through all the bulk of the exerciſe of godlineſs; you hear, you pray, you read, you confer

onfer, you meditate; *for perform duties* twixt man and man, through *cuſtom and fo* lity, through ſhame of others, *through vain* ry, through the gnawings of a natural conſcien which you muſt ſomewhat quiet one way or anoth But know you what it is to do all things to glory of our Wellbeloved? to be afraid, that, the beſt of your performances, you offend hi and ſtir him up before he pleaſe? Know you wh it is, to look more to the manner of your duti than the bulk of them? to the principle fr whence they flow, than any thing elſe? to the tention and frame of your heart in duty? Kn you what it is, to watch over your heart, to ha a ſtricter eye over your thoughts and intention to be moſt troubled with, and in guarding agai theſe ſecret ſins of the thoughts and intentio which no creature can ſee but yourſelves? Kn you what it is, to keep up a near and intimate co munion with Jeſus? to have a mutual intercou with him? Know you what it is, to wreſtle w him, and to lay hold upon him, and to conſtr him in a manner to bleſs you? Know you wha is, to *account all things droſs and dung unto the kno ledge of the excellency of Jeſus*, the only Wellbelove Are you indifferent to all things but Chriſt? Is world, in all its glory, pleaſure, and profit, a de and crucified thing in your eyes? Is the cry of yo heart, Chriſt, Chriſt, and only Chriſt; give y him, and you deſire no more? O Sirs! h you ſeen him? have you heard him? have y found him? Know you his ſmiles, the lifting of his countenance, his love-embraces? Ah! wor lings, I am ſpeaking of ſtrange things, unex rienced by you!

10. *The ſaints only know the life and myſte*

of godlineſs, *and ſtrangers intermeddle not with their heavenly delights, and divine joy.*

You ſaints of the Moſt *High, you are witneſſes* of the truth of all we have ſpoken: have we not ſpoken poorly and childiſhly of ſo great things? It is nothing we have ſaid, to that which even you experience in the land of abſence. O then! ſincere one, hath not thy Wellbeloved written more of this his tranſcendent beauty, ſweetneſs, and excellency upon thy heart, than all the learned of the world can put down in black and white? What can be written or ſpoken of ſuch great things? *Come, ſee, and taſte, and feel,* will manifeſt the buſineſs beſt. It was not our intention, O ye excellent ones of the earth, to write to you of things which are in other manner of characters imprinted on your faculties; but only to put you in mind, leſt you ſuffer ſuch noble impreſſions to decay, in the midſt of worldly affairs, tentations, and difficulties: that you may perceive the vaſt difference between all expreſſion, and feeling; that you may be ſtirred up to acquire the noble gift of utterance; that you may manifeſt to the ignorant the excellency and lovelineſs of your Wellbeloved, and what he hath done to your ſoul. We have written to you, babes, who are young ſtudents in Chriſtianity; even to you, *O daughters of* Jeruſalem, who are inquiring after our matchleſs Bridegroom, having only heard the raviſhing ſound of his name, but never have ſeen his amiable countenance, nor entered his pleaſant *beds of ſpices.* O might we be eternally honoured, in leading you in by the hand unto him! draw near, O draw near! and ye ſhall ſee more, ten thouſand times more, than ever you heard tell of; you ſhall begin to laugh at your putrid and childiſh talking of ſuch wonderful things.

11. *The woful ſtate of worldlings, exceellen* holineſs, and *neceſſity of converſion, with m* thereof.

We have written unto you, worldlings, what have ſeen and found, that you may know that th are excellent things indeed, which never fell unc your brutiſh ſenſes; and to let you know, t godlineſs is another manner of thing than ever e tered within your conceptions, that you may quire after the reality of ſuch excellent things, a ſtrive to get a ſight of him who is inviſible; t in ſeeing, you may love him; and in loving, m be bleſſed for evermore. Poor worldlings, we ca not but pity you, who cannot pity yourſelves: y ſee not your own baſe and low condition; for you could, your condition were changed. We it poſſible to demonſtrate your vileneſs and mi ry? Are you affected with nothing ſo much what falls under your ſenſes? What pre-eminen have you above the brutes of the field? the jo and deſires, and intentions of both are confin within an inch of time: both are earthly, both a temporal, both decay in a moment, and come nought. I appeal to yourſelves, baſe worldlings, they may be termed high ſpirited, whoſe thoug and projects are only upon earth, the faſhion which paſſeth away; as you cannot but percei with your very bodily ſenſes. Ah! Sirs, is it n even ſad? Earth is the centre of all your love a deſires: earthly glory, earthly riches, earthly d light affects you moſt; let you have abundance earth, and that eternally, and eternally you c live without the enjoyment of JEHOVAH and t Lamb: the kingdom above theſe viſible heave appears ſtrange Utopian-like inventions, whic though ye give an hiſtorical faith to, yet you a affect

affected little or nothing with *the news of ſuch aſtoniſhing things*; and labour, *and endeavour, and* project more for theſe periſhing *things: which* ſhows you are baſe earth-worms, who have choſen this dunghill for your country; deſpiſed and undervalued the enduring ſubſtance; and have not ſtirred up yourſelves, to the deep perſuaſion of the truth and reality of ſuch wonderful things; but embrace earth, and confeſs yourſelves its natives and homeborn ſlaves. May you not at laſt ſee your own baſeneſs and ſlavery? Are you not aſhamed of your former vileneſs? Are you not beginning to perceive, that the ſaints are the only excellent and noble perſons? Are you not looking upon it, as the greateſt miſery and baſeneſs, to be earthly in your mind and affections? Are you not accounting it the only dignity and accompliſhment, to be humble and divine? Again, we beſeech you to be ingenuous, and not to lull yourſelves aſleep in ſecurity's lap, with a number of careleſs will be's, and may be's. What, Sirs? Confeſs you the reality of theſe wonderful things to come? Confeſs you, that heaven and hell is the eternal lot of all mankind? Which of them are you making for? You know, according to your preparations here, ſo are you hereafter to be; as you ſow, ſhall you not reap? If you ſow to the fleſh, ſhall you not reap corruption? And if you ſow to the Spirit, ſhall you not reap eternal life? Whether will you travel the way to the one, or the other? Chooſe you: God ſets *life and death before you*; beguile not yourſelves; *God will not be mocked.* Will you remain earthly, and yet think to enter the pure heavenly city? Is there a foot breadth for earth-worms there? If earthly minded creatures, remaining earthly, may expect to enter the fair and clean

Jeruſalem, then ſhall heaven be filled with all ſorts of cattle, and hell ſhall be for ever empty; which is indeed the opinion of ſtupid worldlings, whoſe extenſive charity reaches all men that ever were, or ſhall be; who are of ſo ſweet and mild a diſpoſition, as that they dare not, cannot judge any, and are not aſhamed to ſay, of the baſeſt dunghill worldling, *It may be he has ſomewhat good.* But believe it, earthly-mindedneſs is a palpable groſs vileneſs, to all who have their ſenſes in the leaſt exerciſed. Enter your own hearts, poor wretches, and behold your own practice, and the practice of the generality of all who are about you; and you ſhall perceive yourſelves ſmell ſtrongly of earth. Do not all your aims and projects tend earth-ward? Are not your laſt thoughts in the evening, your firſt thoughts in the morning, the moſt of your thoughts all the day long, running upon lower concernments? Earth, only earth fills your baſe minds: few, tranſient, and brutiſh are your conceptions of things above: eternity you make your by-aim, and earth your chief deſign. Do you not eſteem earthly glory and riches moſt? Are not theſe, who are moſt laden'd with the thick clay of the earth, greateſt in your eyes? Had you not rather have the wealthieſt, the men of most account and power in time to be allied to you, than the afflicted people? Can you not converſe familiarly with dunghill-worldlings, without any trouble or antipathy? Yea, have ye not the curſed heart, to become one fleſh with a black lump of death and hell, if ſo be they be laden with the earth-worm-eaten traſh, or pleaſe your carnal inclination, and fooliſh fancy? Are you not more taken up with your own private, petty affairs, than the great concernments of Chriſt, and his cauſe

Have you not more delight in earthly *enjoyments*, than in the exercises of godliness? *Are you not* more sensible of your temporal *losses, than of your* spiritual? Do not your joys ebb and flow, according to the ebbings and flowings of worldly things? Are you not ignorant of *rejoicing in tribulation*, because of the smiles of JEHOVAH's amiable countenance? and of *sorrowing*, in the midst of earthly abundance, because the Wellbeloved hath *frowned, withdrawn himself, and is gone?* Worldlings, is it not even thus with you? Let your consciences speak, men and women; O! hear them, that God may hear you. I say, is it not most evident to yourselves, that thus it is with you? And are you for glory? Are you for the clean and holy city? Are you not for *dwelling with everlasting burning?* Are you for walking with the Lamb, clothed with the white and beautiful garments of holiness? Are you for standing among the fair delightsome assembly of saints and angels, who eternally surround the throne of JEHOVAH and the Lamb? Are you? Ye base worldlings, as long as ye are what you are, you have nothing to do with glory: stand aback, *touch not the mount*; beasts are not to meddle with so great things: heaven is only for holy ones; for *without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* Believe it, Sirs, you are ten thousand miles from holiness; holiness is a strange, unknown thing in the world; the most refined *moralists, civilians*, carnal *gospellers*, and brave *formalists* have scarce heard the sound thereof: *There is a path that no fowl knoweth*, and *which the vulture's eye hath not seen*; and *the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.* But, *where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price*

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ſeen, but to *the things that are not ſeen: for the* things that *are ſeen, are temporal; but the things* that *are not ſeen, are eternal.* Heaven is his ſoil, his element, the centre of his love and deſires: he longs, he prays, he greatly deſires, he weeps to be there. The deſire of the full and naked embracements of *the Chiefeſt of ten thouſand* overtops and ſwallows up his deſire and love to all other things. What though he hath fair, pleaſant poſſeſſions of earth, many dear friends, and pleaſant companions? What though he have an excellent wife, and hopeful children? All theſe are but *droſs* and *dung* unto the very *knowledge of the excellency of Jeſus* his Lord: they are good and pleaſant, but nothing to the only Wellbeloved. He can leave them all gladly, to be with him. O my conſort, my children, my friends, my poſſeſſions, my hopes hereaway, my life, I could not but with exceeding great grief, be thus ſeparate from you, were I not going to one who is ſweeter, dearer, and more lovely to me, above all expreſſion, than you all: the loſs of all things is no loſs, if I go to the full enjoyment of him whom my ſoul loveth. *Whom have I in heaven, or in earth, but him?* Whom do I love and deſire but him? no enjoyments whatſoever can quench my longing to be with him: he is my all, and only One. Farewell, all lower enjoyments, the love of my faireſt Wellbeloved ſwallows up all other loves. Be cloſed, my bleſſed ſenſes, from receiving any more ſublunary objects, that ye may be everlaſtingly filled with his tranſcendent lovelineſs, ſweetneſs, and excellency. And no wonder the ſaint cannot want Chriſt, ſince he is transformed into his lovely image, a partaker of his divine nature; one who is endued with the ſame mind that was in him; one who hath Chriſt

dwelling

welling in *him*; one who *hath the kingd*
heaven *within him*: ſo that *it is natural*
him to tend God-ward and *heaven-ward; eve*
it is natural for the worldling to tend earth-w
and hell-ward. Every thing hath a propenſity
love to its own centre and like, and bends
from its oppoſite: the fire aſcends towards the
tre and great globe of fire; every bit of earth
joined, tends back to the whole again. Tho
there were neither reward nor puniſhment;
a holy one muſt love, ſerve, obey, praiſe, and a
his God; for heaven muſt operate like heaven,
ven neceſſarily, though freely, ſweetly, and w
out compulſion. Again, worldlings muſt t
earth ward, though they ſhould find never ſo m
vexation, torment, and grief into it; though
ſhould be never ſo often threatened and per
ded of all the miſeries that follow an earthly,
ſual, and brutiſh way of living; ſince he is all ſe
earth, and corruption, altogether deſtitute of
divine nature. In a word, a worldling is a vi
incarnate devil; a ſaint, a viſible incarnate an
only hell, on this ſide of time, is not fully acc
pliſhed in the one; nor heaven fully perfected
the other. The holy one ſmells ſtrongly of
ry; and the nearer he approacheth to his journ
end, the more reſplendent a luſtre hath he of
ven: *the path of the juſt* being *as the ſhining l*
that ſhineth more and more unto the perfect
O tincture of heaven! their actions have ſli
greater ſmell of glory; but all is nothing to
glory and excellency of their inviſible and inv
operation: little or nothing appears without
compariſon of that which is within. O the n
and ſeraphic thoughts! O the ſtrange motion
love, and joy, and admiration, above all poſ
expreſſi

expreſſion! O the raviſhing *perfumes of paſſing* joys and ſweetneſs, wherewith *the Beloved fills the* heart! it is impoſſible for *the ſaint, to put down* in black and white, what he feels on his ſoul: all the tongues of men and angels cannot manifeſt his ſweet and noble thoughts of his only Wellbeloved. He would gladly expreſs them to all that are about him, but he finds it impoſſible. He is ſometimes contending with his narrow fancy, that it cannot find out a more ſublime, clear, and excellent way of expreſſing the matchleſs worth of his Wellbeloved: other whiles, he is angry at the cold, ſhallow, and putrid manner of others diſcourſing: he would have all men ſpeak nobly, write nobly, do nobly, for Jeſus. Nothing vexeth him more than to perceive the generality of men forget him; or, when they ſpeak of him, to talk ſo coldly and creepingly, as if he were a common, ordinary beloved. He would have his lovely One filling the hearts and mouths of all: he hates the fellowſhip where he is not highly eſteemed, loved, praiſed, and adored: he greatly honours, and loves that, (though otherwiſe never ſo low and deſpicable), where he is praiſed, worſhipped, and much accounted of. It is his continual torment and affliction, he hath ſo low and unbeſeeming thoughts of him: he is in great rage at his heart, that it ſhould, at any time, go aſtray from ſuch an excellent object, after vanity: he lays hands on, watcheth over, and commands his heart, that it have noble and excellent thoughts of him, and entertain no other beloveds beſide him: he deſires nothing more than to have his heart wholly ſet upon him, and for ever raviſhed and overcome with his love. And no wonder; ſince Chriſt and he are one; one in nature, mind, affections, ſpirit, and all things: as the Lord

Jeſus

Jesus is, so is he, in a great part. *Every* the saints resembles the *children of the Ki* kings: among all the sons *of Adam, there* none their like; for they are *a chosen gener a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar peo that they should shew forth the praises of him hath called them out of darkness unto his marve light.* The generality of mankind hath, ever f the very beginning, looked upon them as str manner of persons, and nick-named them with rious and strange sorts of names, according to iniquities of the times and places they lived because of their rareness in number, singularit their way of living and practice, precisenels in t principles, and opposing the sins of the times t lot is cast into.

Ah! poor worldlings, do ye not see, th saint is another manner of person than yo magined? Do you not perceive, that you as far below real holiness, as earth is below ven? Is it not manifest to yourselves that are not the creatures, whose minds and a tions are heavenly and divine? that you are of a more noble and excellent spirit than neighbours? True, your own desperate, de ful heart will cause you imagine yourselves pieces of excellency; yet it will give you no monstration, but only because I, as such, ap great; and so confound every thing, as you evade us, one way or another. So desperate worldlings, that they cannot abide to exa their conditions; and when others hold out light, that they may discover them, they wink, they behold their own misery and vileness. worldlings may you not see your nakedness you will but ask seriously at yourselves, a few

dinary queſtions, and ſolve them *faithfully*, according to the anſwer of your *conſcience?*

Firſt, Have you ever felt *the pangs of the new* birth? Are you ſtrangers to this? Know you not, *Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven?* This is ſtrange! a ſaint, a regenerate creature, a man born over again; and yet without pain, or labour: ſuch a great mutation, without great ſymptoms and concomitants, cannot be. Ah! moſt mens religion hath come to them in a night-dream.

2*dly*, Were you ever at, *What ſhall I do to be ſaved?* Here, bleſſed Jeſus, I ſubſcribe a blank, put in any thing thou wilt; and, in thy ſtrength, I will gladly endeavour the performance of all; only ſave me; O ſave me, elſe I eternally periſh. It is ſtrange, you have not come this length that many reprobates have come, and yet imagine yourſelves ſaints.

3*dly*, Hath the great ſalvation appeared ſo great in your eyes, filled ſo your minds, that it hath overtopped and ſwallowed up the thoughts of all other concernments? Are you not come thus far, that ſome reprobates have, for a time, attained unto? And can you imagine yourſelves partakers of the great ſalvation? Ah! mad deluſion!

4*thly*, Were you ever ſick of ſin? Have you been more burdened under your iniquities, than ever you were under any earthly affliction? Do you not find the grievous weight of a body of death? Yea, go you not lightly under your iniquities? Only ſome of the groſſeſt of them torment your natural conſcience; as for original ſin, you know it more by ſpeculation, than by feelinge this doth ſhow you are dead in ſins and treſpaſſes, alienated from the life of God. Can you then imagine

magine yourſelf ſuch a *noble creature as a ſaint!*

5thly. Were you ever *ſick of love for Jeſus?* Were you ever running after *him, with the tear* in your eye, with your hands upon your aking ſores? Were you ever weeping, and groaning, and ſighing at his feet, for mercy, and pardon, and reconciliation, and the lifting up of his amiable countenance? Were you ever wreſtling with ſin, as for your life, and ſaying, Bleſſed Jeſus, I muſt have thee; thee to be my Lord, my head, my advocate, my king, my prieſt, my prophet, my only beloved, or I cannot live! Ah! Sirs, you, who know not experimentally what I am ſaying, have your religion to ſeek yet.

6thly, Were you ever crying, as it were, *O daughters of Jeruſalem, I charge you, if you ſee my beloved, that you tell him, that I am ſick of love?* Have you been fainting becauſe of an abſent and withdrawing Lord? Have you had a wearieſome night without ſleep for Chriſt, becauſe you could not find him? Know you not, by experience, what I am ſaying? O then! you are ſtrangers to Chriſt.

7thly, Are not your thoughts of Chriſt ſo high, that you cannot, in the thouſandth part, expreſs them to others? Are not all things droſs and dung to you, in compariſon of Chriſt? If you can expreſs all your thoughts of him, you want the mind of a ſaint.

8thly. Though an eternal enjoyment of all poſſible created paradiſes of joy and delight, filled with all ſmells, all taſtes, all ſights, all melodies, all delights the heart of man can imagine, were placed on the one hand; and the eternal enjoying, praiſing, and adoring JEHOVAH and the Lamb, on the other; which of theſe two lives would your heart moſt

affect,

affect, and run after? It may *be you will say, I had rather enjoy Christ than all things. How then* comes it to pass, you long not to be with him? How comes it to pass, you have more delight in earthly enjoyments, than in the exercises of godliness? Why is meditating on him, the excellency of his person, and the glory of his kingdom, so melancholious and seldom an exercise? Why are you not making it your study and delight, to keep up a near and intimate fellowship with the Father and the Son? Ah! poor things, you are altogether ignorant of yourselves; and therefore you talk, and you know not what.

9thly, Find you in your soul a strong and ardent longing and desire after God, and still to have more and more of him, till you be filled with all his fulness? Have you a greater thirst after him, than ever you had after cold water in an unquenchable thirst, through a burning fever, or great heat, labour, and weariness? Surely, if you be partakers of his nature, you cannot but bend to him with a strong bensil. Are your desires after him cold and indifferent, and broken cisterns can quench your thirst? Be assured, you are dead, and have not your senses exercised.

10thly, Can you discern betwixt the exercises of godliness, and God in the exercise? Are you sometimes seeking him, and cannot find him? Are you not calling unto him, and he gives no answer? Are you ignorant of a mutual converse with him? Find you not him speaking in to your heart, as really as you spake up to him? Know ye not what it is to receive an answer of prayer? Ah! ye are strangers to the mystery of godliness.

11thly, Find you more delight in his fellowship, when you are alone, than ever you found in all

your earthly enjoyments? *Have you nc* brought into his chambers *of love, and r* and been glad in him? Have you not foun love better than wine, and the ſavour of his ointments moſt cheering and refreſhing? found you not, in ſome meaſure, to your ſweet experience, all the intercourſes written in the Song of ſongs? What ſay you? A ſtrangers to theſe things, and yet an eſp ſoul to Chriſt? that cannot be.

12*thly*. Have you not a reſpect to all his mandments, ſince you have reſigned yourſelf ly over to him, without reſervation? Dare yo tradict a known precept, and can ſacrilegiouſl and carve upon his latter-will, and put your carnal gloſſes upon his clear commands, for own worldly and carnal ends? And yet ſ and yet lovers of Jeſus! that is impoſſible.

13*thly*. Doth your goodneſs reach the *the excellent of the earth*, in whom is all delight? Is there any in your eyes, by a thc ſtages, ſo great as a ſaint? Is not a creatu more lovely, excellent, and eſteemed in your the more wiſe he is, the more he is like all- Jeſus? As for the ſeveral fancies of riche honour, you value them not, theſe are not the that heighten and depreſs perſons in your ac But, on the contrary, are you the people t eſteem perſons according to gay-clothing, tude of traſh, much of earthly honour, p authority, and renown? Affect you more t a really honourable conſort, children, kir and friends, than to have them wiſe and Art thou ſuch a creature, that thou loveſt th verſe of the wealthy and proſperous; and ca a worldling, known to be ſuch, to be the inſ

ble companion of thy life, *becauſe of worldly advantages*; and can converſe *familiarly and merrily* with worldlings, without any antipathy, or hurt to the frame of thine heart? Art thou ſuch an one, and yet a ſaint? ah! poor thing, thou art a ſtranger to holineſs. It may be thou art a formaliſt; that is, a perſon illuminated, who hath a cuſtom of reading, and conferring, and meditating, and praying; and it may be, weeping, and hearing the beſt, it may be with jeopardy; but the life and marrow of religion thou art altogether ignorant of.

14*thly*, Do not the affairs of Chriſt's church through the world, and eſpecially through the particular church he doth moſt own, lie nearer your heart than all other things? May you not ſay, *If I forget thee, O Zion, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I prefer not Jeruſalem to my chiefeſt joy?* Are not your own affairs oft-times forgotten by you, ſo much are you taken up with the affairs of Chriſt? That Chriſt may be great, his intereſts glorious, and his people exalted, is the flower and top of your deſires. You are exceeding angry againſt, not only his open perſecuting enemies, but all who are indifferent or lukewarm in his matters; thou canſt abide none but the zealous ones: art thou not, as it were, burnt up with zeal for the glory of the only excellent One? ſo that thou art crying out, *Let the ſinners be conſumed from the earth; let the wicked be no more, let all his enemies periſh; but let thoſe that love him be like the ſun going forth in his ſtrength.* But, on the contrary, do thine own affairs ſhare largeſt of thy thoughts? thou art oft-times ſo occupied with them, that the affairs of Zion are almoſt forgotten: it may be, thou wiſh-

es well unto her, and had *rather she did swi*
sink; yea, would undergo a *considerable lo*
on condition she might be *exalted: but,* w
thou have the affairs of Christ great, merely
of desire to his glory and exaltation? Dost
desire the rising of his interests, though it
upon thy fall and ruin? Are thy great affair
ven what concerneth life, and the greatest a
of thine own, small, and of no consideratio
thine eyes, in comparison of the smallest thin
Christ? Yea, art thou not one, who can over
and cede many things to the enemy? Not an
is too great precisenes to thee. And is no
hatred and indignation at his enemies, wea
indiscernible? Thou canst hear his work and
ple spoken evil of unconcernedly, and be litt
nothing moved: thou art a very meek and
derate man in his cause; and art thou one of
Hath he the flower of thy love? Is that love l
ing in thine heart, *which many waters c*
quench? Art thou a genuine son of Zion? I
think it; poor deluded creature, thou hast
gion yet to seek.

15thly, Do all earthly things appear dead
crucified like unto thee? Dost thou look
this earth as a melancholic wilderness, and
thine heart and eyes still upon thy country?
dost thou look with a disdainful eye upon
base world, so full of wickedness, vexation,
vanity, wherein thy Lord, and all his follo
have got so bad entertainment? But, on the
trary, dost thou look upon thine enjoyment
a lovely and warmly manner, and hast sweeter
more pleasant thoughts of them, than of th
to come? When the world smiles upon thee,
thou smile upon it again; and canst easily

the want of the full enjoyment *of God; being* well pleaſed with an eaſy, *earthly life, either in* reality, or in imagination, *as thou art ſaying to* thyſelf, *It is good to be here?* Art thou thus, and yet a ſaint, a pilgrim, who is travelling heaven-ward, a creature whoſe heart and love is in another country, and not here? This is a repugnancy; never think it, man; think thyſelf the thing thou art, an home-born ſlave; and then thou art a ſtep in the way to true liberty.

16*thly*. Art thou longing to be in the immediate embraces *of the Chief of ten thouſand*, to behold him face to face, and be ſatiate with his immediate fellowſhip? Is it oft the cry of thy longing heart, *When ſhall I ſee him as he is*, and that white and beautiful company following him whitherſoever he goes? When ſhall I ſee the Bridegroom and the bride kiſs and embrace one another? When ſhall he ſet his majeſtic head through theſe viſible heavens, and appear in his royal marriage-robes, before the whole creation? Ah, the envious heavens, that hide him from my longing eyes! ah the longſome days, that lie betwixt me and him! When ſhall we be eternally in others immediate embraces? But, on the contrary, canſt thou live contentedly, in the midſt of earthly abundance, with ſmall or no deſires of his immediate fellowſhip? Is this the ordinary frame of thy ſpirit, and yet a ſaint? It cannot be. Can the chaſte ſpouſe not long for her abſent bridegroom? Can the true lover live patiently, without beholding the beloved's face? Ah! Sirs, you have not been really eſpouſed to him. Have you not received his love-tokens, nor been raviſhed with the ſmell of his fragrant ointments? and what wonder you are as you are?

thly, Are you depending on God in every thing? Acknowledge you him in all your ways, and in every exigency that befals you? *Caſt your all your cares upon him*, and *truſt in him* for all things in time and eternity? So that you find your mind greatly eaſed, as having one to your Father who is both able and willing to carry you through all difficulties and afflictions? Are you endeavouring to do his commandments, and commit the event of all abſolutely unto him, who, you know, brings all to a good iſſue? Have you renounced the diſpoſing of yourſelves, and reſigned that, with all your concerns, even unto him? and dare not do any thing without his approbation? Or, on the contrary, do you rely on this thing, and that thing? If there be money in the purſe, or *calves in the ſtall*, then you hope you ſhall not want; you truſt in human probabilities: but if thoſe fail you, you are deſpondent; thou haſt not the confidence in God, that may hold up thy heart, in as cheerful a condition, as *when corn and wine abounded* unto worldlings; thou cannot lay as much weight on the large promiſes, in the book of God, as worldlings on their charters, in earthly poſſeſſions; and therefore thou art ever anxious about the event, and commits not the diſpoſing of thyſelf to him: thou walkeſt by the compaſs of riches, eaſe, reputation, *&c.*; and whether it be the will of Chriſt, is thy laſt conſideration; whether it be a courſe that will moſt glorify him, and make thy progreſs ſwifter to glory, doth not ſo much trouble thee, as whether it be a courſe will render *thee proſperous*, full of eaſe, wealth, and eſteem in *a world*. Doth thine heart diſtate unto thee, ſuch *an occupation*, ſuch a marriage, and ſuch an enterpriſe will bring in great wealth, much worldly?

a multitude of friends, greater worldly *honour, &c.* therefore it is to be followed. *Ah! deluded* wretch, walkeſt thou by *earthly, carnal rules;* and yet ſuch a noble creature as a ſaint? Never entertain ſuch fancies: the ſaints walk as Chriſt walked; he is their Forerunner, and Captain.

The difference between a ſaint and a worldling, may, in ſome manner, be apprehended from what we have ſpoken. Aſk ſeriouſly of yourſelves ſuch queſtions; reflect upon your way of walking; ſee what is the conſtant frame of your heart, and what your heart affects moſt; what you have been, and what you are aiming at, and ſeeking moſt; what you rejoice moſt in; what the thoughts and intentions of your heart run out moſt upon, O Sirs, be not beguiled in ſo weighty a concernment: if you err here, you are eternally undone: it is Satan's great endeavour to hinder you from conſidering yourſelf, or your condition; he delights to ſee you paſs away your time in conſidering your natural abilities, your corporal endowments, your eſtate in the world, *&c.* But he is afraid you conſider your ſpiritual eſtate, how it ſtands betwixt God and you; whether you be in friendly terms with him, or not: if not, how you may attain unto a near fellowſhip; and how you may keep yourſelf in his love and favour, and grow more and more familiar with him; he loves, and endeavours to divert your mind off eternal concernments to temporal. But, Sirs, ought you not to give eternity the firſt place, the firſt, and flower, and choice, and might of all your endeavours? make ſure work in ſo great, great a matter: thy eternal well, or woe, is upon the wheels, man; what ſhall be your lot throughout endleſs ages, is a concernment above all you can conceive, or endeavour

and makeſt it waſte, and turneſt it upſide down, and ſcattereſt abroad the inhabitants thereof; thou art coming out of thy place, to puniſh the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; for thou ſhalt riſe up, as in mount Perazzim, thou ſhalt be wroth, as in the valley of Gibeon; that thou mayſt do thy work, thy ſtrange work; and bring to paſs thy act, thy ſtrange act. At the noiſe of the tumult, the people ſhall flee; at the lifting up of thyſelf, the nations ſhall be ſcattered, and their ſpoil ſhall be gathered, like the ſpoiling of the caterpillars; as the running to and fro of locuſts, ſo ſhalt thou run upon them; for thy ſword ſhall be bathed in heaven, it ſhall come upon Idumea, and upon the people of thy curſe, unto judgment: thy ſword ſhall be filled with blood, and ſhall be made fat with fatneſs: for thou haſt a ſacrifice in Bozrah, and a great ſlaughter in the land of Idumea; and the unicorns ſhall come down with them, and the bullocks, with the bulls, and their land ſhall be ſoaked with blood, and their duſt made fat with fatneſs: for the day of vengeance is in thine heart, and the year of thy redeemed is come. Thou art looking, and there is none to help; and thou wondereſt that there is none to uphold; therefore thine arm ſhall bring ſalvation unto thee; and thy fury it ſhall uphold thee: thou wilt put on righteouſneſs as a breaſt-plate, an helment of ſalvation upon thine head: and thou ſhalt put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and ſhalt be clothed with zeal as a cloak: and thou wilt tread down the people in thine anger, and make them drunk in thy fury; and wilt bring down their ſtrength to the earth. Gird thy ſword on thy thigh, O moſt mighty, with thy glory and thy majeſty; and in thy majeſty ride proſperouſly, becauſe of truth, meekneſs, and righteouſneſs: and thy

right hand *ſhall teach thee terrible things: be*
ou a refuge for the oppreſſed, a refuge in times
trouble. When thou makeſt inquiſition for blood,
emember them: forget not the cry of the humble;
hat they may ſhew forth all thy praiſe in the gates
f the daughter of Zion: that thou mayſt be known
y the judgments thou executeſt, when the wicked
ſnared in the works of his own hands: let not the
eedy always be forgotten; O let not the expecta-
tion of the poor periſh for ever. Ariſe, O Lord,
t not man prevail; put thine enemies in fear, O
Lord, that they may know themſelves to be but
nen. Behold, they travel with iniquity, and have
onceived miſchief, and have brought forth falſe-
ood: they have made a pit, and digged it; let
hem fall into the ditch which they have made:
et their miſchief return upon their own head, and
heir violent dealing come down upon their own
ate. But thoſe that truſt in thee, let them rejoice,
et them ever ſhout for joy, becauſe thou defendeſt
hem. Even let the righteous rejoice, when he
eeth the vengeance: let him waſh his feet in the
lood of the wicked; ſo that a man may ſay, Verily
here is a reward for the righteous: verily thou art
God that judgeſt in the earth. Remember this,
hat the enemy hath reproached, O Lord; and that
he fooliſh people have blaſphemed thy name. O
eliver not the ſoul of thy turtle-dove unto the mul-
itude of the wicked: forget not the congregation of
hy poor for ever: have a reſpect unto thy cove-
nant; for the dark places of the earth are full of
he habitations of cruelty. O let not the oppreſſ-
d return aſhamed; let the poor and needy praiſe
hy name: forget not the voice of thine enemies;
he tumult of thoſe that riſe up againſt thee in-
reaſeth continually. They have taken crafty coun-

ſel

ſel againſt thy people, and conſulted againſt
hidden ones: they have ſaid, Come let us cu
off from being a nation, that the name of
may no more be in remembrance; for they
conſulted together, with one conſent: they are co
rate againſt thee. O make them like a wheel,
God, as the ſtubble before the wind; that me
know that thou, whoſe name alone is JEHOVAH
the Moſt High over all the earth. O Lord G
whom vengeance belongeth, O God, to whom
geance belongeth, ſhew thyſelf: lift up thyſelf,
Judge of the earth, render a reward to the p
O Lord, how long ſhall the wicked, how long
the wicked triumph? how long ſhall they utte
ſpeak hard things? and all the workers of ini
boaſt themſelves? They break in pieces thy peop
Lord, and afflict thine heritage: yet they ſay,
Lord ſhall not ſee, neither ſhall the God of Jace
gard it. But thou ſhalt ariſe and have mercy
on Zion; for the time to favour her, yea, the ſet
is come; for thy ſervants take pleaſure in her ſt
and favour the duſt thereof: for thy mercy is g
above the heavens, and thy truth reacheth unt
clouds. Be thou exalted, O God, above the hea
and thy glory above all the earth: that thy be
may be delivered, ſave with thy right hand.
thou not give us help from trouble? for vain i
help of man. Through thee we ſhall do valiantly
thou art he that ſhall tread down our enemies.
mouth ſhall be filled with laughter, and our to
with rejoicing: thou ſhalt put a new ſong in
mouth; each one of us ſhall ſing forth, O Lord,
art my God, I will exalt thee; I will praiſe thy n
for thou haſt done wonderful things, thy counſe
old are faithfulneſs and truth: for thou haſt be
firet

ſtrength to the poor, *a ſtrength to the needy in his diſtreſs; a refuge from the ſtorm, and a ſhadow from the heat; when the blaſt of the terrible one is as a ſtorm againſt the wall. Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will ſave us: this is the Lord, we have waited for him; we will be glad and rejoice in his ſalvation. We have a ſtrong city, ſalvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation, which keepeth the truth, may enter in.* I cannot but ſmile, and leap for joy, through the forethoughts of the glorious days we ſhall ſee a little hence. Verily, Wellbeloved, thou haſt perſuaded me with a ſtrong hand, that the glory of the ſecond temple ſhall far ſurpaſs the glory of the firſt; and that ſuch a day of thy power and excellency ſhall ariſe very ſhortly upon Britain, as ſhall dazzle the eyes of all the beholders, confound and put to ſhame all thy adverſaries, rejoice exceedingly the hearts of thy now ſaddened and fainting friends, and have a ſtrong influence and reſplendency throughout the whole earth. We are thy covenanted people, thine in a more peculiar manner than any people, nation, or language throughout the univerſal world; thy name is called moſt ſignally over us, thy glory and renown is moſt eſpecially concerned in our affairs; greater mercy, power, wiſdom, and ſovereignty haſt thou not manifeſted on any people, ſince thou aſcended on high: how majeſtic and glorious have thy outgoings been among us? as if here had been the chief place of thy dwelling on earth. Such majeſtic banners of mercy and juſtice haſt thou erected among us, as have amazed the nations about: and though, ere it be long, thou wilt pour out our blood, like water, by the force of the ſword, becauſe of our hor-

rid apoſtaſies and inventions; *yet thy loving*
neſs ſhalt thou never remove from us, but ſhalt
a banner of love over us, *until the day of t*
appearance. Thou haſt manifeſted, that thou
well pleaſed with thine eſpouſing of us, and
thou ſtandeſt to the bargain, by thy begettin
progeny of ſons and daughters, which appea
exceed, in number and excellency, all oth
through the habitable world. Though *our ini*
ties teſtify againſt us, and cry for utter deſolati
until we be like Admah and Zeboim; yet, w
wilt thou do for thy great name, which will
greatly blaſphemed throughout the world, if th
utterly conſume us? Haſt thou begun a wo
and ſhalt thou not perfect it? Haſt thou laid
foundation; and ſhalt thou not erect it unto
cope-ſtone, that all may cry, *Grace, grace u*
it? Haſt thou not ever fruſtrate the cruel a
helliſh intents of thine enemies, and made th
devices to fall on their own heads; and ſhalt th
not now plunge them into the midſt of their o
miſchiefs, as that the inhabitants of the wo
ſhall cry out, Higgaion, Selah? Haſt thou ſuch
numerous and excellent remnant, according to t
election of grace; and ſhall they not hold th
from removing altogether from hence; yea,
hold thee, as thou ſhalt dwell moſt gloriouſly
mongſt us, and bleſs us with a double bleſſing
Art thou the hearer of prayer; and ſhall not t
ſighs, and tears, and groans of thy afflicted, per
cuted ones prevail ſtrongly with thee? Are the
not thouſands of thouſands of prayers lying b
fore the throne, yet not anſwered? How ma
ſtrong wreſtlers have prayed and wept for th
vindicating thy work and people. and died pra
ing? Though ſighs and tears did not move the

y

t wilt thou not regard the *cry of the ſouls* under the altar, who teſtified *for the very ſmalleſt of* thy intereſts unto the death? *Is not thy kingdom* now upon the advancing hand, and the glorious days at the cloſe of time, which of old thou haſt promiſed, at the door? Anon, thou wilt tread upon the high places of the earth, and the inhabitants ſhall tremble, and be amazed: and the loftineſs of man ſhall be bowed down, and the haughtineſs of men ſhall be made low, and thou alone ſhalt be exalted in that day. Thou art coming forth in great fury, and ſhalt tread the wine-preſs without the city, up to the horſe bridles: and the carcaſſes of the men of this generation ſhall be like dung upon the earth; for the ſword ſhall devour from the one end of the land, even to the other; no fleſh ſhall have peace, becauſe the earth is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; ſince they have tranſgreſſed the laws, changed the ordinances, broken the everlaſting covenant: for, from the leaſt of them even unto the greateſt of them, every one is given to covetouſneſs; and from the prophet, unto the prieſt, every one dealeth falſely: they have healed the hurt of the daughter of thy people ſlightly, ſaying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace: they be all adulterers, an aſſembly of treacherous men; and they bend their tongues, like their bow, for lies; but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth. Behold, thy whirlwind ſhall go forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind, it ſhall fall grievouſly upon the head of the wicked. Thou haſt not ſent theſe prophets, yet they ran; thou haſt not ſpoken to them, yet they propheſied; therefore wilt thou caſt out the carcaſſes of theſe prophets, and theſe to whom they have propheſied, into the ſtreets, and the fields, to be

devoured by the fowls of the heaven, and the beasts of the field: for thou wilt cut off from thy generation head and tail, branch and rush, in one day: and it shall be as with the people, so with the priest; as with the servant, so with his master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury to him: for wickedness burneth as the fire, it shall devour the briers and thorns, and shall kindle in the thickets of the forest; and they shall mount up, as the lifting up of smoke. Through thy wrath the land is darkened, and the people shall be the fewel of thy fire: no man shall spare his brother; they shall eat every man the flesh of his own arm, Manasseh Ephraim, and Ephraim Manasseh, and they together shall be against Judah: and the streets shall be filled with blood, and the fields shall be soaked with blood and fatness; for it is the day of thy fury and revenge for the controversy of Zion: but yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and shall be eaten, as a tyle-tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves: for the holy seed shall be the substance thereof. And in that day shall the Branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious; and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely, for them that are escaped of Israel: and in that day shalt thou be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty unto the residue of thy people; and for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment; and for strength to them who turn the battle to the gate. For thou in the midst of us art mighty; thou wilt save, thou wilt rejoice over us with joy; thou wilt rest in thy love; thou wilt rejoice over us with

ı ſinging: and thou wilt *gather them that are* owful for the ſolemn *aſſembly, even them to* om the reproach of it was a burden; and thou lt create upon every dwelling-place of mount on, and upon her aſſemblies a cloud, and ſmoke day, and the ſhining of a flaming fire by night; upon all the glory ſhall be a defence. Who a God like unto thee, that pardoneſt iniquity, d paſſeſt by the tranſgreſſion of the remnant of ine inheritance? Thou retaineſt not thy anger r ever, becauſe thou delighteſt in mercy. O ıy thou be glorious and exalted through Britain, d the whole world! When ſhall the night be ne, and thou ariſe *with healing under thy wings?* hen ſhalt thou *pour down thy Spirit from on* *h*, and make unto thyſelf a willing people? ıſten theſe days, for thine elect's ſake: be an ling-place to thy choſen, from the ſtorm and npeſt, and the blaſt of the terrible ones, acrding to thy promiſe: cover us with thy feathers, d under thy wings make us to truſt: let thy ıth be our ſhield and buckler. Then ſhall we not afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arw that flieth by day, nor for the peſtilence that lketh in darkneſs, nor for the deſtruction that ıſteth at noon-day: a thouſand ſhall fall at our e, and ten thouſand at our right hand; but it ıll not come near us; only with our eyes ſhall we hold, and ſee the reward of the wicked. O let ſee the good of thy choſen, and rejoice with thy tion, and be glad with thy people: let us ſee od, according to the days wherein we have ſeen il, and according to the days thou haſt afflicted . And perform thy great promiſes, now in the d of time and days. As thou haſt already pour- the vials of thy wrath on the ſeat of the beaſt:

now, our mighty One, dry up the river, the great river; and let there come a great voice from the temple of heaven, from the throne, *It is done*: that thou mayſt have a glorious church of Jew and Gentile; ſuch a day of thy power, and beauties of holineſs, as that the cleareſt days we or our fathers ever ſaw, were but days of darkneſs and ignorance in compariſon of them. Haſte, O Wellbeloved, that thou mayſt cry down time and days, and become all in all unto thy choſen, throughout eternity.

The dying Saint's ſong.

FArewell, you beauties of the lower ſtory
Of God's great all; adieu, thou painted glory
Of filly earth; farewell, you dreams, you toys,
Cloth'd in the garb of true delights and joys:
Yet, were you ſuch, as to the world you ſeem,
What place now can you have in mine eſteem?
Since all you leſſer beauties diſappear,
In weſtern point of my heart's hemiſphere;
You roſe, ſhone, ſet, yet ſhall you not again
Shine on my ſoul, while heav'n of heav'ns remain:
No more ſhall painted loves my ſoul bereave,
No more ſhall gliſt'ring ſhades my mind deceive,
No more ſhall empty hopes cauſe diſcontent,
No more ſhall carking cares my ſoul torment;
No more ſhall pain cauſe me to groan and ſob,
No more ſhall fears cauſe ſtifled heart to throb:
No more ſhall crackling joys my ſp'rits exhal,
No more ſhall vain conceits my thoughts inthr
No more ſhall vain delights choke ſolid pleaſ
No more ſhall ſtore of clay appear a treaſur

No more ſhall childiſh rage my *blood inflame,*
No more ſhall fond deſires *poſſeſs the ſame;*
No more ſhall my conceptions be obſcur'd,
No more ſhall my affections be obdur'd:
No more ſhall damps aſleep my ſenſes lull,
No more ſhall clubbiſh earth ſoul's actions dull;
No more ſhall ſickneſs my clay-houſe poſſeſs,
No more ſhall exerciſe cauſe wearineſs:
No more ſhall ſilly body cauſe a loathing,
No more ſhall't ſtand in need of food and clothing;
No more ſhall men contemn, if theſe fall low,
No more ſhall men eſteem, if theſe o'erflow:
No more ſhall ſin remain, ſource of all ill,
No more ſhall ſin man's glorious ſtructure ſpill;
No more ſhall ſin lodge near to heav'nly grace,
No more ſhall ſin eclipſe Chriſt's lovely face:
No more ſhall ſin pull heart from things divine,
No more ſhall ſin my heart to earth incline.
Wouldſt thou, in ſhort, expreſs all ſaid before?
Bleſt ſelf, ſay this, That ſin ſhall be no more.
Welcome, O gentle death, I think thy face
Appears not grim, but hath a pleaſant grace;
What tho' thy looks are ghoſtly, ſad and ſour
Unto the wicked, whom thou doſt devour?
Not ſo to us, ſervants cannot appal:
For ours are death, life, heav'n and earth, and all:
Firſt ſight of thee, friend death, caus'd languid heart
Leap for exceeding joy, and ev'ry part
To ſpring with floods of pleaſure: I was ſlain
With ſad delays, but am reviv'd again:
I'll no more call thee death, but life; I find
In thee, not death's but life's ſymtoms combin'd.
True, death thou art unto the wretched band,
Stark dead in ſin, and under thy command.
O but all things have chang'd their kind and face
Unto the ſons of light, and life, and grace!

Sweet

Sweet Chriſt hath turn'd for us, all blacks to white,
All woes to joys, all ſadneſs to delight:
He paſt the liſts with foes, and gave the foil,
And made all foes to friendſhip back recoil.
With thee, O death, he grappled hand to hand,
And led thee captive from thy native land:
Now thou art tam'd, and loſt thy fatal ſting;
Foes without harm can no diſaſter bring.
Enter this heart, friend death, and thou ſhalt hear
Thy praiſes ſung, with a melodious cheer:
O ſweet beginner of all joys and pleaſure,
Of all content, and fulneſs paſſing meaſure!
O joyful ev'ning-period, without morrow,
Of wants, and pains, and tears, and griefs, and ſor-
And, which is moſt, O bleſſed utmoſt border (row!
Of all corruption, ſinning and diſorder!
Once paſt this march, I may with boldneſs cry,
All ſin is gone, adieu all miſery.
O ſafe refuge! O ſweet eternal port!
To which all weary'd pilgrims do reſort.
O ſilver ſtream! O pleaſant paſſing ſtrand
From clowniſh earth, to fair Immanuel's land!
O gladſome boatman! giving ſafe convoy
From weeping earth, unto the land of joy.
O quiet ſleep! which weary'd ſenſe aſſails,
And ſp'rits and pow'rs with ſweet immortal gales
O juſt umpire, which doth the march deſcry
Of flying time, and vaſt eternity.
O ſkilful ſower of earth's mortal grain!
That it in heav'nly glore may riſe again.
O noble uſher, who by th' hand doſt bring
Us to the hall of the immortal King.
Would I thy praiſes in one word expreſs?
I'll only ſay, O ſource of happineſs!
From thee did never-fading glory grow;
From thee did ever-blooming joy o'erflow:

By thee eternal death was *vanquiſhed,*
By thee eternal life did it *ſucceed.*
O ſtrange! the Source of *life did purchaſe more,*
By dying, than all creatures loſt before:
Yea, more by infinite tranſcendent ſtages,
Than can be told through endleſs ſtore of ages.
By thee the ſaints their heritage poſſeſs:
By thee earth's too too num'rous folks decreaſe.
Thou art more mild, of a more pleaſant nature,
In theſe laſt ages of the lower creature,
Than in the firſt, when thou did ſuffer men
To run a longſome race of ſin and pain.
O! without thee our ſtrongeſt hope would fail,
Our joys would die, deſpair would us aſſail.
The thoughts of thee brought to my heart relief,
In all my wand'rings through the vale of grief:
Indeed my longing ſoul was ſore oppreſs'd
With ſad delays, when thou ſeem'd not to haſte
Thy wiſhed courſe, and to forget thy call:
Now, now thy coming hath redreſſed all.
O now my heart's rejoic'd! ſweet death and I
Are in each other's arms; thrice happily,
I bravely fly out o'er the march of time,
Unto that happy, happy, glorious clime:
Where ſtored are enduring boundleſs treaſure
Of loves, and joys, and heart contenting pleaſures.
All joy, death's ſhady vale, in drawing near
Thy dark'ned borders, ſtrange! thou doſt appear
Another thing than what I did conceive;
Miſtakes cauſe needleſs fears, and joys bereave:
Thee did my thoughts preſent an ugly den,
O'erſpread with horror, ſadneſs, fear, and pain.
Sight tells the truth. O thrice delightſome place!
Stor'd with refreſhing ſhades of ſweet ſolace,
Caſt by theſe ſtately trees of fragrant fume,
Which do o'erſpread this true Elyſium;

And do adorn this trance, which pilgrims bring
Into the paradiſe, which ever ſprings.
Now do I ſet my feet within this vale,
What gales of joys are theſe, which me aſſail
In this firſt entry? O this grave might be
A raviſhing repoſe through all eternity!
All here do laugh and ſmile, and ſpring and ſing;
Were ſadneſs here, it could not ſadneſs bring:
Were placed here all griefs and woes of creatures,
Would they not change unto melodious natures?
And can, O faireſt One, thy word command
Death's ſaddeſt vale unto a joyful land?
How doth the place, where thou doſt ever dwell,
In glory, beauty, and all things excel?
But what if this be it? O heavenly frame!
My mind's enlarg'd, my heart is in a flame!
O ſweet aſpects! with what a pleaſant grace
Do heav'nly beſts ſurround me, in this place?
I'm raviſh'd with the raiment of that One,
Whoſe fragrancy tranſcendeth Lebanon:
His voice, his ſoul tranſporting emanation
Strikes me in an eternal admiration!
No, this is glory's port, I ſee the hall,
Where lovely Chriſt, with crown in hand, doth call;
Come, come, my fair, thy princely head I'll crown
With theſe great bays of glory and renown;
I'll thee adorn, in ſuch a brave attire,
That all, who thee behold, ſhall thee admire.
O love, thou ever haſt been in my ſight,
A maſs of beauty, ſweetneſs and delight:
But now, my fair, I'll thee ſo beautify
With the reſplendent rays of majeſty,
And paſſing glory's beauty; I'll ſo fill,
With ſtore of heav'nly grace, thy mind and will
And all thy pow'rs; thy glore ſo flouriſh ſhall
And bloom, and ſhine and ray, through ages

That moſt envying ſeers ſhall *confeſs*,
Thou art a mirrour of all happineſs.
O haſt thou fought thy foes, *and vanquiſhed*,
By off'ring vi'lence unto all, who did
Thy courſe to heav'n oppoſe? And ſhall not I
Put in thine hands theſe palms of victory?
O! didſt thou gladly ſuffer, and deſpiſe
All loſſes, pains, and woes, that did ariſe
For my name's ſake, O love? And ſhall not I
Cauſe thee to reign in glorious majeſty?
Waſt thou to all created things deny'd,
Eſteeming them but droſs and dung, and ey'd
Me as the only One? And ſhall not I
Thee with my matchleſs beauty ſatisfy?
O! haſt thou bid farewell, for evermore,
To earthly things, which thou enjoy'd before,
That thou might'ſt come to me? And ſhall not I
Give full enjoyment through eternity?
O then, ariſe, my fair, and come away;
Behold, the eaſtern beams of this fair day
Of vaſt eternity dart in thy face;
Cauſing all ſhades retreat and flee apace.
O come, and enter this thrice happy place,
Thou now behold'ſt. What raviſhing ſolace
Dwells here! what paſſing joys! what boundleſs
pleaſures
Flow in this land, like fountains, floods and rivers!
Nay, nothing here but ſweetneſs! ev'ry part
Is fill'd with all delights of mind and heart:
Here ev'ry ray's a white and joyful day;
Here ev'ry bloom's a fragrant ſmelling May:
If once thou enter here, thy rain is gone,
Thy winter's paſt, and all thy woes are done.
This is the holy place, within the vail,
Wherein once eat'red, ſhalt for ever dwell:

This

This is the place of old I did prepare
To be the ſtage, whereon I might declare
My beauty, glory, and excellency,
Before this glorious, ſtately company
Of men and angels, who ſhall ſee my face,
And ſhall for ever in my ſight find grace:
Lo, here, below theſe roſy, fragrant groves,
We'll ſatiate ourſelves with mutual loves.
O! here our bleſſedneſs ſhall bloom for ay!
Ariſe, my love, my fair, and come away.

Thus ſpeaks my Lord, this is his invitation,
Thus ſounds his voice; O endleſs admiration!
Tranſporting all: O fires dart from above,
Transforming all into a flame of love!
His ſoul alluring voice, his heav'nly grace,
That ſhines in ev'ry look, his faireſt face,
His lovely eyes, his countenance divine
Hath raviſh'd quite away this heart of mine:
At firſt aſpect his ſhade, a draught might prov
Would quite eclipſe ten thouſand worlds of lov
Thrice bleſſed ſaints, thrice bleſſed angels, you
Who ſtand within the near immediate view
Of ſuch an One, all in your proper places,
Encircled with eſſential love's embraces!
'Tis like two heavens o' joy, to think upon,
That I ſhall be within theſe arms anon!
More ſolid joy the hope of glory brings,
Than all enjoyments of created things.

LETTE

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

Mr Andrew Welwood from London, a little before his death.

I. A Letter to his Mother.

Dear Mother, *London.*

IF I were able to dictate now, when I am entering into eternity, I could tell you the conſolations wherewith I am comforted of God, even when the chiefeſt delights of the world, theſe trifles upon which the ſons of men dote, can be no comfort to me. Alas! what are all the comforts that flee away at death? Even the vanities of time, which cannot convoy a man without the borders of time; and far leſs endure with him through eternity. My death would ſeem judicial like to blind worldlings, who ſee no judgment, but to be deprived of the empty and taſteleſs vanities of time; but I ſee that *all things work together for good to them who are the called according to his purpoſe:* even difficulties, tentations, griefs, and woes, have all an happy end to the godly: *Out of the eater cometh meat, and out of the ſtrong cometh ſweetneſs:* ſo, even eating and conſuming griefs, ſickneſs, and

loſſes, which make the outward *man decay*,
the inward man, and make *him flouriſh; ev*
ſtrongeſt difficulties, tentations, and *foes*,
overcome, yield the ſweeteſt victory: and
thoughts of having ruſhed through ſo many
mies, and ſo ſtrong, ſhall be ſweet througho
ternity. I ſee clearly, all the ſteps of divine
vidence toward me, have conſpired to a bl
cloſe; even the moſt difficult of them, eſpe
this half-year: I would not, for never ſo much
that I die where I die, and am ſick in this p
for his diſpenſations have a wonderful dep
them, and cannot well be diſcerned, but by
enlightened from above. But worldlings are b
and vary ſtrangely in their judgment of thi
and even the ſaints, while here, are much bli
with ſin and infirmities of this overpowering
tality. Death has indeed a terrible face to
that place all their happineſs in this life; but
it not; it is not death, but an harbinger of
unto me: it is an hard-favoured meſſenge
from my ſweet Lord to me; it is a dark an
chariot carrying to the land of light and joy.
Lord hath done to me, what he hath detern
from eternity; and all his purpoſes, even a
thoughts of his heart, are full of love, infinite
to thoſe that wait upon him. I reſolved to
fy him on earth, and dedicated my life who
my Lord's ſervice; and I know it is all one
him, as if I had done it: and I ſhall, in an
manner, exalt and ſerve him above, than I
have done here below, weighted with mor
and innumerable infirmities. My Lord hatl
to me, it would weary thee to ſtay too lo
this valley of tears and miſery; I take it, as if
hadſt done me many years ſervice: I have abr

days, but not thy life: *I have ſhortened thy* ling, but not thy reward. *And O what a bleſſ-* l thing it is, that he takes the taſk of many wea- years ſervice off my hand! My warfare is end- l; O the joyful change I am undergoing! when all I ſee him as he is? when ſhall I get my ll of lovely Jeſus? O his beauty, his beauty, his eauty! Men and angels may admire the freeneſs his grace, and admire it, and ever admire it! at what can they ſay, or comprehend of it? O the eeneſs of his grace! that he ſhould admit the ke of me to ſtand eternally before him, and to be r ever in his preſence; to be one of his honour- ble train; nay, to enjoy him, as near as can be. think ye, I loſe any thing, who get the fore-ſtart, id become poſſeſſor of that inheritance? the in- eritance of many a more excellent and ancient int than I; nay, the inheritance of the Heir of all ings? It is little of heaven I know, being obſcu- d with mortality, and living by faith, and not by ght: but O to think of the expreſſions of ſcrip- ire concerning it! *Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear ard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man conceive, what God hath prepared for thoſe that ve him:* if heaven could be conceived by us, I ould not ſo much eſteem it. But O it is a maſſy ing! O ſtrange! that God ſhould make bits f mortal men (and what a poor worthleſs thing, an is, let any behold in a dying and dead carcaſs) ot only as happy as we can deſire, or conceive, ut as happy as can be! O the beholding of the ce of the Ancient of days! But I know in whom have believed, and that he is able to preſent otleſs before the Father, with exceeding y. If I periſh, let him ſee to his promiſe, id all upon him: if I periſh, (through the ſtr ke ſit-

of my Lord, by whom I *can do all things*), I
periſh believing. I expect *much of heaven*, r
than I can conceive; but O I think I ſhall
exceedingly deceived, (O ſweet deceit!) for I f
find more than ten thouſand worlds can com
hend. I ſhall ſee my Father ere long: many ſv
days have he and I had upon earth, many in
merable ages ſhall we have in heaven together.
heaven! O the difference betwixt this melanc
lious, ſmoky inn, and the magnificent hall of
ry! O the change I am undergoing! I go from
twilight of the ſun and moon, to the noon-da
the ſplendor of glory; from a dunghill, to a thro
from bodily infirmities, diſtreſſes, diſeaſes,
pains, to a land, whoſe inhabitants do not ſa
am ſick; from wearifome labour and toiling,
an inconceivable ſweet paradiſe, where I ſhall
for evermore; from a mortal company, to an
numerable immortal *company of angels, to the*
neral aſſembly, and church of the firſt-born, w
are written in heaven; and to God the Judge of
and to the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect; an
Jeſus the Mediator of the new covenant. O v
think ye, to be eternally, even for ever and e
among ſuch ſweet company? Are there any n
honourable, and amiable company, than they?
what ſhall I ſay? what ſhall I think? that fi
and unworthy I ſhould ſhew my face amon
glorious an aſſembly. What is here, but va
and grief of heart? O do you not long to be g
to be in that ſweet and inconceivable paradiſe?
our anchor within the vail, and then you
to [illegible] death, come when it will. But, O
this [illegible] death rather! for the ſooner at our j
had[illegible], the better, and the longer we are c
with ſin and miſery, the worſe; but the

e will love to linger in this Sodom. *It is hard to* get our hearts drawn quite off *time; we look kind*ly to the baſtard's inheritance; and therefore we abhor death, and can friſt heaven longer than any thing elſe: but if we could get a ſight of the King in his beauty, and *of the land that is afar off;* then, O to be gone! O to be up above theſe viſible heavens, and amongſt theſe gliſtering companies, who enjoy him to the full! O if man knew how vain a world this is! O but they are happy, and inconceivably happy, who eſcape fairly the tentations, ſnares, and difficulties that are in this valley of tears, and who are fairly landed on that odoriferous, flowery land, on that raviſhing land, which infinite and eternal love did contrive to be the royal theatre, whereon ſhould be ſhown, to men and angels, the *height and breadth, depth and length, of that love which paſſeth underſtanding.* If you run faſt, you cannot be long behind me; and we ſhall ſee one another immediately: death is no ſeparation to the ſaints; for time is nothing: for what is it to be ſeparated for a few hours, to them that are to dwell eternally together? What is tranſient time to never-ending eternity of joys? Death is far miſtaken by the moſt part of ſaints, they have a wrong conception of it; it is a ſweet repoſe to a weary ſoul, and looſeth the ſoul from the bands of mortality, letting it out from a filthy, ſtinking priſon, unto the ſweet and fragrant air of glory; it ends all ſorrows and ſighings, and begins unſpeakable joys: it is but a dark cloud uſhering in the bright dawning of eternal glory. O but my Lord hath excellently circumſtantiate my death! O I admire his love! I could tell many ſweet paſſages of providences he hath caſten in my way: but I delay, until I be ſit-

ting upon the brink of the river *of life; and then* I ſhall number them. I cannot *now praiſe him; a*las that I am ſo ſtupid and dull; but I ſhall praiſe him anon, I ſhall eternally praiſe him! *O be glad and rejoice in our God!* O ſweet! that poor dying, miſerable I was not left to uncertainties, not to know what to do; but to have ſuch a ſweet and kind Lord to repoſe on! Had I ſtayed longer in this wretched life, I was reſolved to have ſhown myſelf as faithful to you as I could: but I commit you unto his grace, who hath cared for me, even unto death: commit yourſelf to him, he will bring all to a good iſſue that is truſted to him. We are not our own; therefore we are not to diſpoſe of ourſelves. Chriſt is a good tutor and governour, and carries all theſe well through, that commit themſelves to him. See that Mary neglect not ſeeking of God, praying, reading of the ſcriptures; let her not frequent ill company. O the worth of a ſoul! and the reward of theſe that are inſtrumental in gaining of a ſoul! our bodies muſt go to the duſt; but our ſouls are of more worth than ten thouſand worlds. I am not able to ſay more, I am ſo weak. O! run faſt, death is at the door. We are all ſtepping into eternity; what is time, but a preparation for it? Overlook time, and live, as daily dying, as one that muſt paſs away immediately, and never be here any more. They build caſtles in the air, who imagine any reſt here: let worldlings dream of reſt here; ours is above; our hearts are gone; and we are dead to the world. Farewell for a few days. Theſe are the words of,

Your dying ſon,

A. Welwood.

II. A Letter to his Brother JAMES.

Dear Brother,

I Hope, the laſt words of your brother, who is now ſtepping into eternity, will have ſome weight with you; and this conſideration will make you not to neglect them. Know you why you came into the world? I am ſure, and you are as ſure, not to eat, and drink, and paſs away your time in earthly buſineſs; but to get the work of your ſalvation well wrought and finiſhed, before death aſſault you: it is moſt uncertain, and ſteals upon men, as a *thief in the night*, when they are ſecure, never dreaming of ſuch a great change: though truly my gracious Lord lets me ſee death ſtill approaching nearer and nearer, that I may draw ever nearer and nearer him who is life. O it concerns you to try, Whether you ſhall be a baſe miſcreant, crawling in the bottomleſs pit with unſpeakable torments, in the midſt of wicked men and devils, blaſpheming JEHOVAH and the Lamb to eternity; or, a glorious ſaint, conformed unto the image of the Son of the eternal God, loving, praiſing, adoring him that ſitteth on the throne, and the Lamb, for ever and ever. Conſider what I ſay, the buſineſs is ſo weighty, ſo exceeding weighty, that time, with all its well and wo, is to be overlooked in compariſon of this abſolutely and only neceſſary thing: I tell you, there is an abſolute neceſſity that you be holy; (let not the poor name affright you, for holineſs is the ſweeteſt and moſt eaſy thing in the world to them that are holy); *for, Without holineſs* no man ſhall ſee th

many degrees, than all other concernments, tho' they were ten thousand worlds. You must know the bargain of the new covenant, and close heartily with it, in all its fulness, without the least reservation: upon it, I recommend unto you Mr Guthrie's *trial of a saving interest in Christ*; and desire you to read it, till you become such an one as he describes. Believe it, *Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promises of this life, and that which is to come.* Though it may seem troublesome in the beginning, and tho' Christ's sweet and easy yoke may seem an hard wreath; yet, believe me, there is nothing in the world but it which can give rest, and full satisfaction to the soul: all things here are unsatisfying, though you had all that you can desire of them. O this is a vain world! these who are near eternity will say so. O the vast difference betwixt time and eternity! I assure you, if you had all that your heart could wish, or desire of the pomp, treasures, and pleasures of time, you would find no contentment in them: and when you shall be in such a condition as I am in, when pale death shall be staring you in the face; then all the glory of time will be, in your eyes, nothing but a withered flower. But alas! we are drunk with this world; and we never know well what we are doing, till death make us sober. I must say again, and again, O the difference betwixt time and eternity! they that get heaven, can get no more; for, alas! what are all additions of time? What is a few days eating, and drinking, and trifling? yea, what are all the massy exercises of time, *compared* with the exercises of glory? We place *too much* of our happiness in this side of time, *and therefore* death is a great disappointer: but we *should be* indifferent to all things in time, as

have our eyes ever fixed upon the thoughts of eternity. Then it is not at all to be regarded, in what time of a man's life he die, if he die in the Lord: yea, it is an invaluable bleſſing for the priſoner, or weary pilgrim, to have all his toilings by his hand, and to win to his native ſoil. You may think, I put a hard taſk upon you; becauſe our nature is all polluted, and we are accuſtomed to do evil: but the ways of holineſs are ſweet, and *all its paths are peace:* if you were once acquaint with the ways of it, you would ſay, that ſin is the moſt baſe and vile thing in all the world; and holineſs is the moſt noble ornament. And conſider this, the more you ſet your mind on holineſs, the more ſweet and eaſy will you find it. As for temporary things, take no care for them; they are but additions to the ſon's inheritance. I may ſay by experience, he hath made good his word to me in all theſe things of time; he hath made it good unto the end of my race, in a moſt ſtrange and wonderful way: ſo that I have taſted more of my Lord's goodneſs, and wonderful providence, in this laſt half-year of my life, than in many years before: I think it a merciful diſpenſation, that he hath weaned my heart from the world, more in this half-year's ſickneſs, than in many years health: this whole half-year of my life hath been a continual winter, for bearing down my corruption, both original and actual: and now the world hath no reliſh to me. Farewell, vain world, I heartily ſubmit unto death, if it were for no more but becauſe it is the good pleaſure of my Lord, who moſt *mercifully takes* me away from the bondage of my *corruption*, and from the dreadful evils to come. *Meditate* ſeriouſly on death: it is a buſineſs of *weighty*, a buſineſs upon which your eternal

or wo depends: the end *crowns the work; die* well, and you are well, *even well for evermore.* And O! is not *evermore* a maſſy word? You ſhall find death eaſy, if you be a diligent ſeeker of God in your life time: if otherwiſe, you ſhall find it the ſoreſt battle that ever you fought; and you ſhall quake, when you ſhall hear an avenging God ſpeaking audibly in your conſcience, *He is not mine, take his evil ſoul, devils, pull him to pieces, and hale him away to utter darkneſs*: the poor ſoul wreſtles in vain, but an avenging God leaves it for a prey to devils. Look not on death as afar off: little will be the difference betwixt my death and yours. This generation will quickly be gone: time is a gliſtering ſtar, appearing ſomething before hand, but indeed it is a tranſient nothing. And one that dies at ſixty years of age, and another that dies at twenty years, think both alike, their bypaſt time is a dream. Short, or long time is not to be regarded, but in preparation for eternity: and he that is prepared, hath lived long enough. I could give you many inſtructions, were I not very weak: beware of ill company, never think to ſee God, if you walk with ill company: companions in time, and companions in eternity. Lay ſome vows upon yourſelf; but remember this, that you vow to do nothing in your own ſtrength; for you ſhall find, that when you are weakeſt in your own eyes, then are you ſtrongeſt: I ſay, lay ſome vows upon yourſelf, as to pray thrice a day ſeriouſly and conſcientiouſly; to read ſo much ſcripture; and to meditate. Not that men are tied to particular times, but it is moſt profitable to lay bands upon our looſe corruptions, which elſe will plead for too much liberty. Imagine not your thoughts to be free; vain thoughts

are

are the ſource of vain words, and *unprofitable actions*; the mind is the ſpring *of all*. *Beware of* the ſins of the time, as you would ſhun the terrible judgments that threaten an apoſtate generation: the paſtors are become brutiſh, they are *ſons of Belial, and knew not the Lord*; therefore they who hear them, are partakers of their abominations. I need ſay no more. You never have rightly ſought God, until it be your chief delight to ſeek him; therefore never reſt till you can ſay, *I will go to God, my chiefeſt joy*. O then you are as happy as God can make you, (to ſpeak ſo, with reverence to that *high and lofty One, who inhabits eternity*): and can you be more happy? I take to witneſs againſt you, your own conſcience, and the great Judge of the quick and the dead, That, if you continue in any vain imagination, *living without God in the world, neglecting ſo great a ſalvation, you are a trampler under foot of the blood of the covenant*, and a deſpiſer of all admonitions: but all this will do little, until he, who made heaven and earth, regenerate you. It may be he will hedge up your way on every ſide by affliction, that you may be conſtrained to flee unto him, who is a *preſent help in time of trouble*. This, if you follow it, is the beſt legacy I could have left you; for if you knew the danger of the pelf of this world, little of it would ſuffice. I would not for a world I had been born to be rich: the lighter burdened with thick clay, the better; it is hard to get up the mount, though ye had but a very ſmall weight upon your back: for our corruptions are weighty enough without any addition. If you neglect that, which not I, but Chriſt commands you, farewell for ever. If you obey, farewell for a few days; and then you and I ſhall meet in the only paradiſe,

paradiſe, the flower of the *whole creation: we* ſit down upon the *flowery banks of the riv* life, and raviſh ourſelves for ever and ever, w everlaſting and unſpeakable joys. This is fro

Your dying brother,

A. Welw

III. A Letter to his Siſter HELEN.

Dear Siſter,

I Am ſorry I did not write ſooner, before ſtrength and ſpeech did fail; but I would glad to ſpend my laſt breath upon you, if I co do you any good. I cannot forget you, even wh I have forgotten the vanities of the world; y are precious unto me, ſince I knew you in ſo meaſure a ſeeker of God. O what advanta there are in ſeeking of him! I defy men and a gels to number and comprehend them: endleſs ternity ſhall be ſhort enough to lay open the conceivable gains of godlineſs. If you ſeek h diligently, ſincerely, and conſtantly, you ſhall ha all things: and O is not that a vaſt word, *things?* All ſhall be *yours, whether the world, l or death, things preſent, or things to come;* theſe ſhall be yours, even the great All, and wh ſoever is his. O but the ſaints have a long, lar and full charter! if you had a charter for ma lands, it were but a narrow thing: but now ev place where you tread on is yours; and what c you deſire more? Behold the heaven, and con der even the heaven of heavens, for theſe are you is it poſſible, that a ſaint, the heir of all thing and joint-heir with the Son of the Eternal; is

poſſib

poſſible, I ſay, that he can want *any thing? Nay,* the great Eternal, the Maker *of all things, he is* yours; and what can you *deſire more? Is it poſ-*ſible, that a ſaint can want any thing, whether ſpiritual or temporal? I mean any thing that is good for him: and he alone knows what is beſt for us. When I look through the paſſages of my life, I ſee my Lord and guide hath led me the beſt way; and theſe have been the ſweeteſt diſpenſations, which croſſed moſt my natural diſpoſition; and which ſeemed moſt judgment like to carnal eyes. We are like ignorant children, that have no judgment to make choice of things; but would ſwallow down ſweet poiſon, and give away a rich inheritance for painted trifles. No wonder then, the world be fools and mad-men in their choice. My life hath been but a track of afflictions, and I would not for a thouſand worlds it had been otherwiſe: though my old man deſired ſtill to be ſwimming in the eaſe and vanities of the world; yet I ſee my Lord hath been kindeſt, when I eſteemed him moſt cruel. The laſt part of my life might ſeem judgment-like: but O you would wonder, if you knew what I know, and what my Lord hath done for me, in this laſt half year of my life, both as to things temporal and ſpiritual: I cannot underſtand them now, but I ſhall very ſhortly; and they ſhall be to me matter of eternal praiſe. Though I had abounded with all the eaſe, delights, pomp, and glory, and riches of time; yet would I be glad to die, and leave the puddle of ſwiniſh pleaſures, and drink of the pure river of everlaſting joys, that floweth from beneath the throne of God. This world quite miſtakes death: O who would not willingly leave ſuch a vain periſhing world! wherein we are ſtill diſhonouring our

God! a world wherein the *ſaints get bad entertainment*; a world wherein *the Lord of glory was*, and is daily, crucified. What is here? All the glory and excellency of the creation is up above; a few imperfect ſaints are only here. But it is above, I ſhall ſee and embrace all theſe worthies, the courtiers of the King of glory. You need not be ſad for my death; and will not, if you poſt hard after me, and follow on to know the Lord; for time is juſt nothing. We ſhall be glad and rejoice, with joy unſpeakable and full of glory, throughout all eternity, in that land of glory, and inconceivable joys. O if you knew but a little of the excellency of that land of bleſſedneſs! you would in a manner envy thoſe who go before you; though you ſhould paſs never ſo many ſweet days, ere you can get thither, you would weary. For yourſelf, you are yet in an hell of ſorrow and ſin, while out of heaven, and while they are in an heaven of joy and pleaſure. O! beware of worldly-mindedneſs, and carking cares; commit all to your Father: *Seek firſt the kingdom of heaven, and the righteouſneſs thereof; and then all other things ſhall be added unto you. Fear not, it is your Father's good pleaſure to give you a kingdom:* and he that gives heaven, will give as much earth, as will ſuffice you; and more than is ſufficient, is a heavy weight, that will pull you down the mount. O mark this! *He that gave his only begotten Son*, out of his boſom, to be tormented unto death for you; *will he not alſo with him freely give you all things?* even every thing that pertains to life and godlineſs. As for things temporal, the leſs of the world, the better: all the ſaints will teſtify it, at leaſt when they are leaving it: I can put my ſeal to it now, when I am entering into eternity,

that

that it is moſt dangerous to be *intangled either with* riches, honours, or pleaſures; *and that it is the* ſweeteſt diſpenſation to be afflicted, and cut ſhort of them: for proſperity is the neck-break of the life of godlineſs; as the experience of many a deceived profeſſor may teſtify; who ſeemed ſomething when afflicted, but when once they got the bag, betrayed Chriſt. It is hard for a *camel to go through a needle's eye:* the more we are inveigled with this deceitful world, the leſs do we value heaven: now nothing more glews a man's heart to the earth, than riches, which have weighed many a man down to the pit; where he is weeping and gnaſhing his teeth, curſing riches, and tormenting himſelf, that ever he deſired them: whereas, if he had been poor, he ſhould have been now (as men may conjecture) rejoicing amongſt theſe glorified ones. Remember, that it is utterly impoſſible to ſerve God and mammon. And if your treaſure be not in heaven, neither will your heart be there. I bleſs my Lord for mine afflictions, (which have been ſtill greater and greater, till now I am leaving them all), as much as for any mercy I ever received, for now I reap the peaceable fruits of righteouſneſs. And though now I be weeping, while I ſow; yet ſhortly I ſhall have as much as I can bear of the maſſy ſheaves of unconceivable glory. *Weep and howl, ye rich men, for your miſery that ſhall come upon you; for you now receive your good things,* and the ſaints *their evil things;* therefore immediately ſhall *ye be afflicted and tormented, and they ſhall be comforted. Bleſſed are they that mourn now, for they ſhall be comforted.* For the ſaints weep, while the world rejoiceth; but our ſorrow ſhall be turned into joy, and their mad mirth into unſpeakable and eternal horror. O if men did conſider this,

they would not toil for their eaſe and pleaſures
ſin, which are but for a moment; nor would th
envy the rich gluttons, but rather the poor L
zarus's, that are deſpicable in the eyes of all. Fr
not, when you ſee the wicked proſper; nor valu
poverty, ſhame, and contempt; ſince the only e
cellent ones, *of whom the world was not worth*
wandered about in ſheep ſkins, and goat-ſkins
being deſtitute, afflicted, and tormented: and th
honourable apoſtles, and followers of the Lam
were accounted the *offſcourings of all things.*
if the ſaints would take time, ſit down and con
der theſe things! they would find it ſweet to b
conformed, in ſufferings, to their Lord, *who w*
a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief; th
they might alſo be conformed to him in glory.
fear earthly-mindedneſs may be your predom
nant; therefore ſtrive moſt againſt it: for ho
can one ſet their heart upon traſh, and earneſtl
deſire it, and heaven alſo? I perſuade you, th
only way to have as much of the world, as is n
ceſſary and good for you, is to commit you
temporal lot wholly to Chriſt, without the lea
reſervation: this is beſt; for nothing can b
committed to him, and go wrong: try him, an
if you do not find, that he will carry you bravel
through, ſo that you ſhall lack nothing that
good for you, then call him a liar: yet never an
of the ſaints could ſay, he failed them in a jo
of what he promiſed them. And how great are h
promiſes! as you will find in ſcripture: they a
all comprehended in this, *The Lord is a ſun an*
ſhield, he will give grace and glory: and no go
thing will he withhold from them that love him
and walk uprightly. Truſt all to him; for wh
ther ſhould you tutor yourſelf, or he? Whic

f you is wiſeſt? Caſt all upon him, to the leaſt
ſt of bread; and ye ſhall find a great eaſe. They
re miſerable, who muſt care for themſelves, and
hat concerns them, and have not a God to run
o, on whom they may lay themſelves and all
heir burdens. O learn to truſt in God for all
hings, temporal and eternal: it is an hid myſtery
o many ſaints, in many things, eſpecially, to
ruſt againſt ſenſe, to hope againſt hope; when
here is no human probability, then to rely upon
he bare word of him who is true, is a difficulty;
here his providence ſeems to contradict his pro-
iſes, or to make his promiſe a liar. But will you
uſt him for heaven, and not for a moment of
me? think you he will with-hold journey bread,
you be a traveller to the higher Canaan? It were
great abſurdity, to command any to go a jour-
ey, and not to give what is neceſſary for it. Go
a to heaven, hold your face ſtill thitherward, and
hriſt will ſtill be ſupplying all your wants: in-
eed he will not ſatisfy your carnal diſpoſition, nor
ve you more than a pilgrim needs; ſo that you
ould forget the race ſet before you, by being in-
ngled with a number of ſuperfluities. I would ſay
ore, if breath and ſtrength would permit: you
now not what a world you are into; it is full of
ares and difficulties. You will find it hard to
ep clean garments, unleſs you commit yourſelf
nto him, who can carry you, as with eagles wings;
nd ſtrengthen and ſupport you, when you are
ady to fall. Though you ſhould be the preciſeſt
f all round about you, you will find a little e-
ough when you come to death: O death is a
ighty buſineſs! You have ſcarce time to prepar
it: all our time is little enough for prep
; though we ſhould cut ourſelves ſhort of
indiſ

indifferent earthly exercises. What need had we then to beware to paſs our time vainly? It is precious, every moment of it, having a relation to eternity. O eternity! eternity! get ſome ſight of it, and your thoughts ſhall be wonderfully changed: for I tell you, could you get a glimpſe of that maſſy thing, called eternity, all the things in time ſhould be no more in your eyes, than a childiſh toy, in the eyes of a man. Even the world decked in its beſt robes, ſeems ſuch a poor thing to me, that I would not be at the pains to ſtretch out my hand, if I had it for the taking up; and ſuch will it ſeem ere long to many. Worldlings are but beaſts; and the richeſt and moſt flouriſhing of them, could you ſee them with my eyes, are but mean dunghill-worms; their meditations cannot flee over time. Then look upon the world as mad, they know not what they are doing; they value only time, and yet they know not how to get it paſſed away. Be a great reader of the ſcriptures; for there ſhall you find inſtruction, to make you wiſe to ſalvation; and thereby you may guide your ſteps warily, in an evil time; there ſhall you find threatenings to rouſe you up; and promiſes to comfort and ſuſtain you in the ſaddeſt of conditions. Reverence the ordinances adminiſtered by faithful paſtors; for they are the ambaſſadors of the Lord, our King: but abhor falſe prophets, which lead men into deſtruction. Alas! that there ſhould be any of Chriſt's ſervants, who give an ill example to theſe that are ſimple, counſelling them, *by their practice*, to follow thieves and robbers; *whoſe voice* Chriſt's ſheep will not hear. Set, at leaſt, *three* times a day apart for prayer; for when we *neglect* that, our hearts are cold all the day long, *and then we are eaſily* ſnared with any temp-

we meet with. Sometimes *meditate, and conſider* yourſelf and others; that ſo you may not go on in your journey, like the world, who never ponder their way, but are led to deſtruction by their earthly deſires, ruſhing into it, as horſes to the battle. What have you to do here but to mind ſalvation? Conſider this; for death will ſtrip you naked of all things here; but chooſe the *one thing neceſſary, that ſhall never be taken away.* Remember then, that all things here are ſubordinate to ſalvation: our time is ſhort and uncertain, we flee away. Death will be upon you ere you be aware; it ſurpriſeth alike all ſorts of ages, young and old: chooſe you, whether you will have death ſweet or bitter. For my part, I fear not death; my Lord hath ſaid to me, *Son, be of good cheer, thy ſins are forgiven thee.* O who would not go hence! if it were but to ſtand at one of the gates of the golden city, and ſee the Lord, with all the ranſomed ones, the noble company of prieſts and kings, ſtanding round about the Lamb, crowned with honour and glory? One hour of heaven, yea, one ſight of the face of the Ancient of days, would do more than make up all the bitter afflictions I have ſwimmed through in time: nay, I think the very forethoughts of glory, do already ſwallow up all the impreſſions of the tribulations of time that have ſeized on me: they are nothing now; they are gone, and ſhall never return again; yea, they are as if they had not been. This ſhall be matter of high praiſes, through endleſs eternity, for evermore. O vaſt eternity! but O ſilly time! no wonder Paul ſaid, *We look not at the things that are ſeen, but the things that are not ſeen; for the things that are ſeen, are temporal, but the things that are not ſeen, are eternal;* the things that are

ſeen

ſeen, were not from *eternity*, *neither ſhall they* be to eternity. O then overlook them: cloſe your eyes, as it were, upon them, and you ſhall ſee ſtrange ſights, which ſhall make your courſe to glory ſwift and cheerful. O what think you of Chriſt? Is there any like him? is there any but he? If you have him, you have all things: his worth cannot be told. What think you of it, to be ſaved from everlaſting burnings? What think you of it, that ſinful wretched we, ſhould be as happy as can be? even eternally and unconceivably happy! and all this purchaſed by the death and blood of our kindeſt Lord Jeſus? O who would not love ſuch an one? Surely, it is impoſſible to know him any way aright, and not to love him; he is the raviſhment of men and angels. Increated glory ſhines through the vail of his human nature; we cannot enjoy God more ſweetly, familiarly, and fully, than through him: he is the bleſſed Dayſman betwixt God and man; the man Chriſt Jeſus: him I wiſh I could declare evermore; but my laſt words, though they were fewer, may have a ſtrong impreſſion upon you: run faſt, loſe not the crown; heaven is well worth an inch of time's running. Croſs corrupt nature's diſpoſition; as you ſow, ſo ſhall you reap; and conſider, that death will teach you, that all that you do is fruitleſs, which tends not to the great ſalvation: all other mercies are not worth, in compariſon of this great ſalvation; and a ſhort time will ſpend them all: but it ſhall endure for evermore. O but the news of heaven, ſuch a ſweet heaven to weary pilgrims, ſuch a raviſhing paradiſe, to theſe that are in this ſmoky dunghill; I ſay, they are the greateſt news that can be! and this whiſpered in your ears, *Run, for you ſhall have*

the

the crown, is another kind of news, than *Run, and you ſhall have riches, honour, and pleaſures.* Bleſs him at all times, who hath diſpoſed your lot ſo, as theſe only great things have taken you by the heart. Be not weary in well doing; for *in due time you ſhall reap, if you faint not*; and we ſhall ſee one another ſhortly, in the midſt of ſuch joys, as the tongues of men and angels cannot in the leaſt expreſs; therefore you have no cauſe of ſadneſs, but of rejoicing, that you have another friend gone before you, who will welcome you ſhortly into your Lord's joy. Grace be with you. Account it all one, as if I had ſpoken all this to you face to face. Theſe are the words of,

Your dying brother,

A. Welwood.

IV. A Letter to his Couſin THOMAS WELWOOD.

My Dear Couſin,

THough I be almoſt amidſt death's pangs, I cannot forget you, becauſe of the ſweet friendſhip we have had together; and becauſe you are (I am perſuaded) one of the heirs of glory, and among thoſe who wreſtle through manifold temptations, unto the land of eternal conſolations. O if I could tell you what my Lord hath done for me unto this very hour; and much more ſince I came hither, than in many foregoing years. I think if I had time, I could fill a whole volume with wonderful experiences of his loving kindneſs, ſtrange providences, and ſweet chaſtiſements; ſo that an half-*year may be* better than an hundred. It is not the *length of time* we are to look to; we have a race *to run to heaven*, and when we have finiſhed it *we've done.* Oh Couſin, even a ſaint may live

and make very ſmall progreſs *to glory; yea, many* go backward; and *it were better for them,* they died ere that be, before they diſhonoured God by their backſliding carriages; therefore run faſt, *Eye the joy that is ſet before you,* and patiently endure all the temptations and troubles in time, for your Lord hath promiſed, that *he will never leave you, nor forſake you: and none ſhall be able to pluck you out of his hand.* Indeed you may have ſore trials, both outward and inward; but *be of good courage, and he ſhall ſtrengthen your heart;* for you are not to bear your own burden, but to caſt it fully over upon him. And I promiſe you, in my Lord's name, you ſhall be ſuſtained: he is our ſtrength, our wiſdom, our righteouſneſs, and our all; even all that we want, all that we can deſire. Never notice long or ſhort life; but live to die, and then you die to live eternally: O think much upon eternity, and you ſhall think nothing of time. Alas, alas! the things of time fill our eyes ſo, as we never regard eternity; yet time will be at a cloſe ere ever we be aware. I have ſomewhat the advantage of you in getting the fore-ſtart: but we ſhall be together perpetually even immediately, and we ſhall have another manner of converſe, than poſſibly we could have had on earth. In heaven they are not confined to moments, days, and years; we ſhall have eternity to rejoice and be glad in. O what a life ſhall we have, when you and I ſhall *follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goes!* when we ſhall have ſin, temptations, and miſeries done away! We know not the excellency of our invaluable inheritance; and therefore are we ſo much taken up with earthly trifles, and ſhadows, that are nothing; which bewitch all the worldlings out of their wits, and the

ſaints

ſaints too, in a great meaſure; *it were more wiſdom in us, to uſe the world, as not abuſing it, as* not ſetting our hearts upon *it. Beware of the cares* of the world, and the deceitfulneſs of riches, wherewith you may be entangled, in the condition you are in; if you take not heed, your courſe to glory will be the more ſlow, and you will drive your chariot-wheels heavily up to the higher city; yea, the thick clay will make them come back upon you. O conſider how great a buſineſs ſalvation is! we can never conſider it enough. You will think ſo, when you come to death, which you ought to look upon as at the door.

I ſpeak not theſe things, as if you knew them not already; but I put you in remembrance deſiring to communicate a little of my mind to you, now when I am at the brink of time; becauſe Providence hath ſo ordered, that we cannot ſpeak face to face theſe things, which are the true and genuine thoughts of my heart. Beware of the pollutions of the times: it is comfortable to me that I had little or nothing to do, as to outward things, with this horrid, curſed defection. Hate the garments ſpotted with the fleſh: clean garments are of great worth; and theſe few, in this woful time, that have kept their garments clean, *ſhall walk with our Lord in white; for they are worthy.* To keep clean garments, that is, to be pious alone; pious in your family, in your worſhip; pious in your worldly employments; full of charity, deſpiſing the world; walking wiſely towards theſe that are without, and towards theſe that are within. And as to the times, let your zeal be wiſe, and your wiſdom zealous. You may believe a dying man, I am fully perſuaded that this Prelacy is abominable Antichriſtianiſm; and that the prelates and curates are the miniſters, not

of

of Chriſt, but of Antichriſt and Satan; and tha
is utterly unlawful to hear them, or do any th
that may ſhew you eſteem them miniſters, or a
way ſtrengthen their hands. O the dreadful wra
that is hanging over theſe lands like a cloud, whi
will fall down in a deluge of divine vengeance
God will make this land to ſwim in blood, even t
blood of all ſorts, great and ſmall, rich and poo
old and young, ſhall be poured out, like duſt; I
ſhall be a ſtrange man, that ſhall happily eſca
ſuch a conſumption. I will not ſpeak much
the matter, but I ſee fearful things coming. Bu
O the glorious days ſucceeding theſe! I cann
apprehend the glory that ſhall ſhine in Britai
which ſhall enlighten to the ends of the earth.
fear not death; it is ſin only we ought to fear
the ſting of death is ſin; that being taken awa
it is moſt harmleſs. It is ſweet to die in Chriſt
O what an exchange do I make! I ſhall ſee hi
and that glorious company of ſaints and angel
following him whitherſoever he goes: the fir
hour of glory ſhall, in a manner, make me forg
that ever I was upon earth. My afflictions ha
been greater than the ſpectators could imagine; an
ſtill greater and greater, until I arrive at the h
ven of eternal reſt. O it is ſweet! O it is ſweet! a
ter a great toil and labour. My Lord is taking m
in the fitteſt time; for both body and ſoul are ver
weary and ſore toſſed; but this body ſhall get
ſound ſleep, and a raviſhing wakening. O th
great difference betwixt what it is now, and wh
it ſhall be ſhortly! who can conceive what Chri
hath done for the ſaints? O the depth of fre
altogether free love and grace! it ſhall take u
eternity. to cry up the inconceivable love of JEHO
VAH and the Lamb. O to think that bits of cla
ſinfi

ful day, like you and me, *ſhould be conformed* unto the image of our *only Lord Jeſus! that* is a wonderful exaltation! wonderful in the eyes of all theſe that ſee their own emptineſs and vileneſs. O admire! O praiſe! O adore! let theſe things be ſtill imprinted on your heart; all other things are but trifles. Look upon the world, as a number of mad bodies: they are beaſts, whoſe conceptions are confined within an inch of time; they are poor ſpirits, who gape after time's riches, honours, and pleaſures. If the world knew what they were doing, they would wonder at themſelves; at leaſt, they would begin to queſtion, whether their life on earth was real, or only empty, and a night-dream. O ſuch a ſight as I have gotten of the world! O it is but vain, vanity of vanities: the flower and choice of it is curſed, and altogether vanity. O if I could tell you of the nothingneſs of the world, and of things temporal; and of the maſſineſs of things eternal! compare them together, and you will wonder at the difference! The moſt part of profeſſors (among whom I put myſelf) take an eaſy way to heaven; and O where will you find the man or woman, that ſtudies a cloſe walk with God? It is recorded of Enoch, that *he walked with God three hundred years*: but who can ſay, he hath walked with God one day? We loſe God in the midſt of our worldly employments, and cannot ſay, *We have ſet the Lord always before us*; therefore we cannot ſay, *We ſhall not be moved.* We approach to him, in the morning, evening, and at other times; but we neglect our thoughts: whereas to live full of holy, divine thoughts, is to live a ſaint: as the man is, ſo are his thoughts. Alas! I may ſay it by ſad experience, unwatched-over thoughts have

made me, many a time, not to differ much fra a worldling. Keep your *thoughts right, and a* ſhall be right: *Keep thine heart with all diligence,* (ſaith the Spirit of God), *for out of it are the iſſues of life.* If your thoughts be right, your prayers will be ſeaſonable, your words and actions will be ſeaſonable; for *out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh,* and the hand acteth. Commit all your affairs, temporal, ſpiritual, and eternal, wholly to your heavenly Father, without the leaſt reſervation: *he cares for you;* therefore *be careful for nothing, but in every thing give thanks. Run, run with patience the race that is ſet before you; laying aſide every weight,* that may bear you down: entangle not yourſelf with the world, have as little ado with it as you can: *the righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved;* they who go uprighteſt, ſhall find hard enough work; we are ſo full of corruptions original and actual, that holineſs is quite contrary to our corrupt natures; I mean not the common holineſs, which even thoſe that are ſtrict are thought to have; but that which our Lord commands; *He that loveth father or mother, ſiſter or brother, or the world, or himſelf, better than me, is not worthy of me.* O it is an unknown thing, to *deny all, to take up their croſs daily, and follow Chriſt.* I had a great deſire to preach Chriſt; but he will accept the will for the deed: I go to better exerciſe, whereof one hour is better than all the preachings betwixt this and Chriſt's ſecond coming, compendized in one. All here are but ſhadows; all above is ſubſtance. O what elevated divines are above! they are all filled with all the fulneſs of God; and do preach and cry up the tranſcendent excellencies of JEHOVAH and the Lamb: there is a perpetual crying up of Chriſt. In Canticles,

he

he can never enough ſpeak of his ſpouſe; up above, his ſpouſe can never enough ſpeak of him. There all are raviſhed with the Ancient of days! Who, but the Ancient of days? who, but Chriſt? who, but the ſaints? Then, let never earth and heaven be compared together; for I tell you, earth is but a tormenting hell, in compariſon of that unſpeakably delightful, and altogether raviſhing land, unto which unworthy, but happy I am going. O methinks I am touching the ſkirts of the fragrant breathings of the mountains of ſpices! and O how muſt I be raviſhed, when I ſhall draw in no other air, but the breathings of the higher paradiſe? They have the advantage, that get the fore-ſtart to heaven, and ſeeing the face of JEHOVAH firſt; and being more ancient poſſeſſors of that excellent inheritance. Why ſhould any be afraid to go to heaven too ſoon? Why ſhould any be afraid he be too ſoon happy? Let worldlings deſire to crawl long on their dunghills: but let us ever be longing *to be diſſolved, and to be with our Lord, which is beſt of all.* I commit you, your mother-in-law, your wife and children, to the protection of the Almighty, and pray for temporal, and eternal bleſſings to be poured out upon you. Theſe are the words of,

Your dying couſin,
A. Welwood.

V. A Letter to Mr DAVIDSON.

Right Reverend,

THough I be ſtepping into eternity, and was thought to have been juſt entering into it about *half an hour* ago, I could not but remember you

and dictate a little of my mind unto you: not that I intended to write any inſtructions unto you, but only ſhew, that God is good to them that ſeek him; and that in his providence, his promiſes are all accompliſhed, to the full, to me. I cannot tell what he hath done for my ſoul; but I think he hath brought me to the end of my days, to the end of my race, by ſuch a wonderful chain of divine providence, that I would not for ten thouſand worlds he had brought me any other way; or, that my race had been either longer, or ſhorter. He liveth long enough, who liveth till he get heaven: all other things are but pendicles. He liveth ſhort while, who is unprepared for it, of whatſoever age he be: therefore my death needs not offend any man; for, what can I get more than the *kingdom immoveable, undefiled, and that fadeth not away?* I deſired to live for no other end, but to preach my *Lord to the great congregation*; and think you not he will accept the will for the deed? I dedicated my life for his ſervice; and I hope he will graciouſly take it off my hand, as if I had done him many years ſervice. And I muſt tell you, he hath many wonderful ways of bringing his children unto glory: I could tell you of it by ſweet experience, if my weakneſs and breath would permit. I would not, for all the glory, riches, and pleaſures of a vain world, my lot had been another than my Lord hath appointed it; yea, my laſt half-year's providence had been a goldon chain, which neither I, men, nor angels can ſufficiently *value*. Would you know what I think now of *heaven?* Though I were out of this ſtate of mortality, I could never think of it enough. O! O! O! *the joy* of being with JEHOVAH and the Lamb! O! *the excellency of the knowledge* of Chriſt Je

even on this ſide of time! but to ſee him as he is, O who can tell what a ſight it is? Even theſe who ſee *him face to face*, ſee as it were but the ſkirts of his beauty and excellency: and let them dive ſtill deeper and deeper, till eternity, as it were, be at an end, they ſhall ſtill be but beginning; and yet never well begun. To ſhew my great love and reſpect I have ever had to you, both formerly and now, I write unto you, even when the dead-rittle is in my throat: and though I be in a great agony, I find the only way to heaven, that *new and living way*, is only by the blood of the Son of God: there is no other way, but, Believe in Chriſt, and be ſaved. But it is a lively, purifying, loving, and believing way. I cannot ſay much, I am in death's pangs. But, *O death! where is thy ſting? O grave! where is thy victory?* I am like to have a ſharp combat; but, I hope, Chriſt will not be an indifferent ſpectator. The end crowns the work. And if once I were within Emmanuel's ſurpaſſing ſweet land of conqueſt, then ſhould I trample death and hell under foot, and triumph over all the miſeries and afflictions of time, which ſeemed to triumph over me. O death, what art thou in mine eyes! my Lord hath ſwallowed thee up in victory: and can a free-born ſon, and conqueror, through the blood of the everlaſting covenant, be afraid of a conquered ſlave? Rev. xiv. 13. Hell, ſin, devil, and death are conquered ſlaves. I reſt,

Dear Sir,

Yours,

A. Welwood.

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In debitam Libri et Authoris Laudem

POEMA.

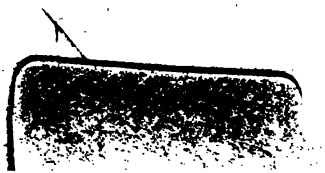
QUicunque ætherii fieri cupis incola cœli,
Hucades; hunc parvum ſæpe revolve librum.
Invenies perquam nitidis deſcripta figuris
Atria, quæ ſanctis ſunt habitanda viris,
Atria ſumma Dei, ſuperi palatia regis;
Angelicis ſanctis condecorata choris:
Quæ pius hic juvenis, coeleſti percitus œſtro,
Dat non vulgari delineata modo.
Hoc duce carpi viam cœli per pulchra vireta,
Per loca mortali non adeunda pede:
Attamen illa patent animo penetralia ſancto,
Sordida qui terræ gaudia nulla putat:
Sed ſuper aſtra volat, Chriſti inflammatus amore,
Et comitem Superis ſe quaſi jungit ovans.
Talis non dubie fuit hic, qui ſcripta reliquit
Hæc ſigna ingenii vix imitanda pii.
De cœlo et ſuperis veteres quæcunque poetæ
Carminibus ſoliti ſunt celebrare ſuis,
Fabula cuncta animis apparent ſordida ſanctis;
Parvulus hic quanto fert meliora liber?
Pro Jove, ſancta trias cœleſti regnat in arce:

Proque

Proque diis falsis, angelus *astat ei,*
Omnia jussa Dei facere atque *capessere prompti*
Seu tutare bonos, perdere sive malos.
Non genii heroum, sanctarum est turba animarum
Aligeris sacris par similisque manus.
Quos sua non virtus radiantibus intulit astris;
Justitia ast Christi, patris et almus amor.
Ergo huc tende oculos avidos, age, candide lector
Hic tibi Pisgæi verticis instar erit:
Unde Cananæam cœlestem cernere possis:
Clarior haud alia est optica tuba, puto.
Ponitur ante oculos patriæ cœlestis imago.
Quæ rapiat mentem mox super astra piam:
Ut videat, quæ non oculis, non auribus hausit
Mortali quisquam carne gravatus homo,
Nempe agnum sine labe, hominum qui crimina
tollit,
Sordida profuso sanguine corda lavans,
Victorem inferni, stantem super arce Sionis:
Ac regem cingit turba redempta suum,
Quorum palma manus decorat, diadema capillos
Aurea quæ nullo tempore marcor edit:
Vestibus alba nitet lotis in sanguine Christi:
Atque redemptori carmina læta canit:
Et sequitur regem per amœna rosaria cœli,
Ille triumphanti dum premit arva pede.
Hic simul angelicas videas astare phalanges,
Qui capiti Christo non minus alta canunt
Carmina, nam quamvis non hos a morte redemit
Attamen, ut starent in pietate dedit.
In solio æternam residentem cernere patrem,
Hic non obscure, sed sine nube, licet.
Spiritus hic etiam sanctus, amor, auraque patris
Et nati, ambobus par similisque sedet.
Hic sancta urbs gemmis nitidis constructa decore
Ordine, fundavit quam manus ipsa Dei.

Cui pellucenti ſternuntur compita auro.
Urbs hæc non ullo lumini ſolis eget:
Gemmula quæque poteſt ſolare extinguere lumen,
Aſt urbis lux eſt agnus et ipſe Deus.
In ſedem hanc cuncti regum referuntur honores.
Nox nulla hic porta eſt ſemper aperta die.
Non plangor, non luctus ineſt, morbuſve, dolorve:
Abſterſit lachrymas nam Deus ipſe genis.
Morte caret, ſuperas quicunque has incolit ædes:
Nam vitalis aquæ flumina pura fluunt.
Arbor item vitæ riguæ ſtat margine ripæ,
Quæ fructu et foliis gentibus apta ſalus.
Hic, vitam quodcunque facit ſervare beatam
Oceani in morem largiter uſque fluit.
Scribitur imprimis decor hic, et gratia Chriſti,
Quamque humili in terris vixerit ille modo:
Quas vita ærumnas, et quos in morte dolores
Pertulerit ſponſæ accenſus amore ſuæ.
Quam nunc in cœlis ſublimi eſt ſede locatus;
Ad dextram æterni, dignus, honore, patris:
Quem ſolum agnoſcit non tantum eccleſia regem;
Sed merito huic regi flectitur omne genu.
Quanto homines miſeros fuerit complexus amore;
Quique itidem in cœlis mutuus ardet amor,
Dum Chriſtus placidis puros amplectitur ulnis;
Dumque ſtupet ſponſi mens pia amore ſui.
O! quam felices, tantis qui amplexibus hærent!
Nec ſe divelli tempus in omne timent.
Omnia ſublimi, et longe meliore cothurno,
Ipſe tibi dederit delineata liber.
Nam ſcopus autoris rapere in ſublimia mentem,
Quæ nimium mundi ſtercore merſa jacet.
Et pronam in terram, ac rerum cœleſtium inanem
Allicit, et ſuperi accendit amore poli.
Et ne quid *deſit*, quo longo obſepta veterno
Mens expergiſcat. Tantum nigra ſit

Atque aperit diris fauces fumantis averni;
Ut pateant pœnæ, quas mala turba luit,
Ut ſanctum in Dominum blaſphema horrendaque
jactent:
Conſcia mens juſtum dum tamen eſſe putat.
Ut miſerus Deus inſultet juſtiſſimus ultor:
Nec minus et ſancti, dum datur omnis honos
Juſtitiæ æterno regi, qui contudit hoſtem
Sub pedibus Chriſti, ſub pedibuſque ſuis.
Sentiet hæc pia mens ſtudio quam digna fideli
Omnia cum legerit, quæ exhibet iſte liber.

In Nomen doctiſſimi et pientiſſimi Authoris Acroſticum.

M-Agnus in terris, ſuper aſtra fulges
A-ngelos inter, ſuperumque pura.
G-audia æternum bibis ore pleno,
I-lla, quæ tantum ſitiebus olim.
S-cripſeras nobis equidem ſtupenda:
T-u tamen ſentis meliora longe
E-ſſe, quæ profert domus hæc decori
R-egia cœli.
A-lmus in cœlis ſuperis Redemptor,
N-ube non tectus, tibi ſe videndum
D-onat: O felix tua ſors! ſupremi
R-egis in ſancto gremio quieſcis;
E-t voluptates ſine fine carpis.
A-ura te Cœli vegetat fovetque,
S-piritus almus.
W-alwode, æternis opibus abundas.
A-ureum cinget diadema crinem.
L-actis et mellis bibis uſque rivos.
V-aſta jam luſtras ſpatioſaque arva,
O-mnibus quæ deliciis abundant.
D-icis et laudes genitoris almi.
U-nico nato melos uſque cantas
S-pirituique.